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THE MATRIX!

It's back. And we've got the inside story!

SEX TOYS
Keep her quiet while the football's on!

EBAY ROCKS!
FHM sells a bucket of water for £104!

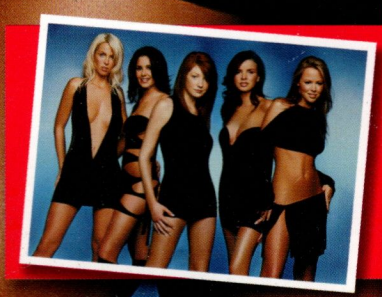
100 KINKY SEX ACTS!

AND 27 PAIRS OF GREAT TRAINERS!

SARAH

CHERYL

GIRLS ALOUD!



All five in their sexiest ever shoot... this way!

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NADINE

adidas
CHIPFEN

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FHM

May 2003

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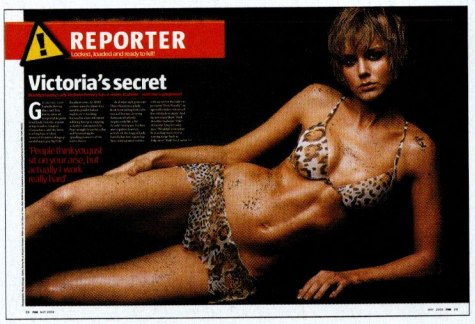
The tiny bit of *FHM* open to you, happy customer.

25 Bar Room Jokes
Just mix with beer for the perfect bar atmosphere.

Reporter 28
Lady Victoria Hervey's sister, a world sucked dry of news and a man who paints the future, obviously.



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65 The *FHM* Sex Couple
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71 Girls On The Sofa
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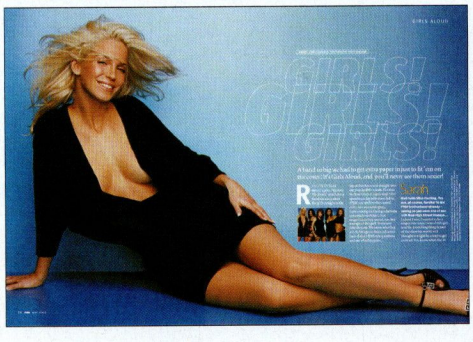
76 Shaggy
COVER STORY The big-haired growler on Atomic Kitten, on-stage sex and fighting marines.



78 Girls Aloud
COVER STORY Five honeys picked by the public to sing. Luckily, they're very easy on the eye…

113 Imogen Bailey
COVER STORY We sent Australia convicts and cricket. They sent back pop sensation Imogen Bailey. Cheers!

89 Real Life
Paul Watson – whale warrior and eco-terrorist.

96 *FHM* vs eBay
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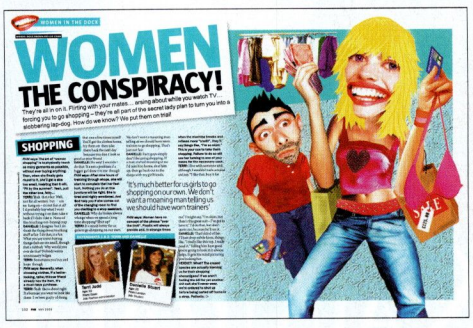
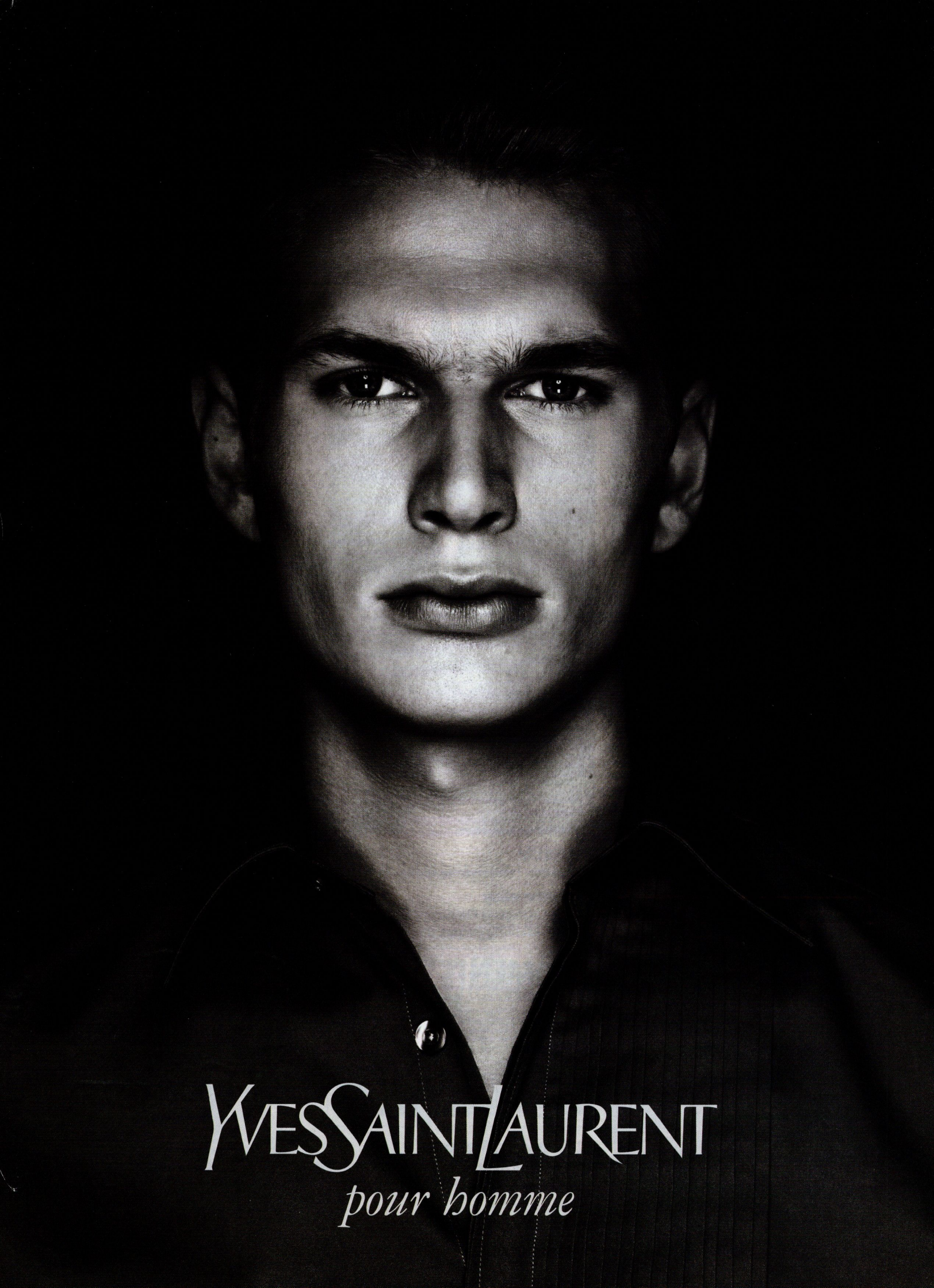


102 Women In The Dock
COVER STORY Finally we take a cross section of women to task on their infuriating habits.

110 Alan Smith
The Leeds star on computers, booze and dogs.

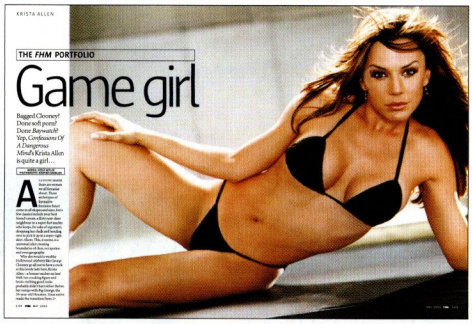
119 The Matrix
COVER STORY They will be without question the biggest movies of the year, and *FHM*'s got the inside skinny – exclusively from the stars of *The Matrix*'s two sequels.


YVES SAINT LAURENT
pour homme

FHM May 2003

128 Miners In Peril!

COVER STORY The story – told in cartoon form – of the incredible escape of nine doomed miners.



144 Krista Allen

COVER STORY The *Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind* star – with most of her clothes removed.

152 The Oil Fire Fighter

When there's a chip pan fire about the size of Iraq, they call in über-fireman Gabe Gibson.

133 One Hundred Sexual Perversions

COVER STORY An impressive ton of nefarious and largely physically impossible bedroom practices. Furtling, anyone?

Fashion 157

COVER STORY Get the sportswear look, two pages stuffed with cool trainers, and the Twenties gangster look… ie fashion made easy.

Grooming 183

A page of "new formula" grooming technology, then our High Street Honey tests men's whiffs.

Hardware 189

Eye candy with added stopping power – *FHM* tests power tools this month. Every one a doozy.

The *FHM* Pub 192

Know your regular, with our "scientific" psychological survey. Plus, Terry Gilliam's boozer.

Reviews 196

Like HMV with all the pop trite tat removed. Trust us, we know what we're talking about.

Problems 209

Our capable docs step in where your local GP dares to tread. And a page of beautifully horrific injuries.

True Stories 226

Little more than giggling at someone falling over a paving stone. But brilliant, nevertheless.

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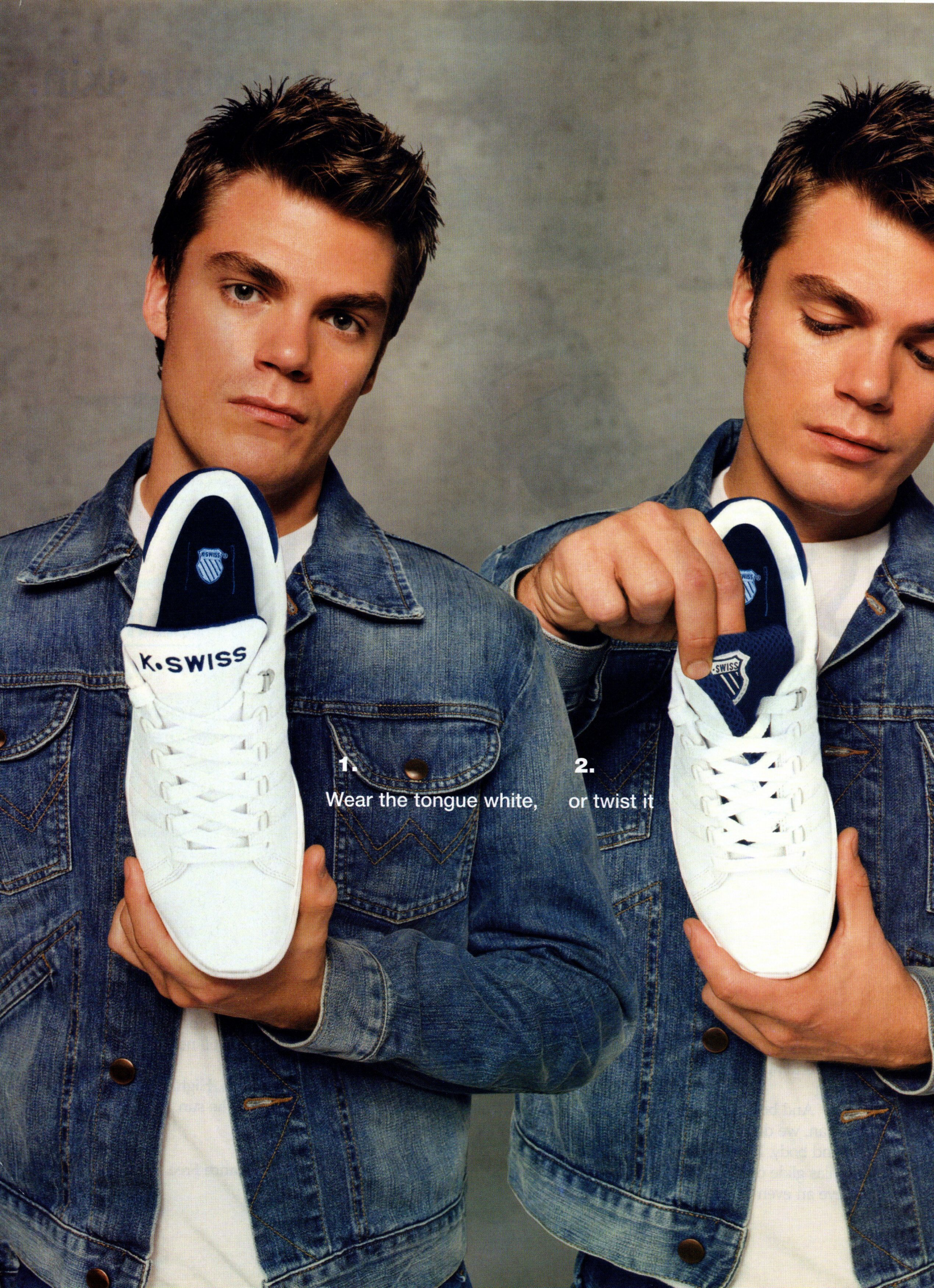
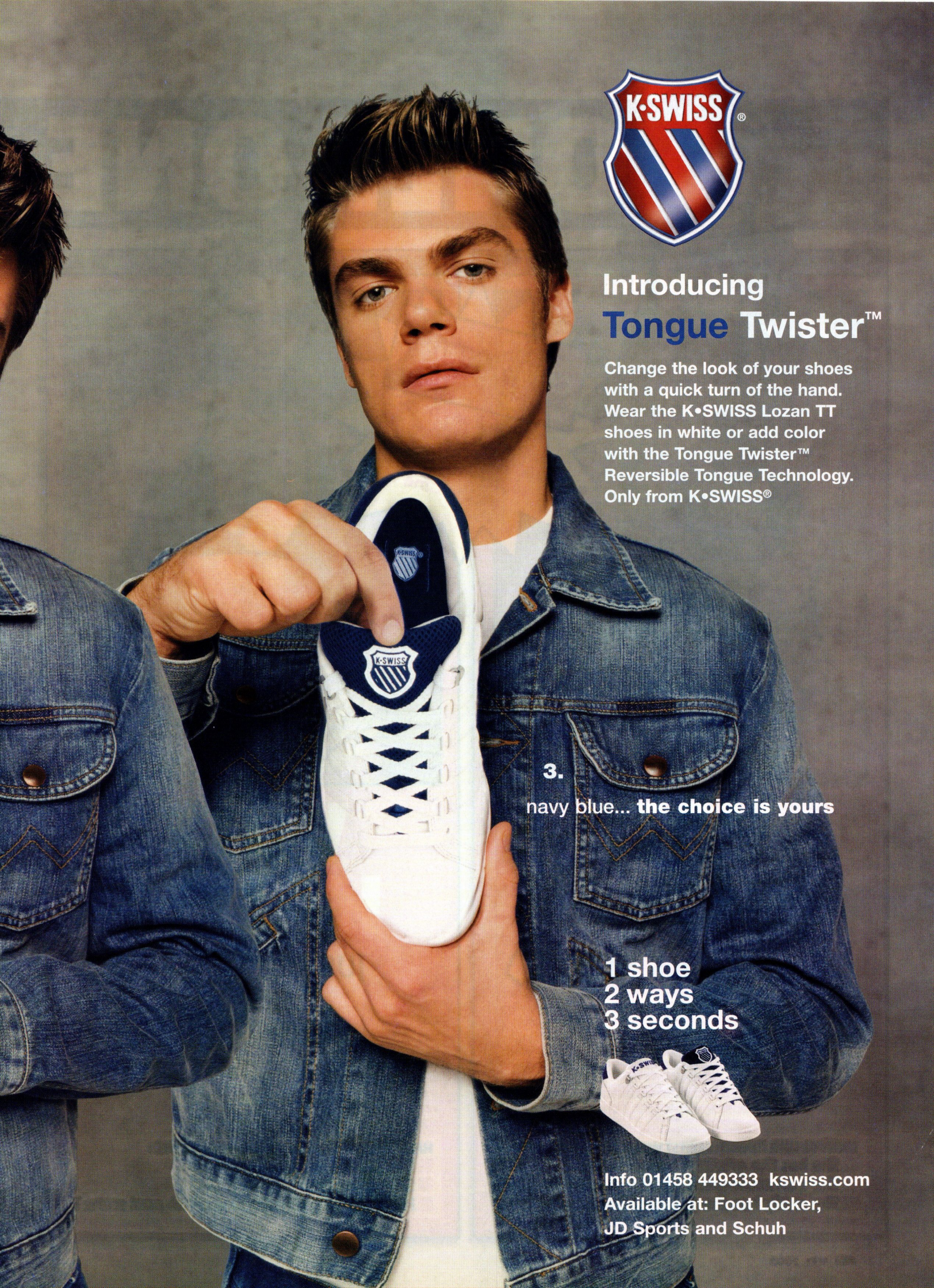

K.SWISS
1.
Wear the tongue white,
2.
or twist it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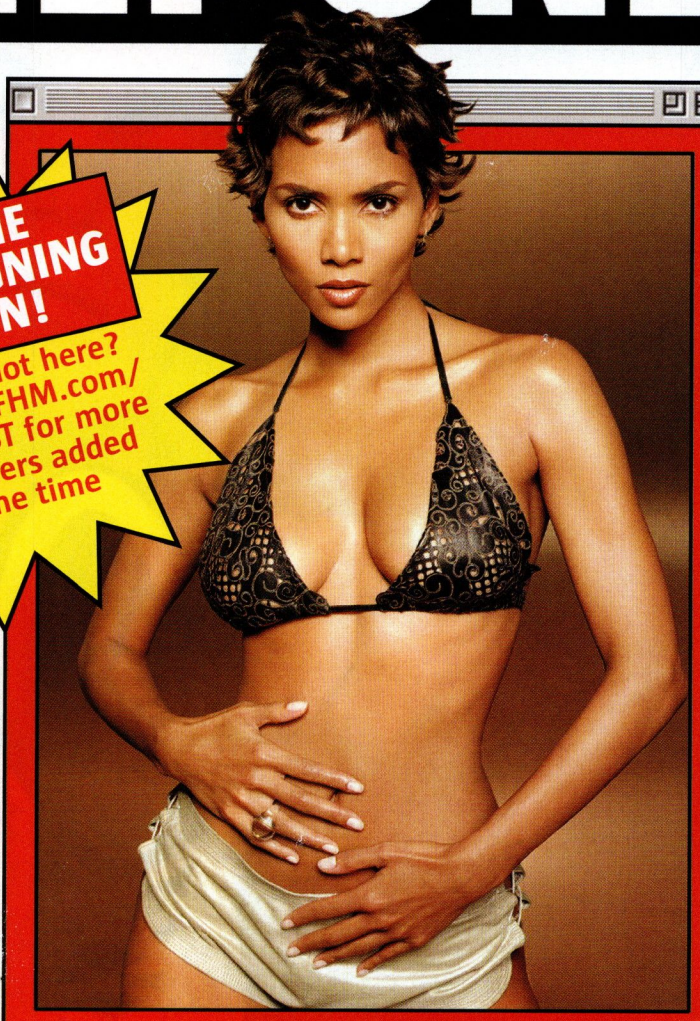
Your girl not here? See www.FHM.com/100SEXIEST for more contenders added all the time



VOTE JENNIFER!

JUST CLICK HERE

When a young songstress entitles her album *BareNaked* you know you're on to a winner. When the lady in question is Jennifer Love Hewitt it's a triple Grand Slam, FA Cup, Test Series accumulator winner. Freeze-frame fanatics will have already dissected her *BareNaked* video, where Jennifer – whose boobs deserve a career of their own – shimmies up a staircase in the altogether. Sadly, judicious editing means all you get is a fleeting glimpse of bare back or thigh – leaving us begging for more. So once we've won this campaign we shall begin the next: free the Hewitt two!

JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT: SEXIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

- She has the greatest breasts ever!
- She's an accomplished actress and musician!
- She *really* has the greatest breasts ever!

VOTE HALLE!

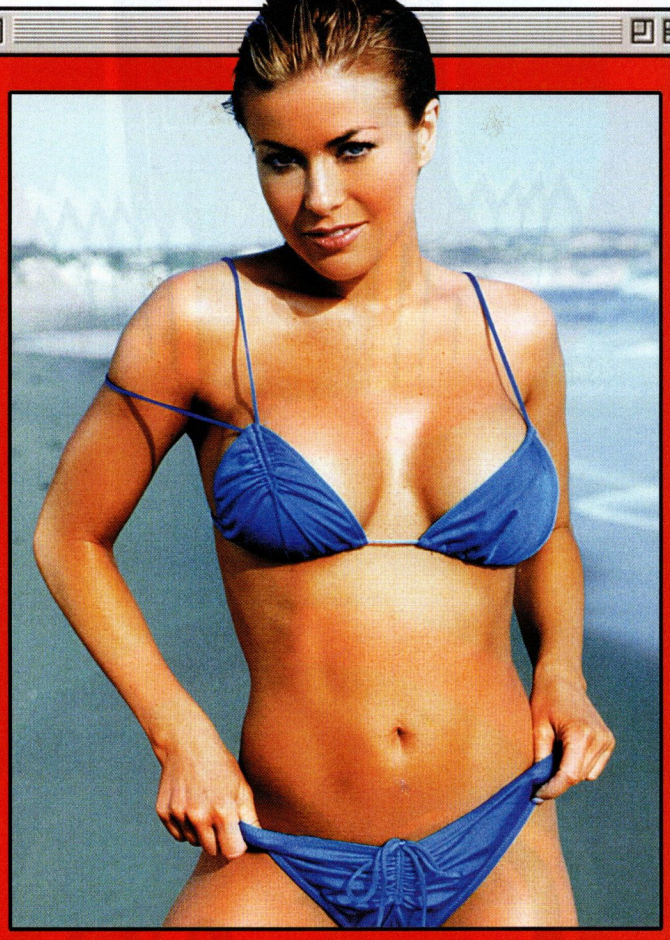
JUST CLICK HERE

Think about it: twice *FHM* covergirl, Bond girl, beauty queen, model... dear God, man – short of supping vast quantities of lager with you of a Sunday afternoon, Halle Berry is pretty much the perfect ladyfriend. Not convinced? Then remind yourself of her glorious and justifiably famous breast-baring scene in the movie *Swordfish* and remember the following words, for they fell from her very own, perfectly-formed lips: "I made a conscious choice to start doing nudity in my films... if I had only known, I would have done it much sooner." Hallelujah!

HALLE BERRY: SEXIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

- She's silicone-free!
- She does nudity!
- Have you not *seen* the *Swordfish* pool scene?

SHALL REIGN



VOTE CARMEN!

JUST CLICK HERE

When mum and dad Electra christened their baby Tara Patrick, they simply hadn't thought things through. Though there are many fine Taras – Reid (gorgeous), Palmer-Tomkinson (two little bee stings but still fine) – the meek words Tara and Patrick simply aren't enough to describe this formidable hottie. Getting naked and looking awesome in countless *FHM* shoots, added to her outspoken love of kinky sex has literally forced our Carmen to don the more appropriate name of the Goddess Electra. But unlike the ancient Greek original, this goddess is available for photo shoots!

CARMEN ELECTRA: SEXIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!
- **She *loves* getting naked!**
- **She looks awesome naked!**
- **She loves talking about kinky sex!**

Get voting for your Sexiest Woman In The World now! Because this year the race is the most wide open it's ever been!

BEWILDERMENT IS IN THE AIR at *FHM*'s lavish London offices. Following what's been a vintage 12 months for fans of ladyflesh, no single candidate has leapt ahead in the early voting for *FHM*'s 100 Sexiest Women In The World. The sharply-suited publishing moguls who plan photo shoots with Earth's most stunning women are at a loss. Should they lay in a supply of 'roo jerky in case Kylie Minogue tops the poll? An inflatable "Timberlake punchbag" in Britney Spears' changing room? The entire contents of an Ann Summers store in case Christina Aguilera decides to try on a few new items?

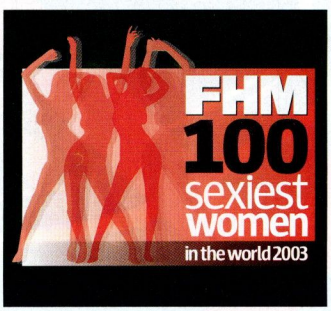
Only your votes can determine which lucky filly will be stepping up for an *FHM* cover shoot as the Sexiest Woman In The World. So spring into action and send us your top tens – whether by post, e-mail, fax, the special booths in selected WHSmiths and Borders, or via our website at www.fhm.com/100sexiest. And it's on the site that you'll also find a run-down of last year's winning lovelies, plus links and manifestos like the ones you see here for 2003's leading candidates. And if fhm.com's web monkeys actually manage to drag their sorry arses onto their chairs before midday, they'll also be assembling messageboards, downloads, screensavers and wallpapers to help computer-literate voters in their choices.

Remember – only you can decide! So make yourself useful, and make a lady's day at the same time. The fate of the world is – kind of – resting on your shoulders!

WHSmith BORDERS

When you've decided on your ten Sexiest Women In The World, write them below – sexiest first – and send them in by one of the following methods...

By post: 100 Sexiest Women 2003, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1W 8HF
By e-mail: 100sexiest@fhm.com
On the web: www.fhm.com/100sexiest
By fax: 020 7343 3000



YOUR VOTE:

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____
4 _____
5 _____
6 _____
7 _____
8 _____
9 _____
10 _____

YOUR DETAILS:

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E-mail address* _____

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52.3 (5.4) – 76.3 (3.7), and combined 40.9 (6.9) – 65.7 (4.3). The official CO_2 emissions are: 114-164g/km.

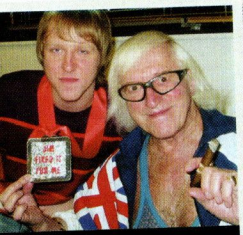
Things we did this month...

■ **Received welcome word from Libya that Colonel Gadaffi "very much enjoyed" our article on his beauty contest. Office no longer at DefCon 4.**

■ Listened in admiration as ex-SAS man Chris Ryan regaled us with tales of shitting in the German Army's Nutella supplies.

■ **Created, for one night only, The *FHM* Arms in a former embassy opposite Buck House, complete with free fruities, pinball machine, Eric Bristow (with "arrows") upstairs, Chas & Dave live downstairs. Spunked £19k on booze alone.**

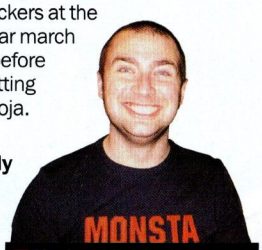
■ **Got hammered at the Lynx Pulse launch party with Bond girl and *FHM* star Rachel Grant.**



■ **Watched in awe as our web monkey, Jim Pratt, got "fixed" by Sir James Savile.**

■ Ducked firecrackers at the Barcelona anti-war march for a full hour... before sacking it and getting hammered on Rioja.

■ **Narrowly avoided a costly collision with Harry Kewell's Jaguar in darkest Wetherby.**



■ **Had a grinning competition. I won. One hour, three seconds.**

■ DJed at the 20 Years Of *Mixmag* party – and not a glow-stick in sight.

■ **Brits Version One: blagged our way into the Awards – cheers, Mastercard, cheers Sky – but left halfway through to bag lion's share of free champagne.**

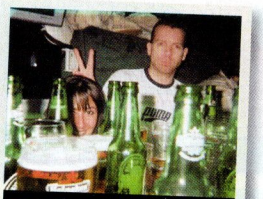
■ **Queued pathetically in own office for shot of being in AA ad and bagging £2,000. Fail!**

■ Brits Version Two: Rubbish! No drugs, no alcohol and only stage-managed sex! Boo!

■ **Disastrously had to turn down breakfast with Pamela Anderson due to a "prior work engagement".**

■ Got asked to leave a bar after stapling flyers to chest in a Steve-O-inspired moment of utter, utter stupidity.

■ **Munched sarnies with a delightful Dannii Minogue, who explained that she and her sister loved "dancing like dorks" in public to wind people up.**



■ **Officially "outdrunk any other visitors" to Heineken's great lager-laden Beer Bus.**

■ Grimaced as two dozen naked skiers froze their tiny bits off at a world record "Naked Ski" event at the Milton Keynes Snow Zone. Only three were female.

■ **Watched as Barry Norman drifted off to sleep during Orange's BAFTAs – apparently unaroused by the sight of Salma Hayek's magnificent rack at the next table.**

■ Had an exclusive and totally awesome sneak preview of the *Tomb Raider 2* set with Eidos – half an hour after Angelina Jolie had left...

■ **Discovered Features Director's unnerving knack of cutting out your silhouette on Post-It notes. Pic and £10 cheque to *FHM*...**

Enjoy the issue!

David Dowie

PS To all our readers in the Gulf – *FHM* salutes you!

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May's question: How would you sell yourself on eBay?

EDITORIAL

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Associate Editor James Mannion (020 7343 3032) *Damaged goods, will sell cheap*
Features Director Mike Peake (020 7343 3040) *Sorry – no refunds*
Features Editor Ross Brown (020 7343 3037) *First to see will buy*
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Reporter Editor Gavin Brett (020 7343 3039) *Mint. Call for details*
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Deputy Art Director Sam Chappell (020 7343 3010) *Sold*
Senior Designer Dan Knight (020 7343 3011) *Good little runner*

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Picture Researcher Maya Glaser (020 7343 3015) *Helga Titzbottom*

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Assistant Fashion Editor Olie Arnold (020 7343 3007)
Fashion Assistant Angie Smith (020 7343 3008) *1981 model, two previous owners*

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Thanks this issue to: Richard Innes, Eloise Maynard, Charity Massey

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Account Manager Nick Jenkins (020 7295 8588) *Fully posable, three legs, tail*

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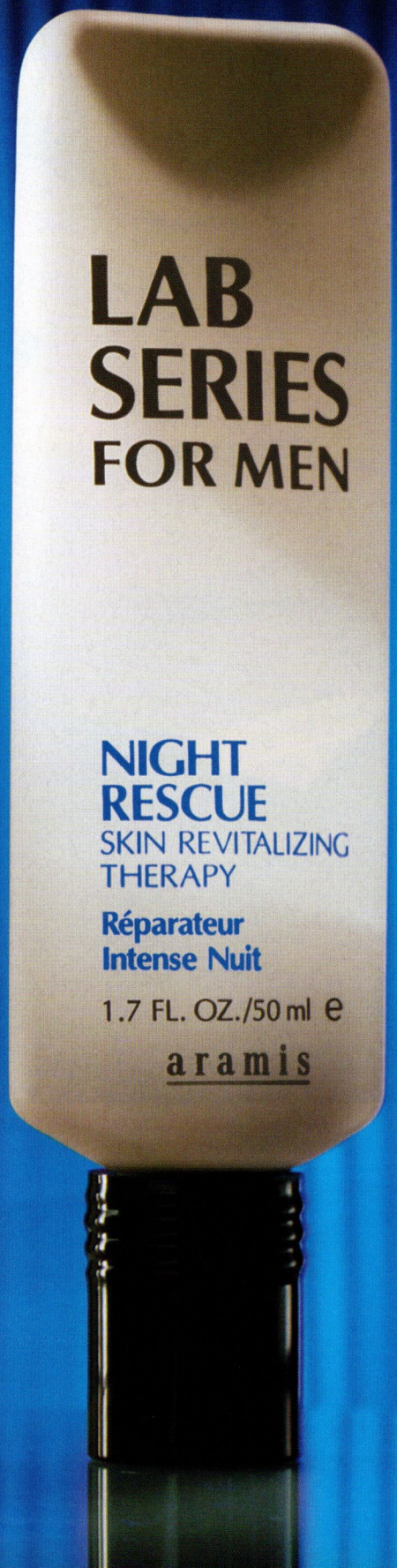
emap consumer media ABC

NEW! NIGHT RESCUE

WAKE UP TO YOUNGER LOOKING SKIN



WITH NIGHT RESCUE SKIN REVITALIZING THERAPY SEE*:

Up to **33%** improved hydration
Helps repair and revitalize the skin's appearance

Up to **30%** fewer visible lines and wrinkles
Protects skin leaving it smoother and younger looking

Up to **29%** increased firmness
Improves tone and texture

*After 8 weeks of daily use

Powerful breakthrough formula helps repair, protect and revitalize the skin's appearance while you sleep—targeting men's key anti-ageing concerns. Provides advanced moisturisation and anti-oxidant protection as it reduces the appearance of lines and wrinkles. Awaken to younger looking skin!

LAB SERIES FOR MEN
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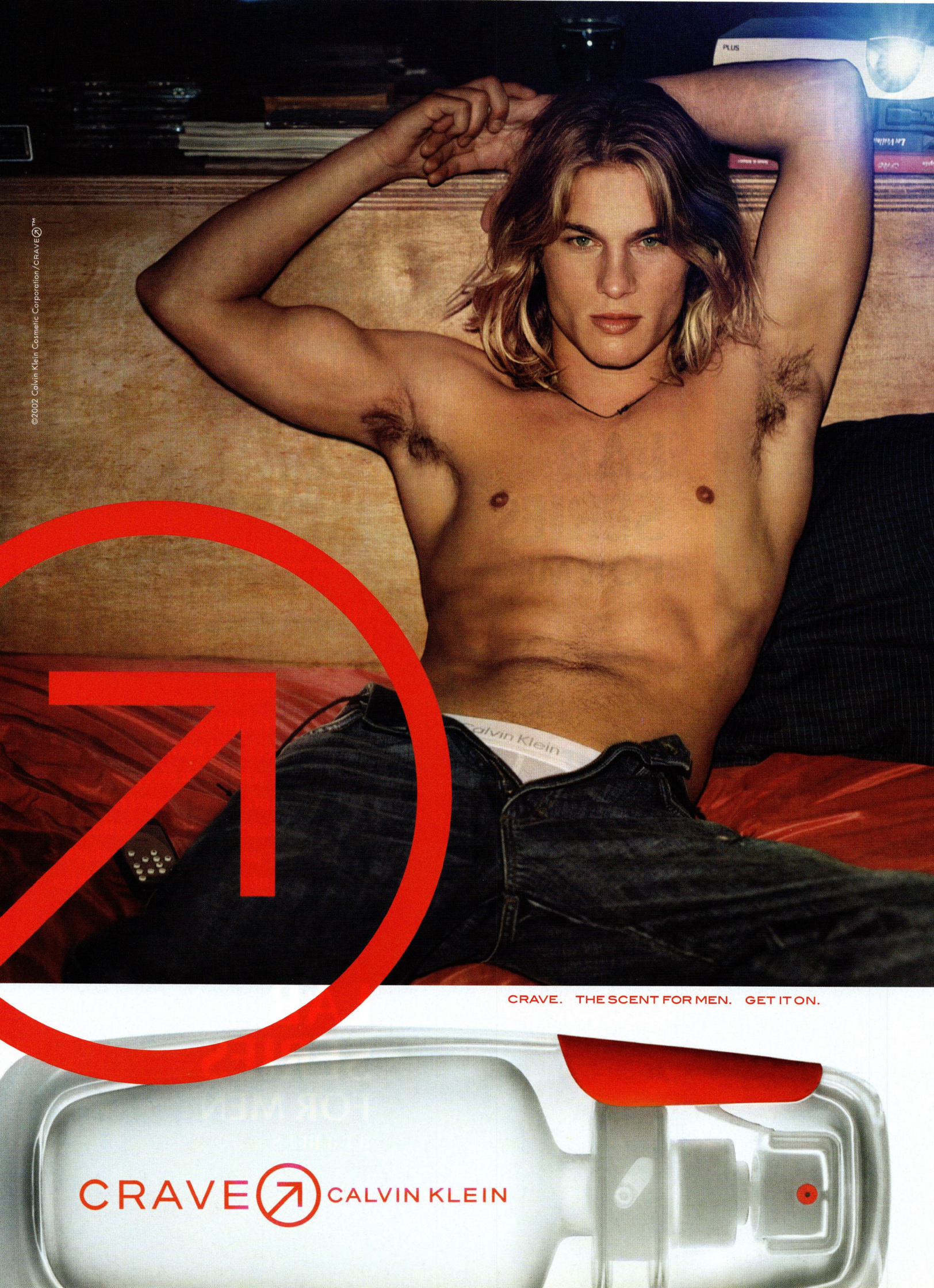
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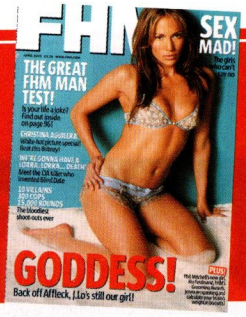
CRAVE. THE SCENT FOR MEN. GET IT ON.
CRAVE CALVIN KLEIN

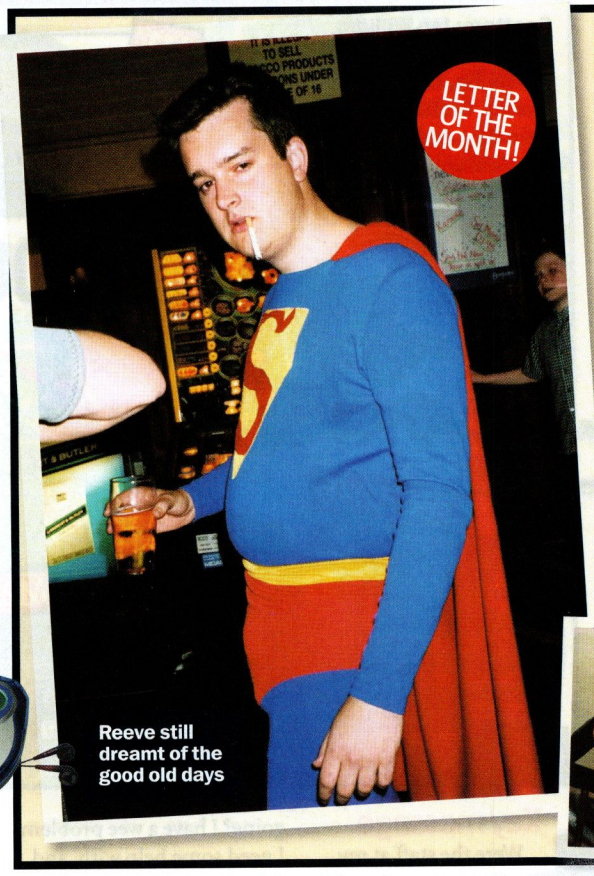
Letters

Where you get to sound off about the magazine you hold in your hands – or anything else that takes your fancy



When not shooting airguns or making "egg art", *FHM* does sometimes log on to the interweb – which means we're well aware of sites full of double entendre road signs and girls a-kissin'. So cutting and pasting the things into an e-mail simply won't do; we want originals! Or at least the imagination to make up a story when you nick stuff... Letter Of The Month gets a Toshiba SD520E DVD player from hi-fi and home cinema giants Richer Sounds, runners-up a Panasonic CD player. Write to *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1W 8HF; e-mail letters@fhm.com

RICHER Sounds
THE UK'S BIGGEST HI-FI & HOME CINEMA RETAILER



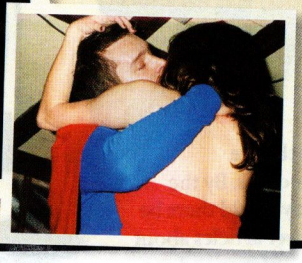
Reeve still dreamt of the good old days

Superhero's night off

Thought you'd appreciate these shots of Simon Williams of Aston Abbotts, Bucks, in The Plough public house. We were warming up before going on to a fancy dress party. He got completely battered, yet still pulled by the end of the night.

STEPHEN RUSSELL, CAMBS

Lucky for him that Lois Lane likes her caped crusaders slightly fat. Promise us you'll only use your powers for good, eh, Simon. Promise us!



"Darling," he said, "this is a survival kit. If dropped in the middle of nowhere, I need this stuff to live." Well and truly chastised, I sat back – and watched him unpack Clinique eye cream for men, peach facial scrub and a light-blocking facemask.

VICKIE, AYLESBURY

The man's a disgrace to Britain's armed forces! Everyone knows a wheat germ extract moisturiser's *essential* in harsh desert conditions.

Stain devil

As a ceramic tiler I often use HG's fine range of tile cleaning and treatment products. I'm pleased to see those eggheads have been thinking about the problems facing mothers of teenage boys.

TERRY REILLY, CROYDON

How do you remove a "herb", exactly? ▷

HG
stain away no. 4
Not only removes these stains, but also sauce, herbs, milk, egg white, chocolate, mayonnaise, whipped cream, pus and sperm.

A reader gloats

Thank you. After completing March's Girlfriend Test, my woman was disappointed to hear that she'd only scored 96, where the top rating was 100-plus. After skimming through the test, she announced, "If I swallowed and did anal sex then we'd have scored 111. Shall we try?" We have now reached 101 and we are working on that final ten. Thanks again.

DAMON LEEDHAM, SHIPLEY

You lucky bastard. You lucky, lucky bastard.

Cheese off toast

After being thrown out of the bar for drunkenness, my housemate somehow made his way home. When the rest of us got back, the only evidence of his return was the untouched cheese on toast he'd left in the kitchen. We're still wondering how he managed to create such a culinary masterpiece...

GARETH HOPKINS, SWANSEA

Charles Saatchi's on the blower with a six-figure offer... oh, you've eaten it.

Just the essentials

My husband's in the RAF and had to pack a Bergen for his tour in the Gulf. Unable to close the thing, I asked him if there were any items he could leave behind?

"Darling," he said, "this is a survival kit. If dropped in the middle of nowhere, I need this stuff to live." Well and truly chastised, I sat back – and watched him unpack Clinique eye cream for men, peach facial scrub and a light-blocking facemask.

VICKIE, AYLESBURY

The man's a disgrace to Britain's armed forces! Everyone knows a wheat germ extract moisturiser's *essential* in harsh desert conditions.

Out of the mouths of babes

Our bottomless well of female faux pas – £20 paid for each

Playing *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?* the other day, up came the question: "Who wrote the books about Huckleberry Finn?" Quick as a flash my girlfriend asked, "Isn't he a dog?" Bless.

STUART ROBINSON, LEEDS

Watching *Saving Private Ryan* with a few friends, my sister wandered in, waited patiently for a few minutes then asked, "Which side are the Germans fighting for – the Nazis or the Americans?"

JOEL BURDALL, BOSTON

Preparing for a road trip, my sister looked up from the map to declare, "I didn't know there was a river all the way round London." That'll be the M25.

JAMES CONNOLE, WADHURST

With news of a cyclone hitting the Solomon Islands, I suggested to my wife they should construct underground shelters. "They can't!" she replied. "They're in the middle of the ocean – dig down and you spring a leak."

MARK GELLER, LONDON NW7

Reaching the head of a *very* long queue at a coffee bar in an Amsterdam airport, my girlfriend had a fit at the prices – 6.25 for a cappuccino. Trying to avoid a scene, I whispered, "It's guilders, Claire." "I don't care what brand of coffee it is!" she shouted back.

SIMON SHAW, CHELTENHAM

When my wife discovered that her travel documents weren't up to date, she left me a note asking if I'd go into town and "get some passport photos" for her. Tricky...

STEVE WYLES, SHEPSHED

Letters

COCK WATCH 1
We enjoyed snacking on this well-endowed jellybaby.
"THE BOYS AT ADVENTURE", VIA E-MAIL
COCK WATCH 2
Wayne Bobbit's surgeon has got a cracking flair for photography, hasn't he?
ANTONY MCGARVEY, MANCHESTER
Jumbo Sausage & Bacon Rolls
Serves 4
ASDA

WHERE'S FÜCKER?

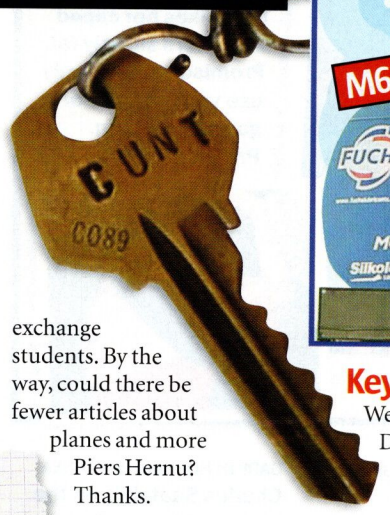
The potty-mouthed people-carrier's gone to ground, but there are plenty of other wheel'ed swear machines on Europe's roads!

French lessons

Despite being a member of the female sex I am a big fan of your magazine, but I have to ask: what was going on with your Clara Morgane interview? The translation is an absolute shocker – "I've been once in London", "I was curious to sit in the director's chair," etc. I'm pretty handy at translation myself, and wouldn't make your interviewees sound like 14-year-old exchange students. By the way, could there be fewer articles about planes and more Piers Hernu? Thanks.

FRANCES ROBINSON, COLLÈGE FRANCO-BRITANNIQUE, PARIS

And there you have two good reasons why a woman doesn't edit this magazine.



Key message

Were the staff at my Dominican Republic hotel trying to tell me something?

MIKE HODGSON, BRISTOL

Either that Mike, or you're the proud owner of a chastity belt.

Cocky bugger

Alright *FHM*, how's it going? I have a wee problem I need some help with, and I'd appreciate your advice. My girlfriend usually comes within ten to 15 minutes of us starting, which means I'm hardly ever satisfied. I usually have to go to the bathroom afterwards to "relieve the pressure", so to speak. Is she odd, or did I make a pact with the Devil when pissed to become some kind of a sex god? The advantage is that I get an awful lot of fluffy toys as presents, which I can donate to nephews.

ALEX KIELY, MANCHESTER

Ladies: the highest bidder gets Mr Kiely's full address. We'll start proceedings at £50 – unless his girlfriend has a different story to tell... ▷

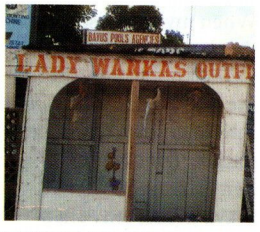
FUNNY FOREIGNERS ROUND-UP

Cheap sight gags at the expense of non-English-speakers – £20 for each

Dateline: Ibadan, Nigeria

Welcome to my local fashion, catering and balloon decoration rental store.

ASH B, NIGERIA



Dateline: Australia

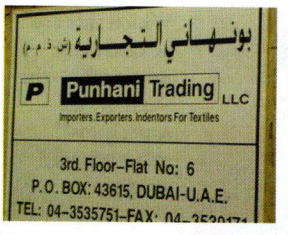
Imagine my intense disappointment on a recent trip when I found that the only water sports available were water-skiing and sailing, and these were closed due to jellyfish!

DARREN ROBERTS, WALKINGTON, EAST YORKSHIRE

Dateline: Dubai

Found this fine trading establishment in the middle of nowhere. Aye!

MURDO MORRISON, DUBAI



Dateline: Prague

I was faced with this hungry fella while munching my breakfast. I still don't have a clue what's inside.

DAVE HILL, CHESTER

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Brighton Pier, famous for ghost trains, dodgem cars and one-sided boxing matches. The Triumph Speed Triple, famous for brutal good looks and a fuel injected 955cc triple, with more power than a heavyweight champ.

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Stripped down styling gives it a leaner, lighter look and a feel of quiet menace.

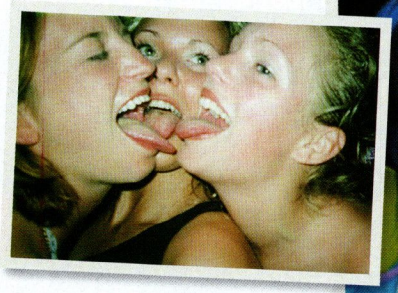
The Triumph Speed Triple. Not to be taken lightly.

MUSCLE POWER

A FEELING OF TRIUMPH

'You're not a bloke!'

Ladies! Kissing! Each other! £20 for each...



Threesome!

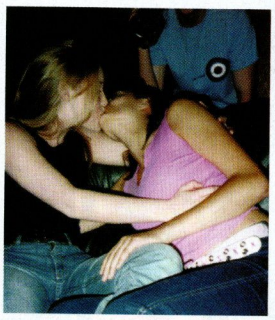
Evidence of my quality lads' holiday last year. All it took to persuade these ladies was lots of charming talk, some funky dancing and a bit of begging.

WESLEY CADBY, SOLIHULL

Faux schoolies!

In true Tatu style, this was taken at School Disco night at the local Students' Union.

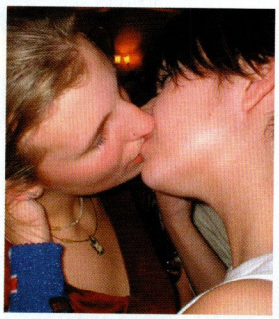
LUKE, TEESSIDE



Videoed!

Evidence of a delightful night at the Tom Smith household. As you can see, things were getting pretty hot – how much do you wanna pay for the video?

ADY BRAMLEY, VIA E-MAIL



Bar-girls!

Imagine our delight at O'Reilly's after-hours staff party, when one of the bar-girls decided to put on a little show with her best mate. The things MPs' daughters get up to when tanked up on vodka!

IAN ALISON, O'REILLY'S PUB, LOWESTOFT

Welsh lady alert!

Last week I pretended to be an *FHM* snapper, using a mate's digital camera and a laminated *FHM* cover stuck on an old clipboard, then got girls to start kissing each other! Next weekend I'm going to be a visiting prince from the Dutch royal family.

JAMES WILLIAMS, PRESTATYN

Foolish girls of Prestatyn. You can tell a genuine *FHM* snapper by his over-sixties bus pass and haunted eyes. As for you, Williams – stop it! We've notified the Dutch Embassy.

What's wrong with *FHM*?

Where we punish our lazy subs by making them give you cash...

Counting up to seven, thoroughbred nags and, of course, a misplaced Wank filled Wrong's greedy e-mail server of slightly more obvious slip-ups this month. Kicking off, March's Reporter section confidently boasted seven of the world's most expensive items, then unfortunately delivered just the six. Desert Orchid never ran, let alone won the Grand National, as the same month's Girlfriend Test foolishly asserted. And the March Letters page then misplaced a Wank – we'll explain – wrongly siting the brilliantly-monikered south German town in Austria. Weird, certainly, and all absolutely wrong, but not good enough to win the £20 first prize in What's Wrong's little corner of the magazine, like these – simply better – spots indeed do. Send your entries in to: What's Wrong with *FHM*? at the usual address, or e-mail your finicky attempts to: wrong@fhm.com. Happy hunting!

Man chart

On the front cover of your February edition, you made the claim that "Mr Kelly Brook" Jason Statham, was "The Luckiest Man In Britain". How can this be when Jeremy Edwards' fiancée – Rachel Stevens – finished three places above Kelly in the most recent *FHM* 100 Sexiest Women In The World thus surely making him luckier?

LEE BRINDLE, VIA E-MAIL

Early arrival

I'm not surprised the novice pilot completely missed the runway on August 11, 1987 at Franz Josef Strauss Airport in Munich – as you reported in the "Ooh! That's gotta hurt!" feature in March – it wasn't built until 1992.

IAN SIMPSON, BARNSLEY

Air miss

In the piece on crashes entitled "Jet Misses Flight Deck" you say it missed the landing strip and collided INTO the flight deck! I'd hardly call that a miss.

JIM CLARKE, VIA E-MAIL

Intercourse explained

In your March issue, Jenna Jameson's column claims that it is the corner off *FHM*, dedicated solely to intercourse. Well, the three questions answered were about: blow-jobs, women on the blob and sex with vegetables, which are not all solely about intercourse.

JON, ESSEX

IDIOT OF THE MONTH

In March's contents you claim Myleene is a cover story, but I couldn't see her on the cover at all! Got you!

SIMON BECKINGHAM, ASCOT

Apart from the bloody great, fluorescent orange sticker then, Simon? Good God! Sometimes it's just too easy...

Handbag corner

The little corner of *FHM* to get a bit emotional

Shania Twain interview, January: "Being Canadian can't be easy. Your national sport, ice hockey, is – bar the rucks – the most tedious of pastimes. Your teeth are in terrible nick after glugging down sickly maple syrup since the womb, you constantly get mistaken for a Yank and pronounce the word 'about' as 'aboot'." I'm surprised such drivel would make it into your publication! I would have figured you guys to be more intelligent than to accept typical American stereotypes...

ERIC ROSINA, VIA E-MAIL

Thanks for the opportunity to repeat that great opening paragraph, Eric! Now piss off back to Canadaland.

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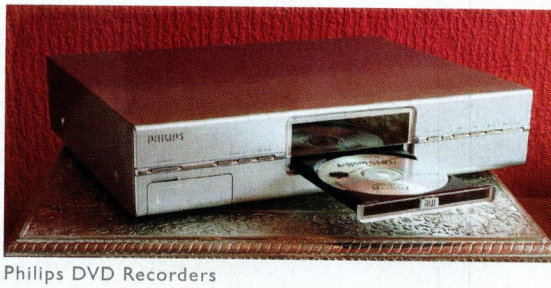


Philips DVD Recorders

Bar Room Jokes

Give a man a fish, he'll eat lunch. Give a man a fishing rod, he'll eat for life. Give a man a page of top notch thigh-slappers and he'll have enough quality pub blather to last, ooh, at least a night...

Iraqi suppers

Q. What time does Saddam Hussein have his dinner?
A. When Tariq Aziz!

ADAM GOFF, SALISBURY

Infidelity explained

A woman arrives home after a shopping trip, walks into the bedroom and is horrified to find her husband going at it hammer and tongs with a young, attractive female. Just as she's set to storm out of the house, her husband leaps up: "Before you leave, I want you to hear how this all came about. Driving home, I saw this young girl, poor and tired, so I offered her a ride. She was starving, so I brought her home and fed her some of the roast you'd forgotten about in the refrigerator. Her shoes were falling apart, so I gave her a pair of yours you no longer wear because they're out of style. She was freezing, so I gave her that new birthday sweater you've never worn because 'the colour doesn't suit you'. Her trousers were threadbare, so I gave her a pair of yours that no longer fit you. Then, just as she was leaving, she paused and asked, 'Is there anything else your wife doesn't use anymore?' And so here we are..."

NICK BLACK, WASHINGTON

Fairy tale developments

Snow White walks into her local chemist to pick up some photos she left for developing. Sadly, due to a technical glitch, the assistant informs her that her photos have been delayed, and that he's unable to give her a time when she can pick them up. With a look of despair, Snow White bursts into song: "Some day my prints will come..."

FRANK BRENNAN, GLASGOW

Skint sister thinks small

TWO SISTERS – ONE BLONDE, ONE BRUNETTE – inherit the family farm. Sadly, it's not long before financial trouble hits and to keep the bank from repossessing, they realise they must buy a bull in order to breed their own stock.

With their last £1,000, the brunette heads to a farm where a prize bull is for sale, telling her sister that when she gets there, if she buys it she'll contact her to come with the trailer and take it home.

The brunette arrives at the farm, inspects the creature and agrees to buy it. But there's a problem: the owner will only sell for £999. Desperate, she pays up and drives in to town to send a telegram to her sibling: "I need a telegram to tell my sister I've bought a bull for our farm," explains the brunette, "she needs to hitch the trailer to our pickup, drive here and haul it home."

"No problem," informs the telegraph operator, "but it's 99p per word."

With just one pound left, the brunette ponders which word could best explain her instructions. "Got it," she tells the old man, "send the word 'comfortable'."

The telegraph operator shakes his head: "And how on Earth is that going to tell her what she needs to know?"

"My sister's blonde," explains the woman, "she'll read it very slowly..."

PAUL SAUNBY, VIA E-MAIL

Complimentary check-up

A middle-aged woman is at home, merrily jumping up and down on her bed and squealing with delight. Her husband arrives home from work, walks in and is astounded at what he sees: "Do you have any idea how ridiculous you look," he shouts, "what the hell's the matter with you?"

"I just came from the doctor," replies his wife, "he says I have the breasts of an 18-year-old!"

"Oh really," says her husband, "and what did the old coot say about your 40-year-old arse?"

"Strangely enough," replies his wife, "your name never came up..."

EUAN BANYARD, SCOTLAND

Quickie pays off handsomely

A teenage girl confesses to her mother that she's missed her period for two months running. They immediately purchase a home pregnancy test, and the result's confirmed, she's up the duff: "Bring me the pig who did this to you!" screams her incandescent mother, "I want to see him, now!"

The girl quickly makes a phonecall to her lover, and half an hour later a gleaming, brand new Ferrari pulls up outside the house. Out steps a mature and distinguished gentleman, handsome and impeccably dressed. He enters the house and sits down in the living room with the father, mother and the girl. "Good afternoon," he politely greets the family, "your daughter has informed me of the situation. I am unable to marry her due to my personal family circumstances, but rest assured, I'll take full responsibility. If a girl is born, I'll bequeath her three of my shops, two townhouses, a beach house and a £1m bank account. If it's a boy, my legacy will be two factories and a £2m bank account. If it's twins, a single factory and £500,000 each. However, if there is a miscarriage..."

The father, breaking his stunned silence, places a hand firmly on the man's shoulder: "You'll fuck her again, right?"

CLIFF EATON, ALDERSHOT

Organ confusion

A man walks into his local chiropodist and ousts his cock on to the table: "That's not a foot," says the chiropodist.

"I know," replies the man, "but it's a good eleven inches!"

R WILLIAMS, VIA E-MAIL

Blockbuster riddle

Q. What do the films, *The Sixth Sense* and *Titanic* have in common?
A. Icy dead people.

NEIL ORGAN, VIA E-MAIL

WIN COOL STUFF!

This month's Joke Of The Month wins a Big-Foot Go-Ped scooter, while our runners-up bag a cool Electronic Scrolling Message board, all from www.boysstuff.co.uk. Send 'em in to: *FHM* at the usual address, or e-mail: jokes@fhm.com

Illustration: Nishant Choksi

WEAR THEM OUT

SHOE: SAWYER. STOCKISTS: 020 8970 2342

REPORTER

Locked, loaded and ready to kill!

Victoria's secret

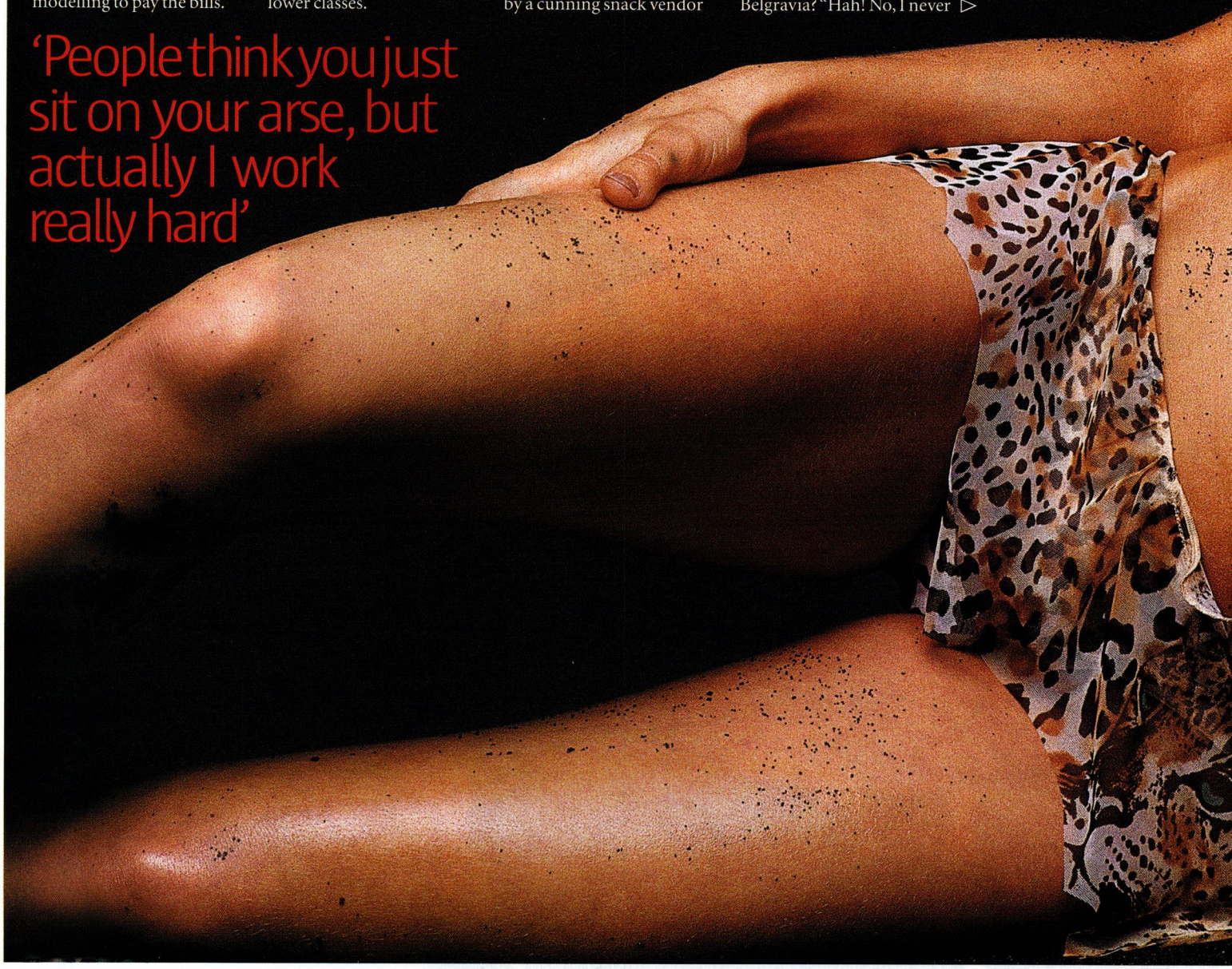
Waddya know, Lady Victoria Hervey has a sister, Isabella – and she's gorgeous!

GO AND MEET LADY Isabella Hervey, they said. You know, sister of irrepressible party fiend Lady Victoria, regular at top London hangout Chinawhites, and the latest in a long line of silver-spooned stunners taking up modelling to pay the bills.

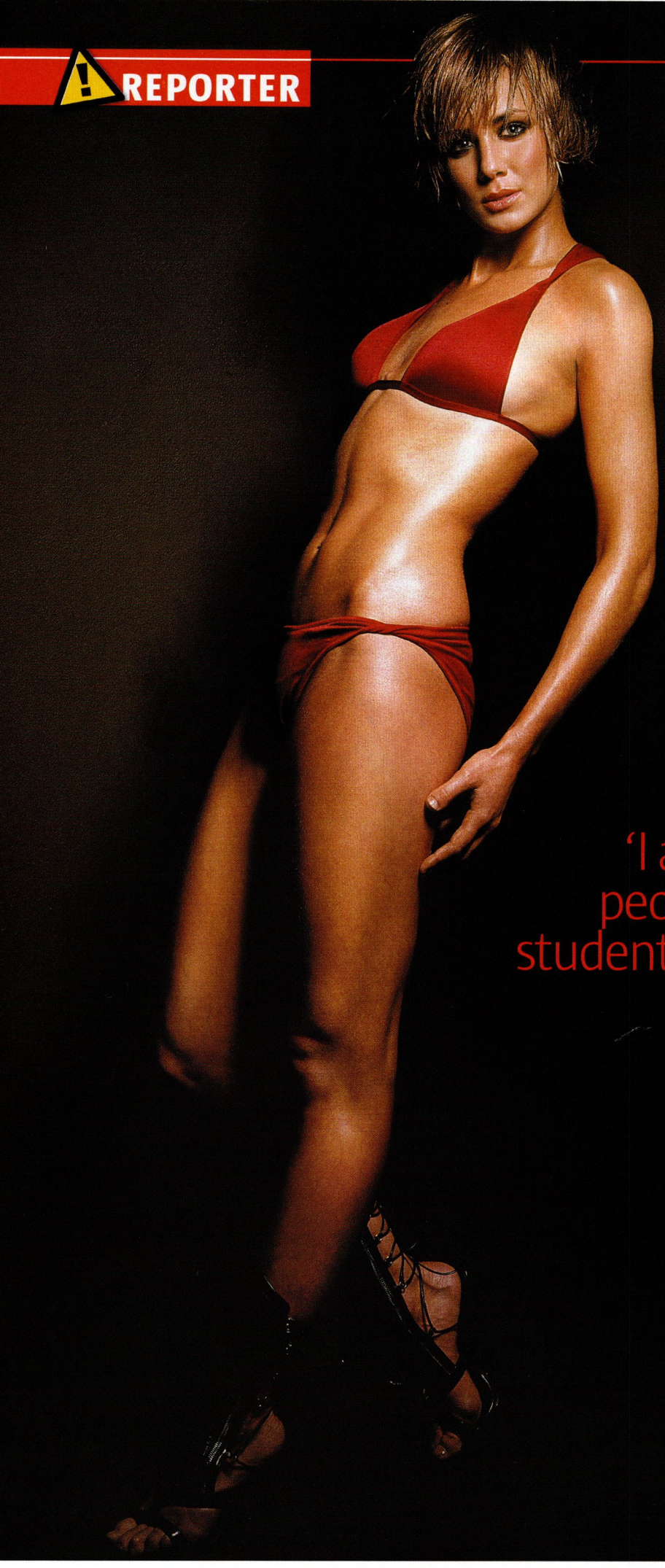
Excellent news. As *FHM* pushes open the doors to a suitably plush Chelsea studio, we're looking forward to a lazy afternoon nibbling foie gras, supping a cheeky Chateauneuf du Pape straight from the cellar and bemoaning the appalling manners of the lower classes.

And what sight greets us? This refined young lady, fresh from jetting first-class around Europe, chowing down on what looks suspiciously like a *Pot Noodle*? Surely not. Further investigation however, reveals all: the languid Lady Isabella has been signed up by a cunning snack vendor with an eye for the ladies to promote "Posh Noodle", an agreeably tastier version of the old student staple. And do you enjoy these "Posh Noodles" Isabella? "I do! Honestly! They're really nice." Wouldn't you rather be roasting swans over a roaring range back in Belgravia? "Hah! No, I never ▷

'People think you just sit on your arse, but actually I work really hard'



Photography: Ricky Chicago. Stylist: Kenny Ho at Massive Creation. Make-up: Erin Shaw at Time. Hair: Keith Harris. Leopard bra and matching briefs by La Perla (020 7245 0527)



cook. I don't really have time and I can't be bothered. So it's either the microwave or things like Posh Noodles. I'd be a rubbish housewife. Every time I wash my clothes I dye them."

How should we be addressing a Lady? "Just call me Isabella, please. I don't really think of it until people remind me. It can be quite annoying actually. You see, you do get free stuff and upgrades in restaurants, but there are a lot of disadvantages. People think you just sit on your arse and do nothing, but actually I work really hard." Glancing over her future schedule *FHM* has to agree, but "working hard" is not an accusation often levelled at sister Victoria. Have you ever been embarrassed by your sibling's "look-at-me" antics at the opening of every envelope? "Hmmm. No, not really. She's her and I'm me. We're two different people. I don't even drink. I don't look at her and then think I'm the sensible one. I'm just doing my thing."

'I actually prefer normal people. My friends are all students and things like that'

But we did spot pictures of you out on the town with Darius from *Popstars* the other day. Was there plenty of "love in the room"? "No! My brother knew him at Edinburgh, but I never went out with him or anything. That was all rubbish in the papers. I still see him – he's lovely – I bumped into him recently, but he just drained me. He's just so ambitious and dedicated to his music that you have to be in the right frame of mind for him."

And about these alleged meetings with the future king of the realm... "Why does everyone always think I'm best pals with the Queen and Prince William? I've never even met them! It's all rubbish! Why would I be friends with the Queen? I mean, are you? I did meet a foreign prince once at the Wellington [legendary Sloaney pub], I can't even remember where he was from." So who would be the ideal Lord for your Ladyship? "Ah, this is a good question! It has to be someone loving, caring and loyal – and romantic is important as well. Someone funny who will take the piss out of you. All that 'oooo you're so amazing' stuff is sooooo boring." That's all very well and good but could she see herself ever going out with a roofer? "Maybe, who knows? I mean I actually prefer normal people. People who are in the limelight and think they are 'someone in London' – they're not your friends, they're superficial. My friends are all students and things like that." And presumably Posh Noodle fans.

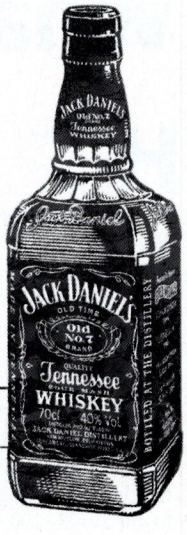
Finally, before you head off for your *FHM* shoot, perhaps you'd like to know our extensive research reveals your name is an anagram of "shyly revealed labia"? "What? Who? Oh, I get it... Oh, that's nice. Thanks for sharing that with me. Eww!" CM

For behind the scenes footage of Lady Isabella Hervey's *FHM* shoot head to www.fhm.com/isabella. Or check out the Posh Noodle website www.amiposhornot.com

Red bikini by La Perla and shoes by Kate Kuba (020 7499 2626)

PARIS GOT FASHION.
WE GOT WHISKEY.

(SORRY, PARIS.)



JACK DANIEL'S OLD No.7 BRAND TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.
www.jackdaniels.com

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Evil

Doodles of death!

Not all codgers talk shite about 'the war' – some can actually draw the future!

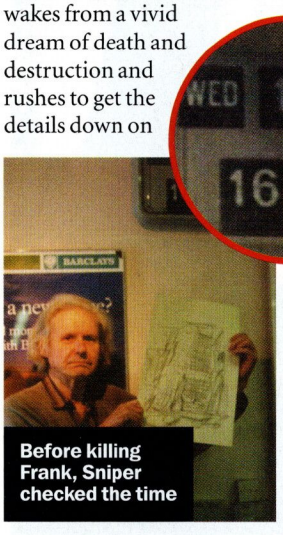
SPURNING THE CLIPPER ships and kittens on velvet favoured by most amateur artists, retired lecturer David Mandell knocks out a more macabre subject when he reaches for the watercolours: real-life disasters – before they've happened...

Once a month or so, the 69-year-old Londoner wakes from a vivid dream of death and destruction and rushes to get the details down on paper before he forgets them. Subjects include the sarin gas attack on the Tokyo subway, Concorde crashing and – gulp! – the attack on the Twin Towers, all clearly seen here in his frankly rather poor scratchings.

Well aware that sceptics – you included – will claim he's made his sketches after the events occurred, Mandell trots off to his local bank before the paint's even dry and gets a snap of himself in front of their clock. Spookiest of all these snaps is Mandell holding a pencil drawing of two huge skyscrapers crashing to the ground, photographed in his local branch on September 11, *1996*.

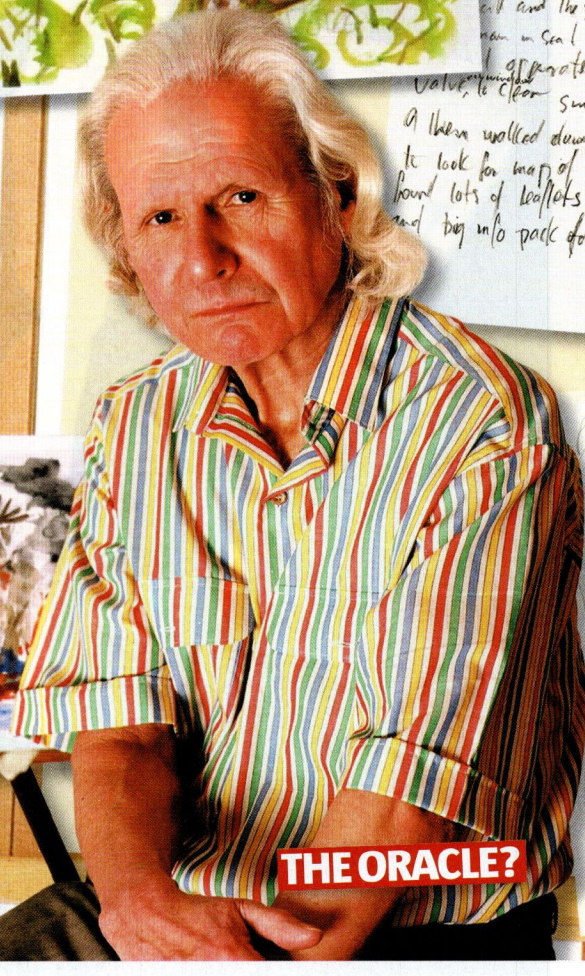
And there's more bad news for paranoids: the modern-day Nostradamus now has a library of 200 psychic artworks in his library – most of which depict disasters yet to happen. **MB**

The Man Who Paints The Future is part of Five's *Extraordinary People* series, which runs from March 28 to April 15.



Before killing Frank, Sniper checked the time

Dave waited for his tea towels to dry



Contracts

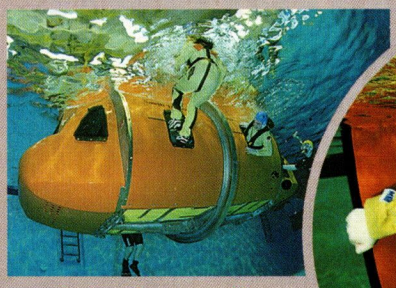
What if... we killed Li'l Lee?

FHM tries to slay one of its own tribe

HE MAY HAVE PAINTED some pretty pictures but let's face it, Da Vinci was no Trevor Baylis. His inventions were plain dangerous – none more so than the helicopter! According to crash gurus NASA, you're ten times more likely to croak in a chopper than you are in a plane: that's eight birds downed every 100,000 hours of flight! Using their maths and our spare time, we'd only have to fly around for ten years to guarantee a major accident. We haven't got that long, so off went Lee to a helicopter crash simulator in Newcastle. Would fatty survive...?

Part One

Experience the helicopter crash simulator! Call Sportbreak on 01883 742911.



1 Into the pool!
"Buckled in, the simulator plummets into an icy pool," reports Lee. "Water pours in and we're quickly submerged. It's terrifying, but we must wait seven seconds to "calm ourselves" before paddling out the windows – fighting past women and children – to safety!"

2 Lee gets flipped
"Helicopters are top-heavy – when they hit the drink they flip upside down. Reminding us of this, we're strapped back in to the simulator and dropped underwater... only this time they're spinning us upside down..."

3 Tubby's struggle

"In we plunge – upside down. It's totally disorientating. We unbuckle… and go the wrong way, swimming further into the submerged chopper. A full 25 seconds later, we're still in the abyss. The panicking Geordie instructor dives in…"

4 Almost dead!

"We're forced up into a tiny air pocket for a quick gasp, then dragged out of the chopper on the brink of blacking out. 'Bloody hell, mun,' screams Geordie, 'you're not actually meant to die!'"

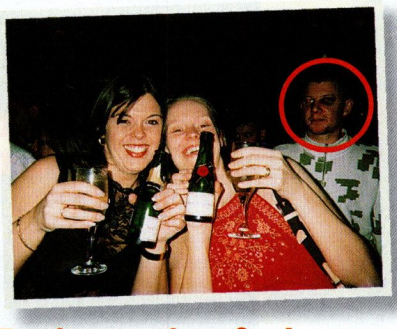
Damn it, he still breathes! Turn to page 52 to see if we can finish the little tyke off!

Who The Hell Are You?

Five more lens-loitering halfwits ruining your snaps! The absolute best of which each month nabs this blisteringly good Pocket DV3 video camera/snapper from firebox.com!

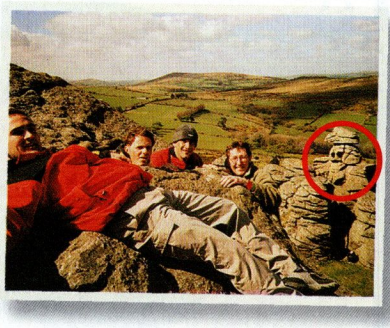
Spaniels' ears subpoenaed!

Hideous. Truly, truly hideous… and that's just the lesbian-friendly, terracotta mullet: "It's one of those 'self-taken' snaps of me and the lady on a Corfu beach, 2002," write Kent duo, Pete and Charlene, "…horrible, isn't it?"



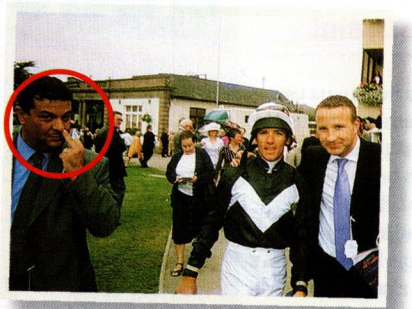
Bruiser cruises for booty

…And doubtless due to that shiner, overlooked Liverpool's Gemma and Lynsey here, who promise to send topless shots if this makes the cut. We're waiting. "It was a friend's party – what an evil face he's got."



Paranormal exposure?

"Recently, my mates decided a day out on Dartmoor would do us good," explains Devonite, Andrew Cotton. "This was at the notorious 'Hound Tor' – we're terrified by the stony-faced friend in the background."



Stealth insult delivered

Even if he's not giving the finger, he may well be communicating to snipers to take the shot on the goon lynching Frankie. "My fiancée took this at Doncaster," reveals Anton Boddy, "only later did we notice him."

Pierre piddles on-piste

Not even nut-numbing cold, it appears, could keep our Froggy cousin here from voiding: "We were in La Plagne, France," clarifies Canterbury's Simon Hawking, "the dirty bugger's having a tiddle!"

DK, Richard Dean

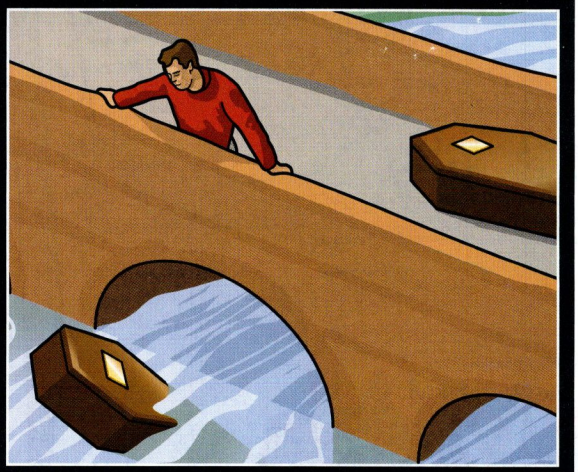
Tricks

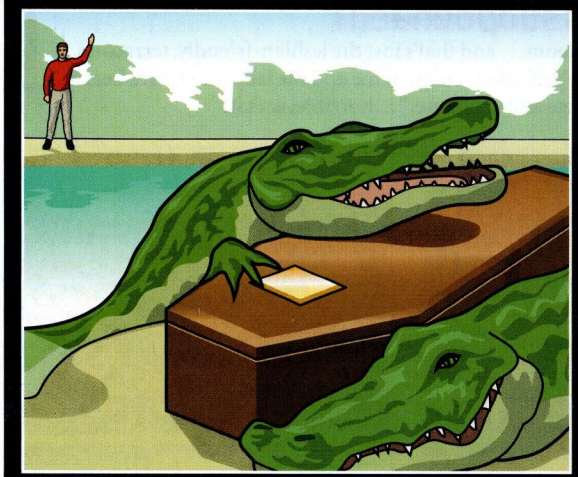
Kill with confidence!

Owe a mate money? Tired of your lady whinging? Kill 'em – then dispose of the corpse for good...

SKY BURIAL
Carry this funeral rite out somewhere with vultures. Pigeons haven't the appetite. Dice the corpse into bite-size pieces, crush the bones and mix them with flour and milk. Attract vultures by burning the corpse's hair with sandalwood, and then sit back.

WATER BURIAL
Cadavers decompose faster in water; about 3,000 bodies and 1,800 tons of cremation remains are thrown into the Ganges every year. If you fancy a bash, ensure you weigh your victim down and have a supply of turtles to consume the flesh.





ALLIGATORS
Pet-shop-owning serial killer, Joe Ball, favoured this method and amused kids by throwing dogs to his 'gators. Frustratingly, alligators won't attack animals larger than themselves so you'll have to murder your victim, or wean your reptile up to the task.

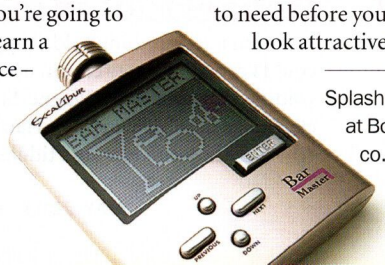
ACID BATH
The Forties gentleman serial killer, John Haigh, was tripped up by his belief that a corpse could be completely disposed of by immersion in sulphuric acid. So having hoyked your victim into a tin bath of acid, be sure to filter the resultant slurry. **ST**

Poison

The bar bible

Dazzle honeys with your booze brain!

THERE IS NO GREATER evil than the "cocktail". Firstly, the barman will lob bottles dangerously all over the shop. Secondly, it's gay. Yet girls seem to insist on them, which means that if you want your jimmy waxed, you're going to have to learn a few. Hence – The Bar Master. Every concoction is here in its tiny computer memory, it tells you what glass to use, in what order to pour the drinks and, brilliantly, there's a blood alcohol level calculator – perfect for working out exactly how many slammers she's going to need before you start to look attractive! **RB**



Splash £30 on it at Boystuff.co.uk

Post

Delivery for Hitler!

Yanks are passing messages to dead pals. Lord, why?

AfterlifeTelegrams.com

Death used to have one key consolation: after the car wreck, air crash or gonad torsion, at least you wouldn't have to talk to your relatives again. Well, no more. Peddling a kind of ethereal voicemail, Illinois company Afterlife Telegrams have removed the "peace" bit from Rest In Peace. They've got a team of terminally-ill patients who, for a cool $5 per word, will memorise any message you choose. Then, when they fall off the perch, they'll track down your beloved and pass it on – although there are no guarantees. "No-one knows what happens when someone dies," says organiser Paul Kinsella, sagely, "so our customers do not pay for 'deliveries' – they pay for 'delivery attempts'." Still, each messenger has been medically-certified to die within a year, or your money back! So that's lucky then. Apart from, of course, for everyone involved. **CB**

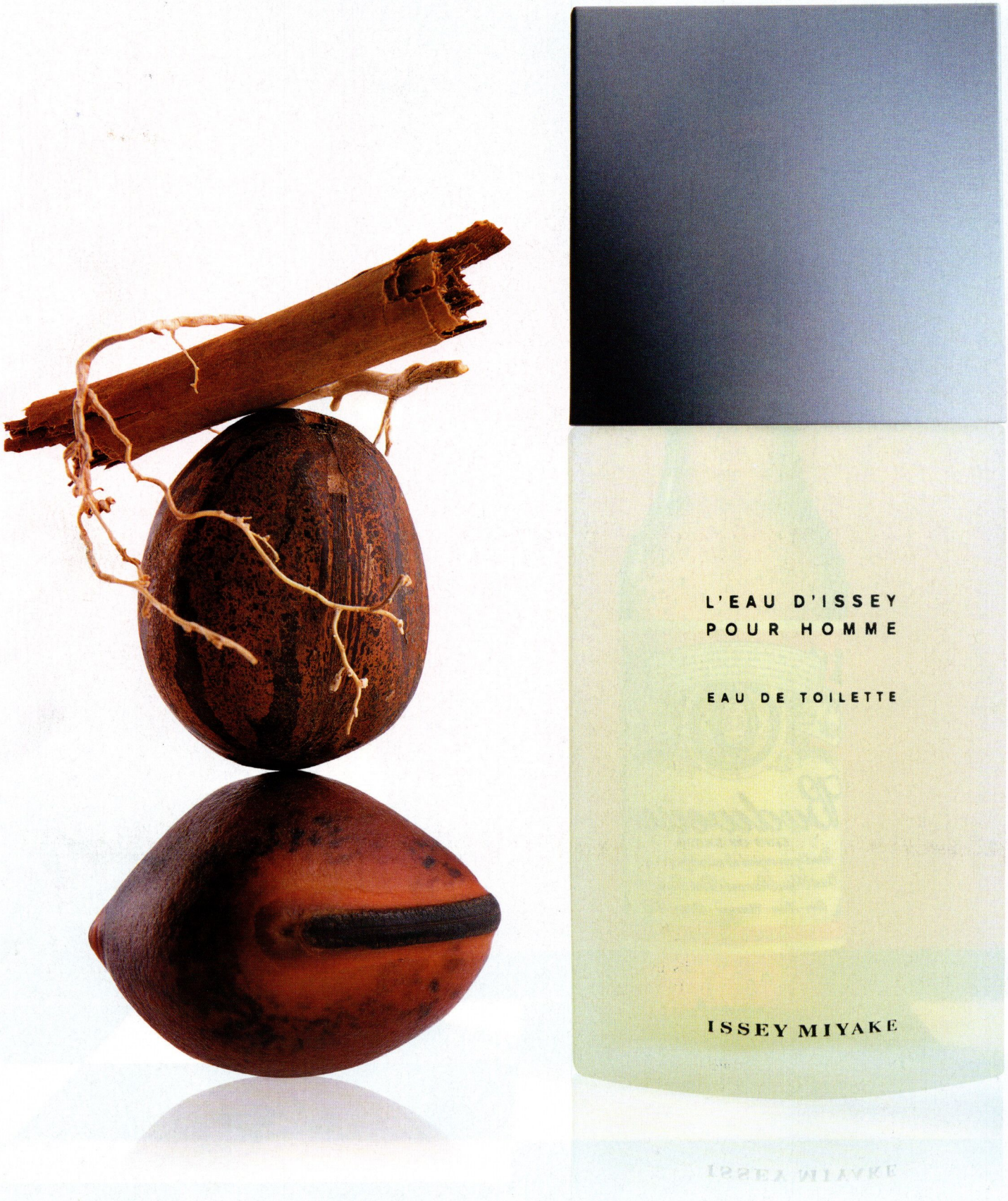
SENT

For more post-mortem fun, visit www.afterlifetelegrams.com

Illustration: Peter Liddiard. PSC

ISSEY MIYAKE

PARIS

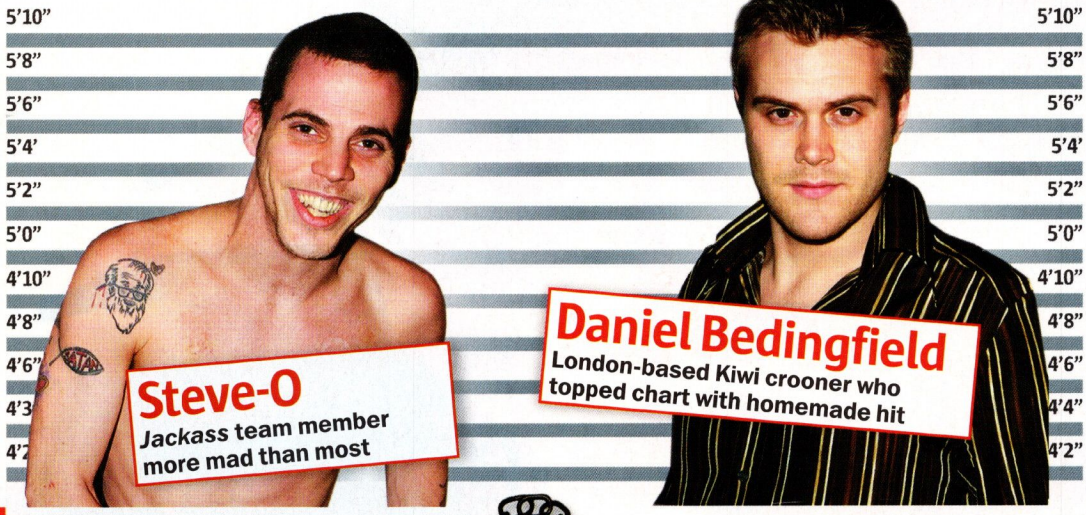


L'EAU D'ISSEY POUR HOMME

KING OF BEERS
Budweiser
KING OF BEERS
Budweiser
KING OF BEERS
Brewed by our original all natural process using the
Choicest Hops, Rice and Best Barley Malt
Beer · Bier · Cerveza · Birra · Biere
ALC. 5.0% VOL.
5% PREMIUM LAGER

Bloke Test

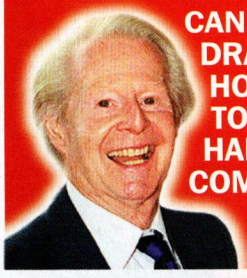
Where two fine male specimens go head-to-head to decide who is least like a big girl. Only one shall triumph...



Steve-O
Jackass team member more mad than most

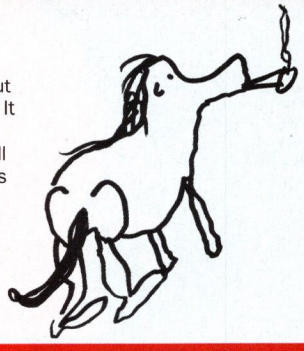
Daniel Bedingfield
London-based Kiwi crooner who topped chart with homemade hit

	Steve-O	Daniel Bedingfield
EVER BEEN ARRESTED?	Sure. I'm out on bail facing eight years in prison as we speak. I got a couple of felony charges for obscenity and being an accessory to an incident where a bouncer injured an audience member. **1**	No, never. I've always been quite a good guy. The closest I've come was repeatedly trespassing in my neighbour's garden as a kid. **0**
EVER FIRED A MACHINE GUN?	**No. I'm totally not into guns. Eighty per cent of people who get shot do so with their own damn guns. A pretty good way to avoid getting shot is to avoid guns. 0**	**Not a machine gun. I've fired BBs, pistols, a semi-automatic, shotguns, rifles, paint ball guns, millions of .22s and .222s. I'm a major, major gun freak but I've never fired a machine gun. I'll have to get on to that. 0**
EVER HAD A SHIT OUTDOORS?	Oh yeah, are you kidding me? I've always been pretty diverse when it comes to pooping. **1**	Yes, mate! My grandpa always points out what plant not to wipe my arse with. I've had many a shit outdoors, normally behind a bush. I've pooed outdoors in Wales! I was really proud of that. **1**
EVER HAD SEX WITH A FAT CHICK?	**Oh absolutely, dude. I brag about sex with fat chicks all the time. This one chick was probably 250lbs. I gave my guys that look and said, "It's a stunt." And then did it! 1**	**I've kissed a lady who was heavier than me – three days ago – and it was the best kiss I've ever had. She must have been about 16 stone – no say 15, that's a bit cruel. 0**
EVER BUILT SOMETHING WITH BRICKS AND MORTAR?	No, although I did turn my apartment into a skate park with a lot of wood. Instead of evicting me they asked me for my autograph. **0**	Yeah, I built a house in a slum in Colombia. I went there with my mum to help the street kids for a couple of weeks. We built this whole family a home on the side of a mountain. **1**
EVER PUNCHED SOMEONE SPARK OUT?	**Yeah, but only for the purposes of bettering the *Jackass* film. I've never really been in a fistfight. I've been hit and not hit people back: happiness is always the best revenge. 1**	**No, but I once chucked a water balloon so hard at someone's nuts that their testicle left a big red impression on their leg. It was well funny. 0**
COULD YOU KILL AN ANIMAL IF IT WAS IN PAIN?	I think that would be the best reason to kill an animal, for sure. But then every asshole on Death Row sits there until he has to walk – so it's hard to say when life is no longer valuable. **1**	Yeah, definitely. My grandpa once told me I had to kill one of his sheep with a knife. In the end we shot it, but I probably could have done it. **1**
EVER STARED DEATH IN THE FACE?	**Ha! That's funny – I'm not sure death has a face. But when I shot five ounces of vodka into my arm I was concerned it could be life-threatening. 1**	**Yeah, when my mum gets up in the morning. Oh God, say my dad, say my dad! Is that allowed? 0**



CAN YOU DRAW A HORSE? TONY HART COMMENTS

"It's a bold line – but a bold line of what? It seems to be smoking, which will not win many races for it. Fail!" **0**



"Such a professional drawing – probably drawn with compressed charcoal. Perhaps we might get the whole horse one day! Pass." **1**

FINAL SCORE	**6**	**4**
	An okay six for Steve-O, whose *Don't Try This At Home Part 2 – The Tour* is out on DVD and video now	**A rather sickly four for Daniel, whose new single *I Can't Read You* is out on April 7**

Words: Lee Coan, David Moynihan. Rex, DK, Image Bank

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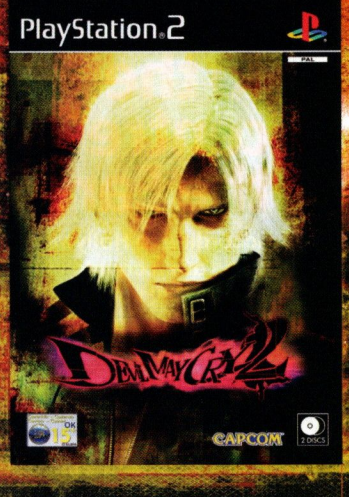
DEVIL MAY CRY 2

"IT SURPASSES THE PREVIOUS OFFERING IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY."
MAX

"ONE OF THE MUST BUY GAMES OF 2003."
PLAY

EVIL ON A BIBLICAL SCALE



Extensions

Honk! Honk!

Ruddy hellfire! It's like Tonka Toys have come to life!

SAY HELLO TO YOUR NEXT motor: the monstrous Ford Power Stroke F-350 TRENZ Ultimate Mountain Climber – surely the most outrageous man vehicle to ever hit tarmac. You'll have noticed the wheels are in the back, that's because a cunning set of "Mattracks" tank feet transform this humble truck into an automated mountain goat, capable of lolloping up snow-ridden crests as fast as you're willing to floor it.

Mattracks boffin, Del Wright, reckons the kit's a doddle to install, even if you can't wire a plug: "It can be fitted to most off-roaders; you just whip off the wheels and bolt on the tracks," explains the mad Yank, trying to sound convincing. And as men, it's our duty to believe him.

The F-350 itself thunders along to the tune of a behemoth 6.0-litre V8 turbodiesel, which pumps out 325bhp and 550lb ft of torque – so it'll pretty much tank along like a 747. "We recommend that customers stick to 40mph," frowns Wright, "but it'll top the ton… if you've got the balls."

Alas, buying a shiny new Mountain Climber will deprive you of around $200k (about £126k) – plus the cost of a ladder, required to lever your woman into the cockpit. A hefty sum, but by crikey it's worth it! **AW**

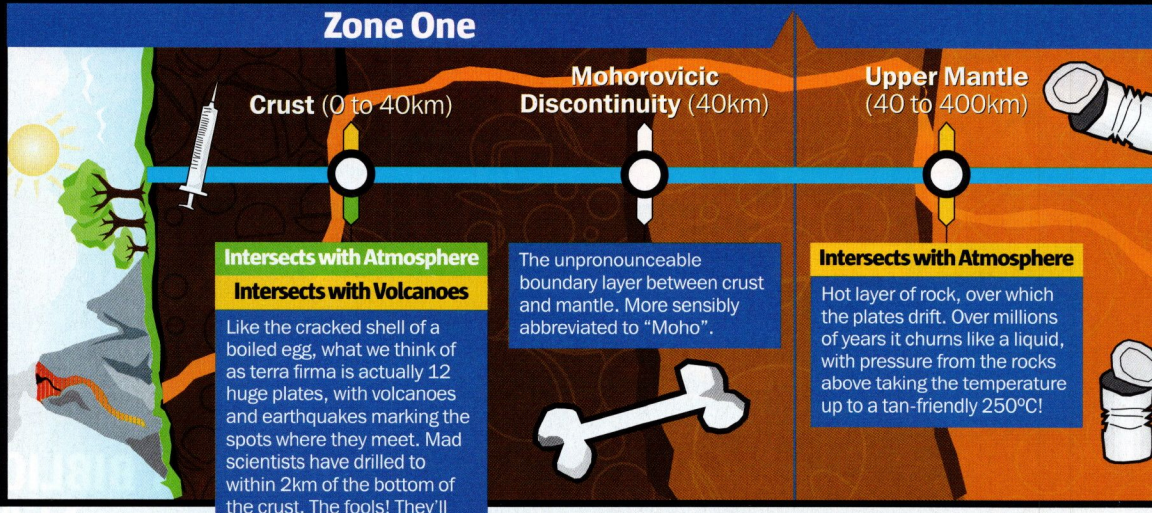
Hurry, scoop one up at www.ford.com!

"Bowen! What the hell have you done to my tank?"

Soil

Tube line to the centre of the Earth!

According to Hollywood, all it takes are a couple of lasers and you can dig yourself to the centre of our planet (see *The Core*, page 199). But what will our intrepid voyagers encounter on the way? All aboard!

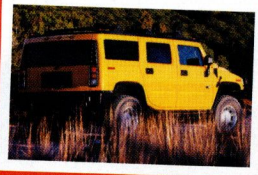

Zone One
Crust (0 to 40km)
Mohorovicic Discontinuity (40km)
Upper Mantle (40 to 400km)
Intersects with Atmosphere
Intersects with Volcanoes
Like the cracked shell of a boiled egg, what we think of as terra firma is actually 12 huge plates, with volcanoes and earthquakes marking the spots where they meet. Mad scientists have drilled to within 2km of the bottom of the crust. The fools! They'll wake Godzilla! Maybe…
The unpronounceable boundary layer between crust and mantle. More sensibly abbreviated to "Moho".
Intersects with Atmosphere
Hot layer of rock, over which the plates drift. Over millions of years it churns like a liquid, with pressure from the rocks above taking the temperature up to a tan-friendly 250°C!

Three other mothers from the world of motors...

The Hummer!

The Hummer is the mother of all off-roaders. The latest H2 weighs three tonnes, is more than two metres wide and whooshes along propelled by a monster 6.0-litre V8!

The damage: £55,000



The Lambo!

Lamborghini's off-roader – the LM002 – was built from 1986 to 1993. Crafted for punters who wanted a supercar but didn't live near roads, it used the 444bhp V12 from the Countach.

The damage: £50k upwards

The G-Class!

German tuners Brabus have transformed Mercedes' G-class into a mud-plugging supercar. A new 6.1-litre engine pumps out 400bhp, propelling you across fields at incredible speeds.

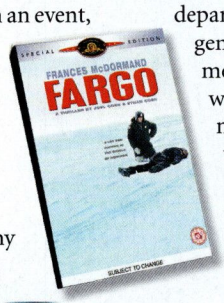
The damage: £110,700

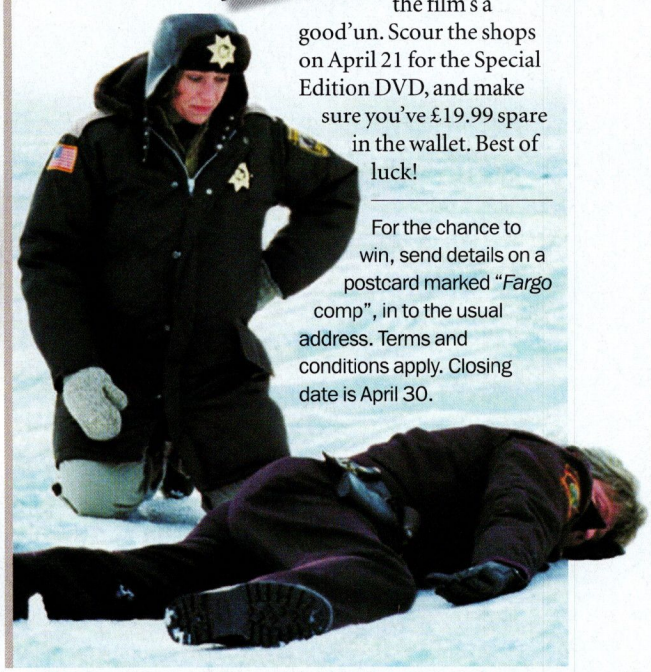
Competition

Minnesota, here we come!

Win yourself a trip to where *Fargo* was made! Try not to get slain by killers!

IT'S NOT COMPLICATED: *Fargo* – the Coen brothers' legendary screen masterpiece – is finally available to buy on Special Edition DVD. To kick up a well-deserved fuss about such an event, we've a suitably cracking prize up for grabs: a week-long trip for two to snowy Minnesota. Why there? Because that's the very setting for *Fargo*. While you're there, you and your buddy can spend seven days soaking up the sights in a supplied hire car, blow 500 free bucks at Marshall's department store and generally cause merry hell. But whatever you do, make sure you watch *Fargo* first, otherwise none of this will make any sense. Trust us, the film's a good'un. Scour the shops on April 21 for the Special Edition DVD, and make sure you've £19.99 spare in the wallet. Best of luck!





For the chance to win, send details on a postcard marked "*Fargo* comp", in to the usual address. Terms and conditions apply. Closing date is April 30.

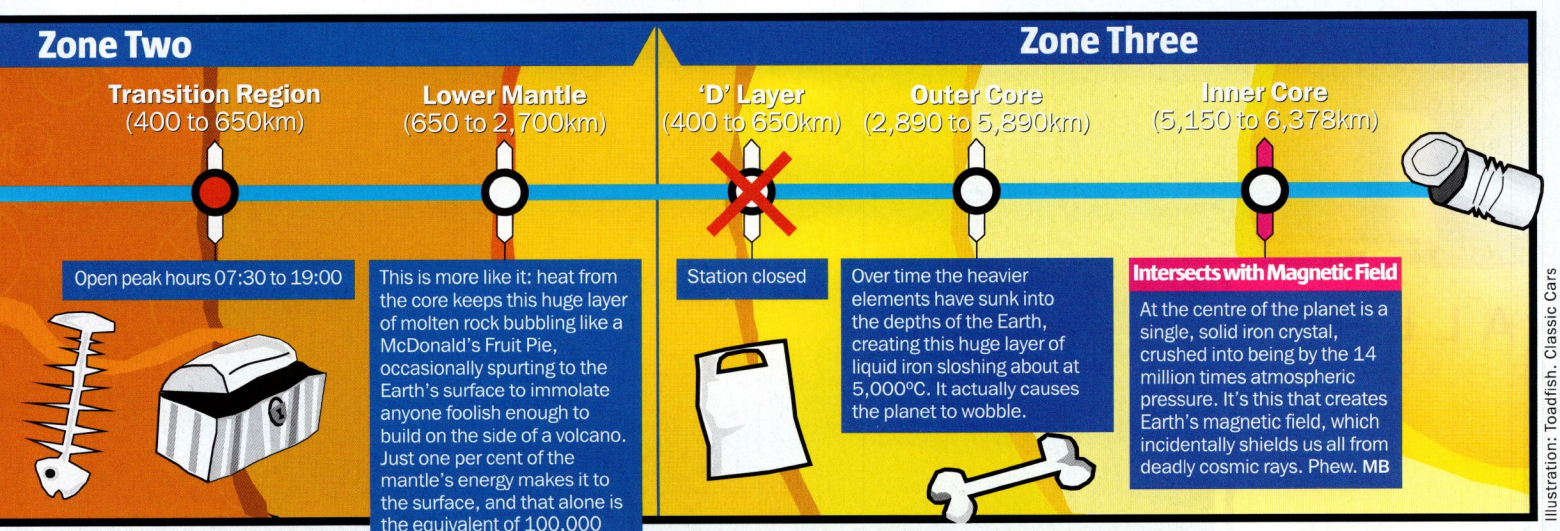
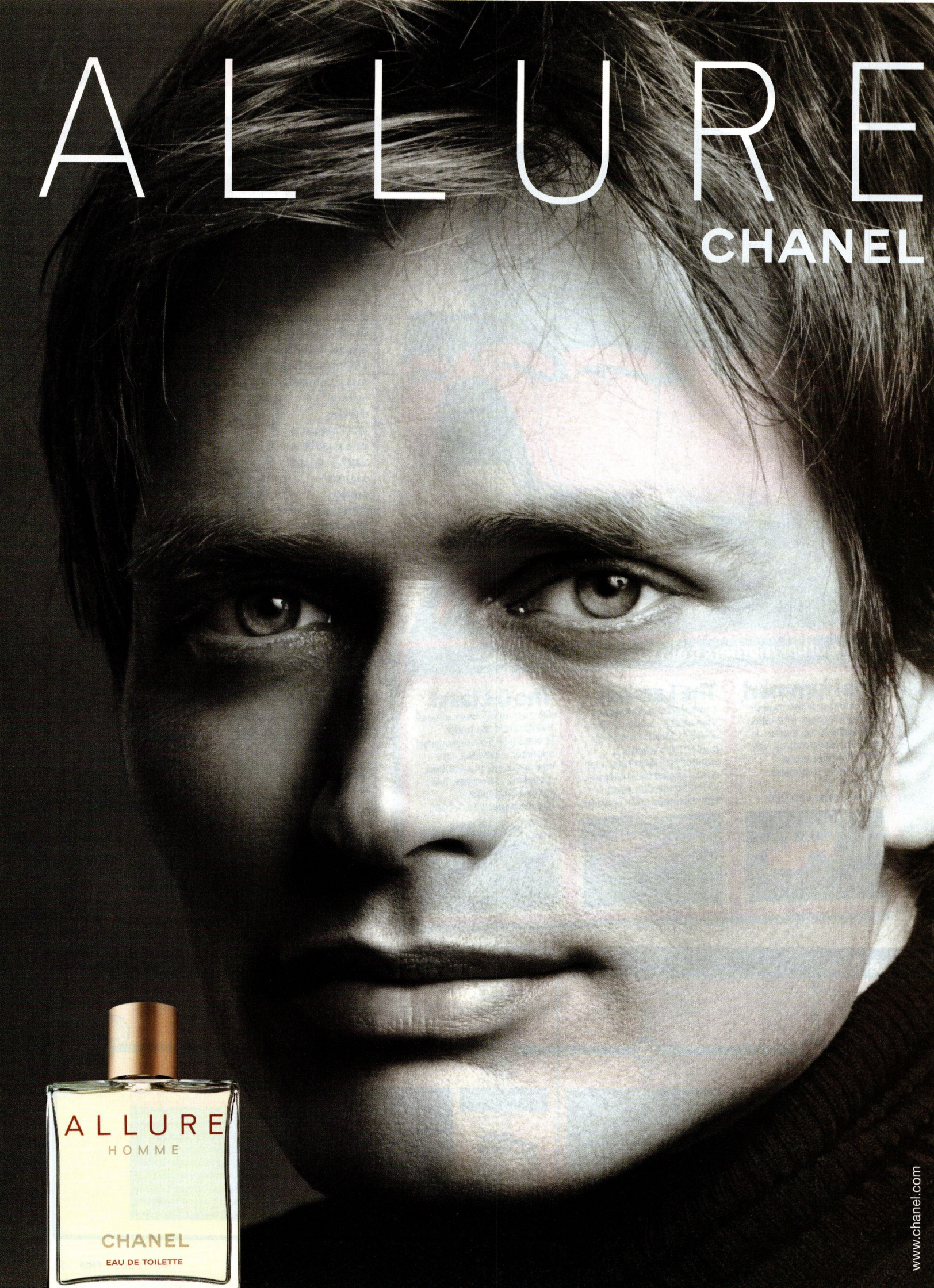

Zone Two
Transition Region
(400 to 650km)
Lower Mantle
(650 to 2,700km)
Zone Three
'D' Layer
(400 to 650km)
Outer Core
(2,890 to 5,890km)
Inner Core
(5,150 to 6,378km)
Open peak hours 07:30 to 19:00
This is more like it: heat from the core keeps this huge layer of molten rock bubbling like a McDonald's Fruit Pie, occasionally spurting to the Earth's surface to immolate anyone foolish enough to build on the side of a volcano. Just one per cent of the mantle's energy makes it to the surface, and that alone is the equivalent of 100,000 Hiroshima bombs a year.
Station closed
Over time the heavier elements have sunk into the depths of the Earth, creating this huge layer of liquid iron sloshing about at 5,000°C. It actually causes the planet to wobble.
Intersects with Magnetic Field
At the centre of the planet is a single, solid iron crystal, crushed into being by the 14 million times atmospheric pressure. It's this that creates Earth's magnetic field, which incidentally shields us all from deadly cosmic rays. Phew. MB

Illustration: Toadfish. Classic Cars


ALLURE
CHANEL
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www.chanel.com

PA Photos, NPL, LFI

Flakes

Robo rinse!

Bah, it's the hairdresser who won't brush her breasts in your face

As any hilariously camp idiot will insist, "your hair says 'sooo' much about you". And yet men continue to believe that a quick rinse under the shower, then half a tub of hair wax is all the care their scalp requires.

They're right, of course, but – for the stupidly rich at least – there's now an alternative, thanks to those crazy Japs.

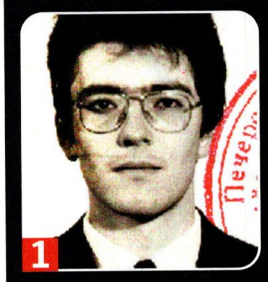
This is their latest gizmo: the £13,000 Aqua Vibro… – essentially a shampoo "robot" which, after sucking your head into its metallic belly delivers a hair cleansing previously thought unimaginable to us inefficient bio-engineered humans.

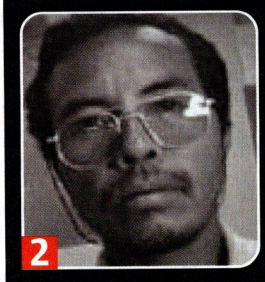
Naturally, it's pretty bloody amazing: the machine's vast array of water nozzles not only clean – they massage too. Plus, it'll sort of "spray" your hair any one of six supplied colours, so you'll be able to show all your horrified drinking pals just where that 13 grand went. Won't you?

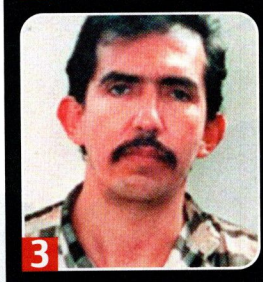
Any of you now considering spunking your life savings on a robot hair washer can contact either the local quack… or Takara Belmont on 020 7515 0333. Alternatively, you can try it out at the Urban Retreat Salon at Harrods. Or just take a bottle into the shower, wash and bugger off. RI

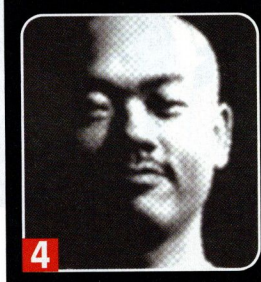
Serial killer or *FHM* editor?

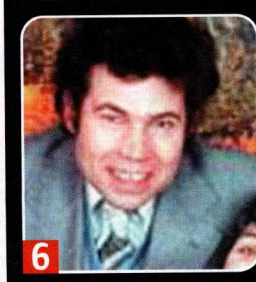
You decide, buddy!







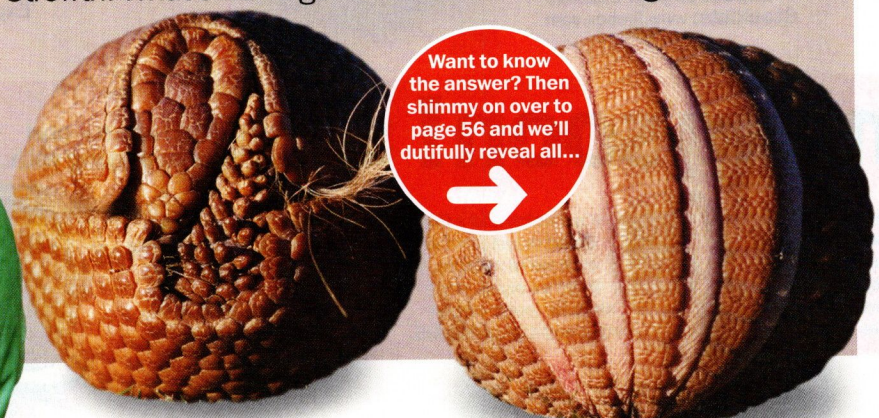




1 *FHM* Ukranian editor 2 Serial killer 3 Serial killer 4 *FHM* Taiwanese editor 5 *FHM* Russian editor 6 Serial killer – you ignoramus!

Can you guess what it is yet?

Strewth! What's Rolfie gone and blown out his didgeridoo…?



Want to know the answer? Then shimmy on over to page 56 and we'll dutifully reveal all…

Gadgets

Shiny stuff!

What the high technology world of electronics has spat at us this month...

Phantom PVR

That's "PVR" as in personal video recorder. For Sky subscribers only, it's ugly as hell, but annoyingly clever. Program it with your video's remote, then plug it in and it'll automatically force your video to record any Sky shows set to "Autoview".

Expect to pay: £29.99
Stockists: www.phantompvr.com

Nike/Philips psa[128max

Strange name, quirky little thingumy, this. It's a 128MB MP3 player specially designed for the athlete. So it's got a blood-pressure-cuff-like armband and "special" headphones which shouldn't fall out.

Expect to pay: £180
Stockists: www.ce.philips.co.uk

Apple G4 PowerBook

Clad in finest metal, this is easily the coolest laptop we've had in the office for ages. It's got good processors and clever microchippy stuff *plus* bluetooth for wireless connecting of phones, printers and servers. Brilliant.

Expect to pay: £1,399
Stockists: www.apple.com/uk

Aiptek PocketDV 3100

Astounding: pop just two AA batteries in and this tiny portable DV video camera lights up with a flip out, colour LCD display ready for action! Flash memory (up to 256MB) holds hours of saucy footage. Unbeatable for under 130 squid.

Expect to pay: £129.95
Stockists: www.firebox.com

NEC 3G Phone

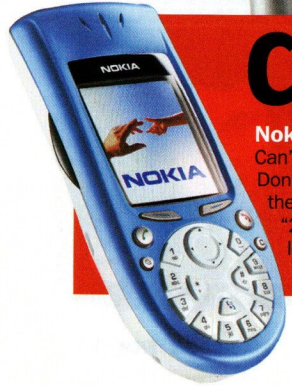
This is the NEC mobile for 3's new 3G service. You need to know two things. You can do video calls to a buddy on the same network. It's got a Premiership goal service, so when your team scores, you then watch the goal in beautiful video.

Expect to pay: £500, plus contract
Stockists: www.three.co.uk

PSC

Coming soon!

We've been to the future – and here's what they're playing with...



Nokia 3650

Can't afford the 3G service? Don't panic, because on the streets soon is Nokia's "2½G" baby, which looks rubbish, but does play movies in colour.

Fossil PDA watch

It's a watch *and* a PDA! Smart or just plain weird, even we're not sure, but there's a stylus in the strap for touch-screen input and it uses PalmOS.

Windows Media Centre

All-singing, all-dancing media player. Should handle all kinds of flicks, including TV, DVD and internet-style movies. So it's your perfect porn companion then!

Be quick, I'm famous!

A spookily speedy dialogue with TV's crazy 'mind controller', Derren Brown...

Okay then Mr "mind reader", what are we going to ask you?
Ahhh, very clever. How did I get into it? What exactly is it that I do? How would I describe it? No, I've no idea.

Useless! *Can* you read minds?
No, not really. You can't read what people are thinking but you can read signals they give off when they're concentrating on something. And you can influence people to think of certain things while they think they are having a free choice. It's purely psychological.

Do you... see dead people?
Ha ha! Not yet, no.

On the show you get some doofus to stick syringes in his hand. How?
Pain is a bizarre thing and it's very subjective. You can cut yourself and not feel any pain until you see the blood. So if you can distract the mind and focus people's thoughts, the actual physical side of pain is very small.

How many times have your skills got you laid?
I probably didn't actually get laid that often, but I used to use it to chat women up. And I used it to scam casinos on blackjack using card counting techniques and stuff. I probably won thirty or forty grand over a couple of years.

Could you pull any woman in the world?
Well it's probably insulting to say yes... but if I put my mind to it I'd be pretty close.

So why don't you go to a celebrity bash and swipe Kylie?
Because it's just not me. Maybe if I was more of a player I would, but I like the quiet life, I don't go to many celebrity parties.

Okay, what's your ultimate trick?
Later in the year I'm going to find the person I'm most comfortable reading and then play Russian Roulette with them. They'll put the bullet in the gun and I'll read from them which chamber not to shoot at my head.

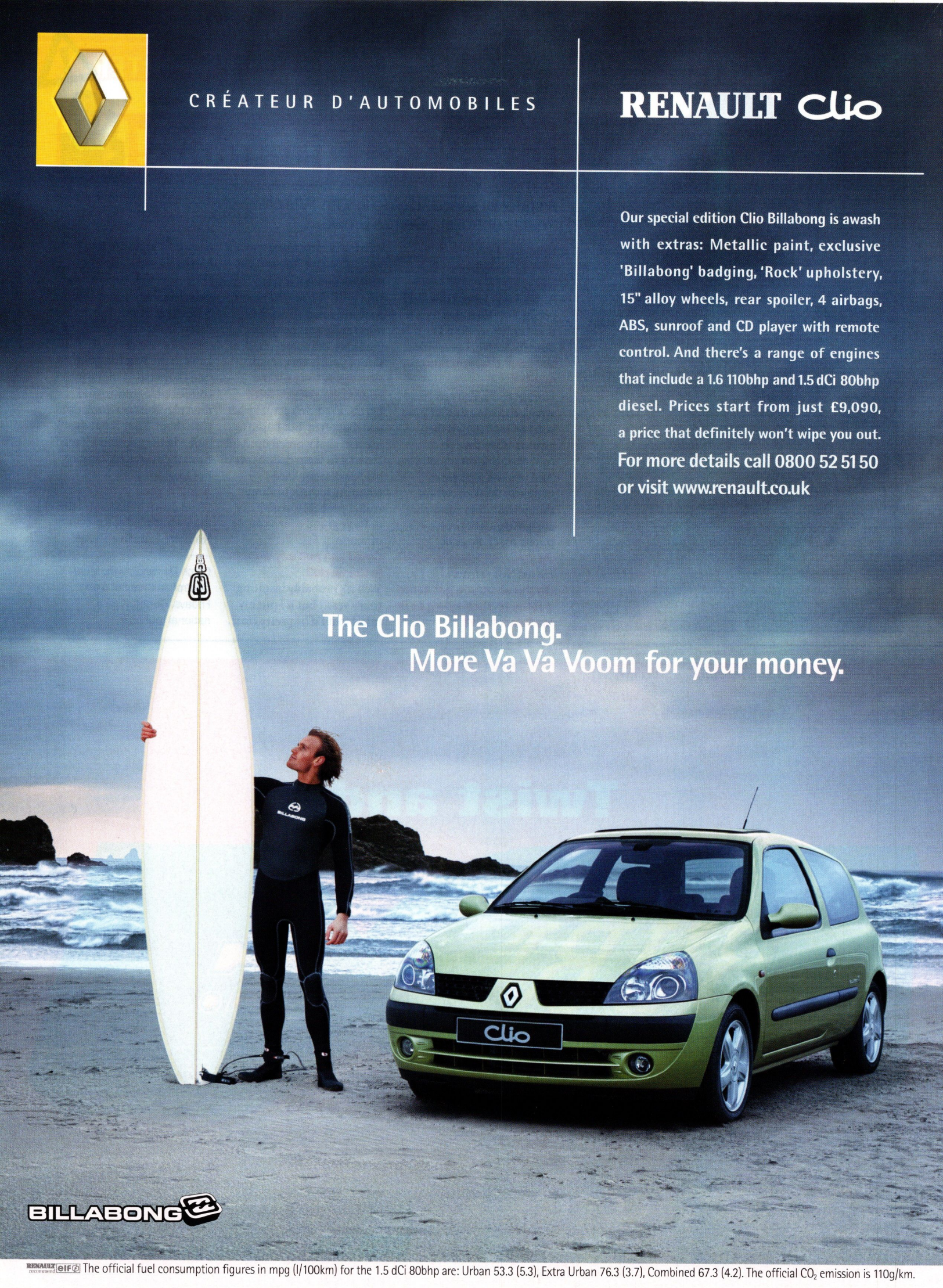
And if it goes wrong?
I'll go down in history as the man who failed at Russian Roulette... on live TV. **DS**

Catch *Derren Brown: Mind Control* on Channel 4 on Fridays. Derren is on a national tour now.

Twist and

www.rizla.com

RIZLA+ It's what you make of it.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RENAULT Clio
Our special edition Clio Billabong is awash with extras: Metallic paint, exclusive 'Billabong' badging, 'Rock' upholstery, 15" alloy wheels, rear spoiler, 4 airbags, ABS, sunroof and CD player with remote control. And there's a range of engines that include a 1.6 110bhp and 1.5 dCi 80bhp diesel. Prices start from just £9,090, a price that definitely won't wipe you out.
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RENAULT recommend eiF The official fuel consumption figures in mpg (l/100km) for the 1.5 dCi 80bhp are: Urban 53.3 (5.3), Extra Urban 76.3 (3.7), Combined 67.3 (4.2). The official CO_2 emission is 110g/km.

Student Of The Month

Krystle Gohel, Manchester University

Jeepers – she's only 19! Who'd have thought first year international fashion marketing could be so damned fine?

Let's see here... in your letter to *FHM* pleading for a shot at Student Of The Month, you told us your dream of being a glamour model. What's the big appeal?

It's just the whole glamour of it all isn't it? It's every girl's dream, I suppose. I'd love it – the lifestyle, the perks. But not in the way Jordan does it. I want to be revered across the world!

Be honest, are you always flashing your norks in the union bar to gain some extra publicity?

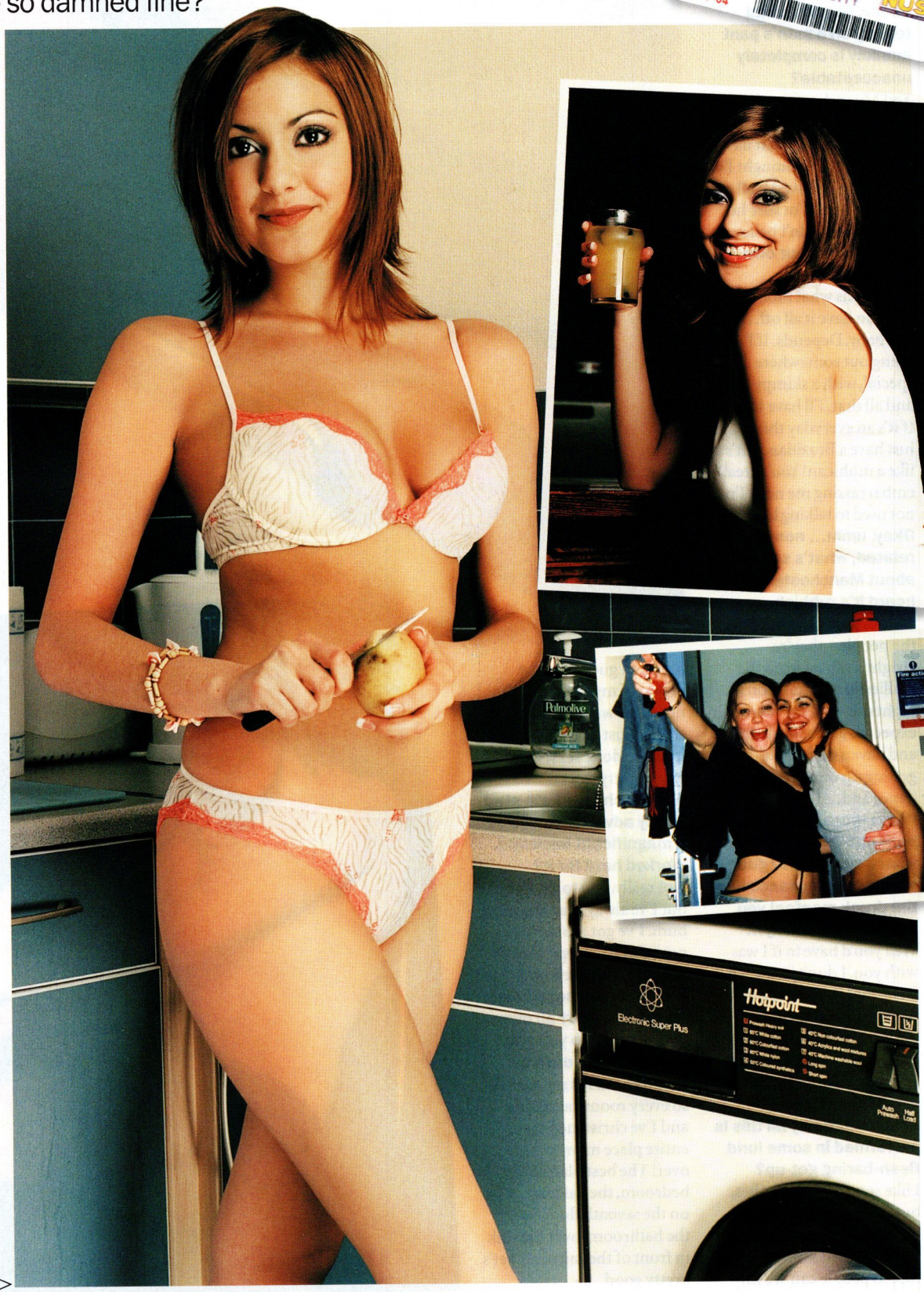
No! I'm actually quite shy. God... I only went topless for the first time last year in Ibiza, and I still had to be under the beach umbrella most of the time! Still, my boobs are my favourite bit of my body. They're 34C; not too big, not too small – I'm happy with them.

'My boobs are my favourite bit of my body. Not too big, not too small'

International fashion marketing: that sounds like a Mecca for incredible-looking women, and the odd bloke dressed like a moron from outer space...

The lads are morons, definitely. The girls? Well the first day I started it was like a catwalk show, everyone in their best clothes. I was just wearing a pair of baggy jeans and a tank top! A few of the girls bitch, but I've got my own gang – about six of us. And we're all extremely good-looking. It's a great place for a single bloke.

A dilemma: a hideously hairy back, or a hideously hairy arse, which is worse? ▷



Words: Gavin Brett. Hair and make-up: Gok Wan at Carol Hayes. Bra and briefs by Virginware

Hairy back! It's disgusting! Get it waxed! It's definitely not manly! I don't mind hair on the chest, as long as it's not too hairy. You know when the top button's undone and there's a bit of hair there – that's disgusting! But I like a bit of stubble on the face, and hair "down there", obviously.

So any experimental topiary on a man's pant monkey is completely unacceptable?

Yes! My ex-boyfriend did that once, he showed me and I was like, "God, what have you done?!" He thought I'd like it – he'd shaved it all off, even his nuts! I'm sure he was gay. I couldn't believe it.

And what of your own pubic shearing?

It depends what mood I'm in. I can have it all off… bare as a baby. Depends. If I'm going out somewhere special, with a skimpy thong and all that, I'll have it all off. If it's an everyday thing, I just have a Brazilian… it's like a mohican! You're really embarrassing me now, I'm not used to talking like this…

Okay, umm… non quim-related, what's so great about Manchester? We heard it's rubbish.

Ha! It's not! The shopping, the people – they're alright… apart from the scallies! If you came on a night out with me you could expect to get really drunk and have a dance. We'd be getting up on the podium to dance and…

Whoa there, missy… *podium*? The pillock pillar where every other goon can watch you dance like the drunk manfool you are? You'd be lucky…

Well you'd have to if I was with you. I don't know what it is about it, I just love it. I've been dancing up on a podium before non-stop for two hours! I get a few men standing around looking up while I do my moves.

And presumably all this is performed in some lurid flesh-baring get-up?

I like see-through clothes, but it depends on the occasion. I've always got a thong on, but nothing on top, so people can see my breasts. I guess I'm just proud of my puppies! It's not that I want people to see them, I just like the clothes – it can be done sexy, without being slutty.

As your cheeky bath shot amply advertises, you've a magnificent backside. Worked hard for it?

Not really, I go to the gym, but I've always had the same bum. I've got more curves now, since I stopped ballet dancing. I've filled out!

Talking of the bathroom, do you get filthy all over your flat, or do you just stick to the bedroom?

Everywhere! It's my own flat, so every room's available and I've christened the entire place many times over! The best places? My bedroom, the balcony – I'm on the seventh floor – and the bathroom, over the sink in front of the mirror. That's pretty good. ▷

'The best places to get filthy? Over the sink in front of the mirror. That's pretty good'

Vest by La Perla Studio at www.figleaves.com, denim hotpants by Guess? and white mules by Kurt Geiger

We GOT OUR DOG FROM BATTERSEA DOG'S HOME IN 1982. HE WAS A MONGREL BUT WHAT HE WAS A CROSS BETWEEN WAS ANYONE'S GUESS.

I CALLED HIM SID BECAUSE I WAS A BIG SEX PISTOLS FAN AT THE TIME. THE PEOPLE AT THE HOME ADVISED US TO HAVE HIM 'DOCTORED' BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS CRUEL TO ROB HIM OF HIS FAMILY JEWELS.

THAT NIGHT, SID CHEWED MY REEBOKS. AND THAT KIND OF SEALED HIS FATE REALLY. I DON'T KNOW IF HE EVER FORGAVE ME. BUT THE FEELING WAS ENTIRELY MUTUAL.

ReeBOK GOLd medallist

A style available for the first time since the early 80's.

'Slap and tickle? I got caught in a club once'

Ever dared wander outside your four walls for a bit of slap and tickle?
In a club once – I got caught as well! It was on my ex's birthday, we both went to the toilets. A couple of minutes after we'd got started, the bouncer kicked open the cubicle door and chucked us out for misconduct. How embarrassing! My boyfriend was sat on the toilet and I was straddling him…
Finally, aside from any future cubicle activity, does a pretty girl like you have any sexual no-nos?
Oh my God… if I'm giving somebody a blow-job, I can't let them come in my mouth or anywhere near me because the smell of it makes me heave! I hate it! If I smell it, I run straight to the toilet – I feel like I'm going to be sick. It's horrible. I'll let them come on my boobs, but not in my mouth. I definitely couldn't have it straight down my gob! Oh no! **GB**

Ladies, if you are a full-time student on a degree course that lasts at least until spring 2003, then why not enter our *FHM* Student Of The Year competition? To enter – and be in with a chance of winning £2,000 – send your name, address, phone number and snaps to: Student Of The Year, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1W 8HF.

Bra and thong by Beau Bra at www.figleaves.com

ReeBOk GOLd medallist
Fromall:sports

THE LAB!

Where grown men do deadly things... Because we want to and we can

Brutality

'Search and destroy!'

An air rifle, the *FHM* office and some inanimate pellet fodder? Run for the hills!

Sunglasses loved their Ready Brek

WELCOME TO THE Lab – a little known part of Reporter you may well never see again because frankly, it's bloody lethal. It was all too easy, you see: we asked for one Ratcatcher air rifle (£300) – equipped with laser sight, 4 x 32 scope and the ability to shoot a single lead pellet from its barrel at 550ft per second – and boysstuff.co.uk duly delivered it. We asked the butcher for a leg of lamb and a rack of ribs... both arrived. Then we took some poor, screaming eggs, a melon, one cheap *FHM* mug and ashtray and wandered out into the corridor... we mean tracked them in the "field", to see how our perfectly legal rodent slayer would fare! Contact! **GB**

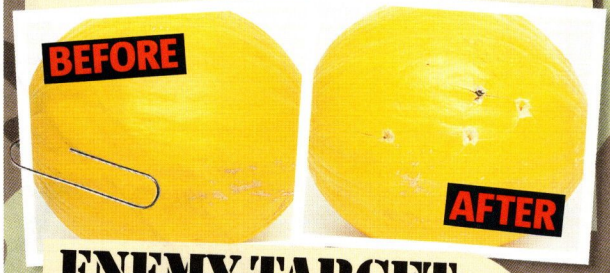
Get one yourself, loon, at www.boysstuff.co.uk

ENEMY TARGET:

Sniper debrief: "Target acquired 09:00 hours... first slug fired from 30ft, swallowed whole! No exit wound. Reload. Second slug rattles in from 30ft at 0903 hours: no exit wound. Sniper pulls back to DMZ. Tough meat, sir!" **MINIMAL DAMAGE!**

ENEMY TARGET:

Sniper debrief: "Target acquired after brief weapon service... 09:15 hours. Luminous "camouflage" makes for easy kill. Surgically clean entry and exit wounds. Disappointing lack of fruity, cranial explosion." **MINIMAL DAMAGE!**



ENEMY TARGET:

Sniper debrief: "Target acquired 09:23 hours. Strange markings... one slug in the chamber... slow trigger... direct hit! Disintegrates like a house of cards in a storm. Intel recovers sections for observation." **OBLITERATED!**

Persistence

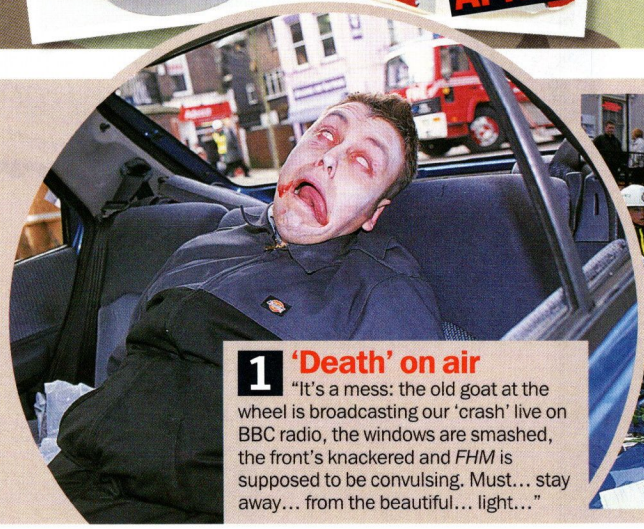
Dead man walking

We stick Lee in a car crash for 'Road Safety' reasons...

Part Two

HAVING ALREADY dabbled in a near fatal helicopter "accident" (page 32), stats reveal that actually, the average punter risks a higher chance of death simply by driving a car. According to Think! Road Safety, ten people die on our roads every day. So what better place for a second attempt at slaying Li'l Lee? Sadly, we weren't allowed to go that far, but Think! Road Safety did agree to cut *FHM*'s jelly baby out of a wreck all the same...

Thanks to the "For my Girlfriend" Think! Road Safety campaign.



1 'Death' on air

"It's a mess: the old goat at the wheel is broadcasting our 'crash' live on BBC radio, the windows are smashed, the front's knackered and *FHM* is supposed to be convulsing. Must... stay away... from the beautiful... light..."

ENEMY TARGET:

Sniper debrief: "Six targets acquired 09:30 hours, patrol formation! Just one slug enters first target straight through the head, barrels out and into supplemental targets two, three and four. Last two unscathed. Lucky..."
WASTED!

ENEMY TARGET:

Sniper debrief: "Target acquired 09:38 hours. Distance to kill, approx. 25ft. Three hits – bone damage minimal. Second rib from right repels fourth slug into innocent bystander's head. Sniping largely ineffective."
MINIMAL DAMAGE!

ENEMY TARGET:

Sniper debrief: "Target acquired 09:48 hours. Tracked to the peak of a prominent cork installation. One slug fired... not a dent! Utterly pellet-proof... and noisy. Sniper retreats to DMZ for extraction. Out!"
PELLET-PROOF!

Count 'em!

Thank God! We've got all the numbers that really matter

23,530
gallstones removed from an 85-year-old Worthing woman in 1987.

107,689,439
animals killed by the US fur trade 1919 to 1921.

3,708
...to 1, the odds against a pro golfer scoring a hole in one on a random hole.

154
days it would take a shuttle to reach the sun, travelling at 25,125mph.

1,486
bastards born in Rochdale, Lancashire 1781 to 1820.

587
wing flaps per second of a mozzie in full flight.

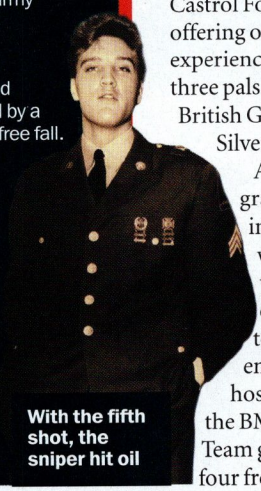
6,469,952
spots drawn by animators for *101 Dalmatians*.

53,310,761
Elvis Presley's army serial number.

155
maximum speed (mph) achieved by a human body in free fall.

76
deaths in *Rambo* (only one of which happens to be a Yank).

650
maximum recorded voltage of a fully grown electric eel.


With the fifth shot, the sniper hit oil

Competition

Go VIP to the Grand Prix!

Gloriously deafen yourself by winning these tickets

WIN!

FORMULA ONE IS A NOISY business – the roar of 1,000BHP engines tear-arsing around a circuit, drivers beating each other silly after being shunted off the track... it rocks! And if, like us, it's your cup of tea, then pay attention. *FHM* and Castrol Formula RS are offering one reader a VIP experience for them and three pals at the 2003 British Grand Prix at Silverstone.

As well as four grandstand tickets in your hand if you win, the four of you will also be chauffeured to the race day, enjoy trackside hospitality, a tour of the BMW Williams F1 Team garage and bag four free F1 jackets signed by top F1 wheelsman, Juan Pablo Montoya. You may even have a chance to meet the hero himself.

And just so you don't appear clueless should that happen, reassure Juan Pablo that Castrol Formula RS gives your car power and protection. Then leave. Bald? Then check out the Castrol Formula RS on-pack promotion to get a free F1 cap at Halfords during April and May while stocks last. Good luck!

For the chance to win, send your details on a postcard marked "Castrol comp" to the usual address. Usual terms and conditions apply. Closing date is April 30.

Castrol

2 Rescue!

"We prove to be a bulky object to deal with. With little space for the paramedics to get the casualties out, the fire brigade chomp through the roof with giant pneumatic cutters. Transition to cabriolet is swift."

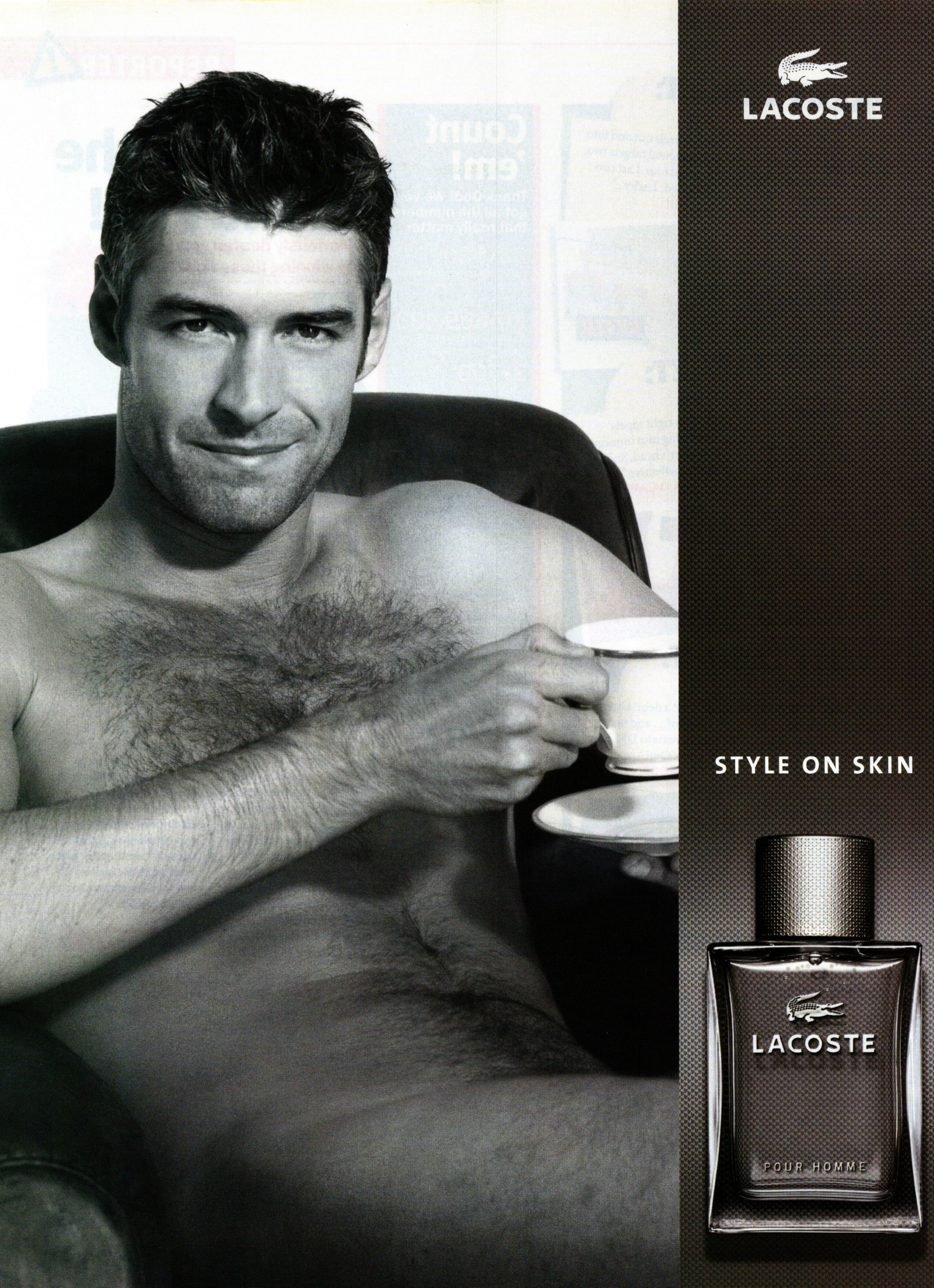
3 Lee 'dies'

"Paramedics treat the two casualties in the front of the car. It's hardly fair: though we're "dead", apparently our BBC driver's alive, and he's carefully removed. We're blanketed and left to stew in our spilt innards."

4 Fillet him!

"Finally! Paramedics carefully bag us up for a trip to the morgue, where we'll be gutted like a fish to see if we've been dabbling with any booze. Do'h! Best bail out now while we still can..." **LC**

Hugo Dixon, PA Photos, Richard Saker


LACOSTE
STYLE ON SKIN
LACOSTE
POUR HOMME

Jeep loved the art gallery

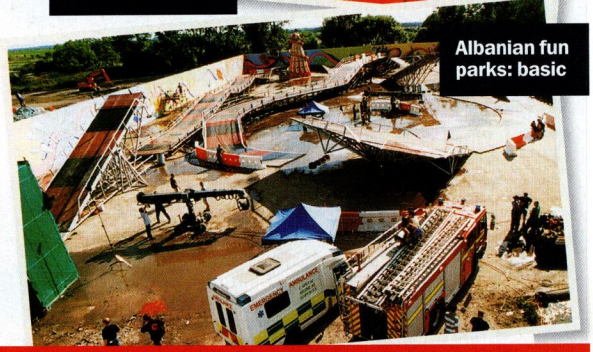
Dents

Heavy metal!

Behold the gameshow that's turned Kent into an arena of twisted steel...

With a snake on the loose, Noah sent out the SWAT team

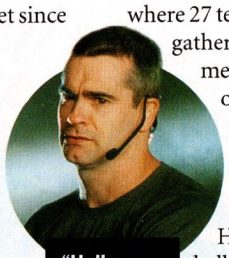
The snowman's judo tournament turned messy



Albanian fun parks: basic

KENT'S ROLLING FIELDS are rarely mistaken for the post-holocaust wastelands of *Mad Max*. And yet since last summer, eerily apocalyptic scenes have been visible at the abandoned power station near Margate. The crunch of metal... the fart of diesel engines... the screams of people on fire.

In fact, it'd be enough to turn the practically-dead local residents back to pagan savagery – were it not all for a TV gameshow. For this is *Full Metal Challenge* – where 27 teams have gathered to knock mechanised faeces out of each other. In high-powered, self-built combat vehicles. While Henry Rollins bellows abuse. Just think of the Thunderdome, but with an even more masculine Tina Turner.



"Hello, Claims Direct"

Of course, coming from the creators of *Junkyard Wars*, you'd expect a mild nerdish element – and each team was given $3,000 to cobble together their monstrosity. But with no warning of the games they'd play, what form should it take? Do we care? Of course not: we just want to see large pieces of metal hitting each other, repeatedly, for half an hour every Sunday. **CB**

Full Metal Challenge starts on Channel 4 on March 30.

Competition

Win a boozy day at the nags

Do all sorts of man things at once – betting, snaffling loads of grub, quaffing ale – by winning this great prize!

ANY FOOL CAN MAKE money on the horses... except if he's had a few and is surrounded by an equally merry band of chums. Which, along with Discover Racing (www.discover-racing.com), is exactly what we're offering one of you lucky souls: the chance to take yourself and nine pals to the world famous Vodafone Derby at Epsom on Saturday June 7. You'll arrive in style in your very own open-top vintage double-decker bus – yours for the day – which will park up right alongside the finishing straight, so you'll be in the thick of the action from the off.

But what of the booze and scran? Thoughtfully, we're also providing a day's supply of champagne on board your bus, and giving you exclusive access to The Winning Post marquee where you can enjoy a hot buffet lunch and, God help you, the free bar!

If you're not a winner, you can always organise your own day out at the races – with 59 racecourses across Britain there's plenty to choose from. To find your nearest racecourse and book tickets, call Discover Racing on 08700 721724. And if you register at the website, they'll even send you a free guide to racing and betting, so who knows, you may even win something!

Send your details on a postcard marked "Derby comp" into the usual address. Terms and conditions apply. Closing date is April 30.

Adam Lawrence, PA Photos

Armadillo a go-go!

Say hello to the mammal who can go from crawl to ball in one marvellous swoop!

THIS IS THE ENDANGERED Brazilian three-banded armadillo (Tolypeutes tricinctus). It's a clever beast: one of only two members of the genus capable of rolling itself into a tight ball that'd keep even a rabid pooch from ripping it to pieces. And it can perform this nifty trick the instant it's born.

But how? Well it's all possible thanks to the large front and rear portions of shell, both disconnected from the skin. This leaves ample space to safely tuck away in when a threat's nearby, it gets unpleasantly chilly... or the local tribesmen simply decide to throw an impromptu bowling match.

These mammals even have a Goodhew-beating doggy paddle. But most staggering of all, they're keeping us alive. Sadly perhaps, Tolypeutes tricinctus' cousin, the nine-banded armadillo, is man's biggest ally in the fight against leprosy. The disease's bacillus breed aplenty in the creature's moderate body temperature which science employs to test vaccines. Cock fallen off lately? Then you've a lot to thank these little fellas for. GB

Old ratty snuggled under the quilt

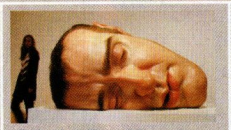
'Before we toodle-oo...'

A few choice gems we couldn't – or couldn't be arsed to – fit into Reporter

● This is a Wheelman, the Aussie's latest gadget for scooting down to Bondi and back. Two wheels, a bit in the middle and a 43cc motor power you to 19mph – just stick your feet through the hubs and off you go. Sounds dangerous. Visit www.wheelman.com.au for more info.

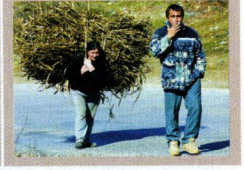
● We were unable to stop shooting eggs, mugs and melons with our new air rifle (see page 52). So we shot Virgin's new *Scotland Rocks!* CD, Barbie and the wall. Any thoughts about what else we can fill with lead?

● "Metadolls" are these freakishly human-like Japanese lady animations that load up in your web browser, then allow you to play with their breasts. They're mesmerising, for "members only" and at www.eu.metadoll.com. Have fun!



● Artist Ron Mueck sculpts the human form, then adds weird scale – spawning things that will make you jump. Like this giant head. Go educate yourself at the National Gallery – he's there until June 22. And it's free!

● Look closely, this Albanian chap is indeed chuffing merrily while wifey lugs the hay. Rural Albanian women do all the work as it is seen as weakness for men to chip in. Show this to the lady when she pipes up.

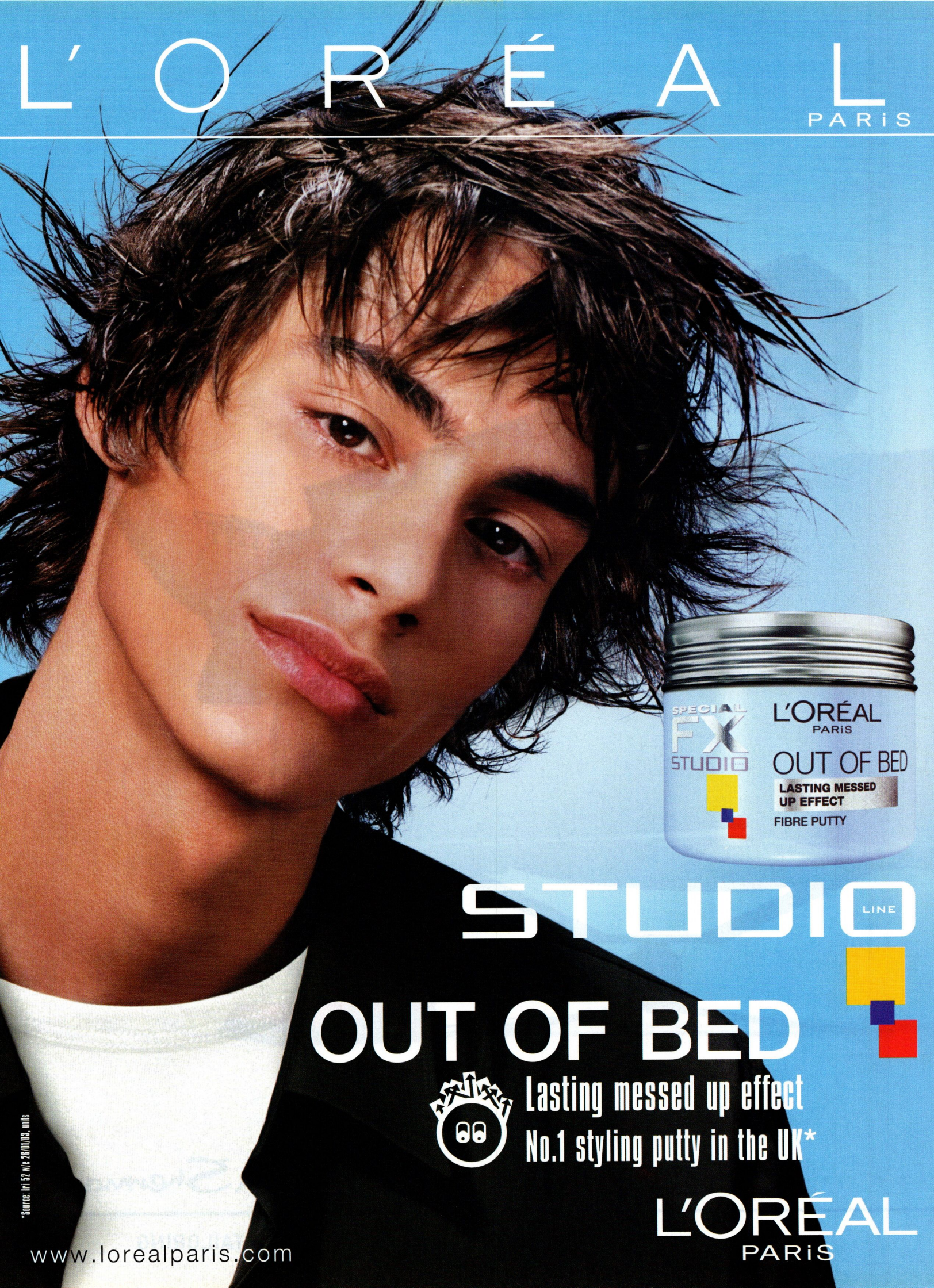


This month's reporters

In order of... how many people share their names in the UK, according to yournotme.com

Dominic Smith 152
Ross Brown 90
Richard Innes 48
Chris Bell 31
Matthew Bingham 28
Gavin Brett 9
Lee Coan 6
Chris Mooney 5
Alistair Weaver 2
Simeon de la Torre 1
Rory Buckeridge 1
Piers Hernu 0 (odd...)

NPL, Reuters, Ardea, PA Photos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TAILORING

Challenge Piers!

Like some needy, scribbling prostitute, *FHM*'s roving hack Piers Hernu will do absolutely anything for money. So every month we're offering him £500 to take up our challenge. See how easy it is to buy one man's pride with an envelope full of hard cash! He has to gamble at least half his fee on the success of his mission – Ladbrokes set the odds...

The Challenge:

"You're going into the travel business, Piers. You're challenged to persuade at least 12 OAPs to pay you to take them on a day trip. You must use some sort of bus, you must entertain them and you must make a profit to be successful."

Odds: "The combination of a long deadline and the elderly's capacity to fall for suave conmen with foreign names makes this a short price bet. I'll go just 6/4 and at that price I'm giving it away," says our Ladbrokes tipster.

The gamble: Piers, however, is cautious. "How the hell am I supposed to do this? I'll bet the minimum – £250."

THE SHOW

The prisoner of war tunnel came up in the mosh pit

IT'S NOT OFTEN, THE morning after the night before, that you wake up and say to yourself: "Now, that was a night I will never, ever forget."

When I received this challenge my first thought was, "Sod off – not possible." Then, after a couple of days, the first inklings of, "Well, maybe it is," began to appear.

Firstly, where could I take them? I considered a trip to the seaside until someone pointed out that, in late February, I stood to lose a good half dozen to the cold. Then a friend working at the *Star Trek* exhibition in Hyde Park mentioned that he could blag tickets and I had a vision – a minibus brimming with wrinklies, with: "Hernu Travel – To Oldly Go Where No Van Has Gone Before" emblazoned on the side. But OAPs were still pretty old when *Star Trek* began back in 1966, and I didn't fancy explaining the Transporter Room to a load of grannies.

Finding wrinklies

"What about a West End show?" my friend asked and bingo! A couple of phone calls later and a friendly PR girl was more than happy to help me in my mission to bring joy to the elderly – 14 free tickets to see *Fame* in the West End on Thursday night were in the bag.

Now to blag the pensioners. A quick ask around at my local produced the number of Hetherington House in Kentish Town, and the next afternoon I find myself standing outside it.

Once inside I sit in reception, accompanied by two red-nosed old boys nursing cans of strong lager. It's obvious that Hetherington House is on the opposite end of the scale from a plush retirement home – and so much the better. This looks like a place where old folk of minimal means come to live out the rest of their days – folk who might appreciate a night out. Five minutes later a tall, bespectacled bloke approaches.

"Hello," he says, extending a huge hand, "I'm Tim, the manager. Follow me." Inside his office, I try and explain what I'm up to without once mentioning the word "challenge".

"At *FHM* we get sent lots of tickets for shows and the other day we thought that for a chall... er, change, why not give a bit back?" I lie blatantly. "Why not give them to old people who might appreciate a night out. And why not do an article about it?"

I proceed to fill Tim in on my plans and he nods along, saying it should be no problem to have 12 of his residents ready for 6pm on Thursday evening.

"As you may have seen," he explains, showing me out, "the bottom floor here is reserved for OAPs with, er... special needs. But the top floors are full of residents ideal for a night out."

Pensioners? Easy! Now to blag a coach and driver. This proves to be easy, thanks to a friend whose mum works for Hackney council's transport department. "Hernu Travel" is up and running with zero overheads. Roll on Thursday!

A warning...

Thursday dawns, dark and foreboding. As I head out to buy a paper, the wind rustling in the trees seems to whisper: "Pieerrs, you know the ruules – those that lie will be shown as fooolss!" Back inside, I resolve to make sure everything's in place. Firstly, my conscience: I didn't tell Tim the truth, but surely it's okay if 12 old 'uns have a night out? Secondly, the logistics: phone calls confirm that coach, driver and tickets are all sorted, but I can't get Tim on his mobile. A call to Hetherington House informs me that Tim has flu, but his assistant Jill is, "looking after things". Hmm. ▷

ALL ABOARD!

Archangel Gabriel had Polaroid wings

Photography: Anthony Cullen

Super tramps

My photographer, Anto, and I arrive at Hetherington House just as the minibus is pulling up outside. As we make our introductions to Jim, the coach driver, the front doors of the building open and we watch as 12 old people totter and sway down the steps. They totter and sway, not because they are old, but because – with one honourable exception – they're pissed. These are not the harmless old biddys I was promised, but a bunch of the roughest-looking tramps you ever set eyes on.

"I told them you might buy them a drink on the way," says Jill before running back inside.

Anto and I exchange incredulous glances. My worst fears have been realised – somehow, in the boss's absence, it's all gone tits up and I've ended up with a party of 12 pissheads, rounded up with the promise of free booze. Boarding the bus, I grab the microphone and explain who I am and where we're going. As we pull away, I sit next to a Glaswegian called Don, "So," he croaks, "where are we going?"

We're barely at the end of the road before the clamouring for free booze begins. Reckoning that we'd better keep them on our side, we pull over at the nearest offie where Anto buys cans of Tennent's Super. The journey to the theatre turns out to be highly entertaining and spirits are high as we head into the smart surrounds of the Aldwych Theatre.

It's just my luck that getting to our seats involves climbing, and then descending, a long flight of stairs. On the way up, our oldies resemble a party of intrepid mountaineers, taking one step at a time as they trudge towards the summit. On the way down, however, they look like a gang of pissed tramps. It doesn't go unnoticed and a jobsworth in a bow tie is soon hovering at my side.

The chaos

The show starts and, to my relief, I notice that three of them are already fast asleep. The rest, many of whom have never been to a musical before, are genuinely entranced by the loud music, colourful lights, shifting scenery and the superfit babes in hot pants. For the first few minutes things go smoothly – there is the odd overloud comment and enthusiastic punching of the air, but nothing disruptive. Then bow tie merchant, who has been itching to get involved, says "shush" to Dave and Kenny for nothing that I can hear and the slow, inexorable descent into chaos begins.

'One 'shush' too many and Dave announces loudly: 'Well, ye can all fug off tha lot o' ye!''

For the next unbelievably tense hour I am stuck between the two sides, dying of embarrassment while desperately trying to maintain an uneasy truce. On my left, the tramps are enthusiastic, occasionally a bit noisy and getting increasingly pissed off with being told to behave. On my right, the bow ties are officious, eager to exercise authority and getting increasingly pissed off with the tramps. I sit there, firefighting for my life and praying for the half-time interval when we can all make a dignified, if early, exit. It is not to be.

One "shush" too many, a slow punch from trampsville, a scuffle and Dave, who looks uncannily like an older Liam Neeson, announces at the top of his voice: "Well, ye can all fug off tha lot o' ye!" The sound of 15,000 people gasping is a fearsome thing. The two actors on stage struggle gamely on with their dialogue, but so does Dave: "I've had enough o' thes shite, being treated like a cunt. Bunch o' wankers," etc. etc.

In desperation, I help bundle Dave out of a side door where we are joined by the rest of the gang literally two minutes later at the interval. We are then herded by security into the arms of ten policemen who are waiting for us in the foyer. Dave continues his startling performance and is forcefully ejected while I, as the person in charge of the party, am given a public bollocking by an irate officer: "You are a fool for ever having allowed people under your charge in this state to enter a theatre."

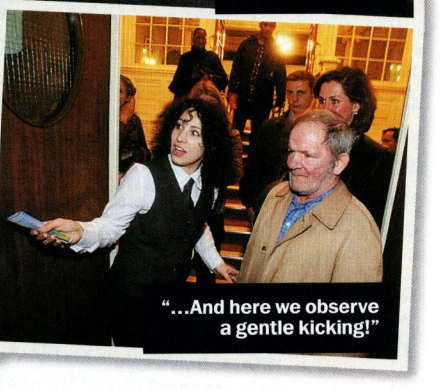
The trip home

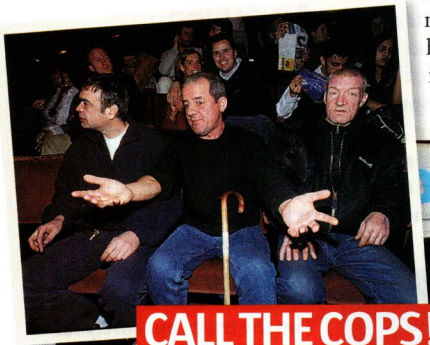
Thankfully, no-one in our party is arrested and, on the coach on the way back to Hetherington House, everyone agrees that they've had a great night out. I even get three drunken cheers and immediately take advantage of the moment by passing Anto's baseball hat around as a collection for the staff of "Hernu Travel".

Sitting there, counting my two pound profit, the policeman's words come back to me and a shiver shoots down my spine. The whispering voices on the wind were right after all: "Pieerrs, you know the ruules – those that lie will be shown as fooolss!"

That said, Anto was right as well: "If they ever launch Top Tramps I reckon you'll be world champion!"

"Take that, you bastard!..."


"...And here we observe a gentle kicking!"


CALL THE COPS!

Happy policeman warned the crowd of the dangers of suicide jumpers

The *FHM* Verdict

Hernu's theatre excursion for the old folks was a complete and utter disaster and yet, somehow, he's won again. Curse his plucky tenacity! It's another £875 for the lying charlatan! **FHM**

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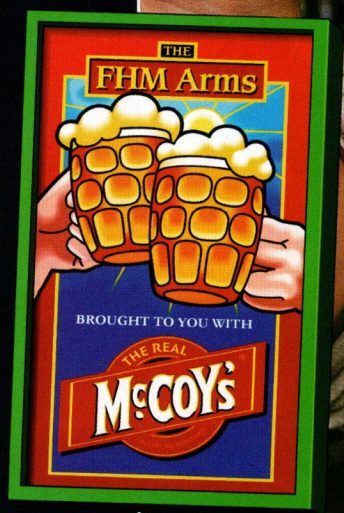
L'il Lee says...

'SEE YOU THERE!'

Gentlemen – raise your glasses to *FHM*'s new interweb pub

OKAY, SO IT DOESN'T have beer. Or snacks made of hacked up pig. Or even fruit-based drinks for the ladies. But don't shun the doorstep of the "virtual" *FHM* Arms for the mere lack of alcohol, atmosphere and women. Inside our latest online bonanza you'll find:

- **Fiendishly difficult pub quizzes from our resident boffin**
- **A games room with darts, bar billiards, pool and the like**
- **A host of famous types revealing their favourite locals**
- **Thousands of pub facts to bore your former pals**
- **A video jukebox loaded up with our favourite tunes**
- **Frequent chances to win free beer**
- **There'll be even more when we think of it, but for all your digital pub needs head for:**



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Also on FHM.com this month

Dannii Minogue talks sister love... get yourself lost in the 100 Sexiest site... improve your office handicap in the Mini Putt challenge... visit Steve-O's hotel room... take the wardrobe test... sign up for the Friday e-mail... win things every day... plus whatever else the monkeys get up to!

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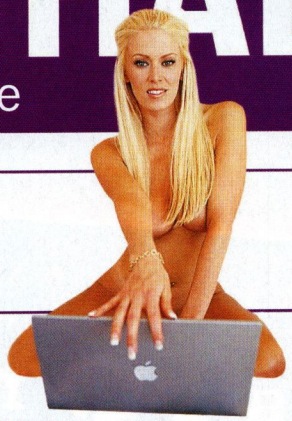
SEX CONFIDENTIAL

The delicious corner of *FHM* dedicated solely to intercourse



Jenna's Sex Advice

Bedroom antics flat as last Christmas's party balloons? Then shoot a worried missive the way of Jenna Jameson, the world's top porn star!

Dear Jenna

I have a problem – the size of my manhood. I am sick of people saying that size doesn't matter and my cock is fine. Please can you give me your honest opinion of how I measure up? My tool is 7 inches long and 5 1/2 inches around...

DAVE, LIVERPOOL

Need a date, honey? First off... size does matter. Girls who say it doesn't are usually lying in order not to hurt their man's feelings. Girls like big cocks, simple as that! Obviously when they reach a certain size pleasure turns into pain and it becomes an uncomfortable ordeal... if, of course, you're not into that whole pain thing! Second of all, trust me, you have nothing to worry about, packing a seven incher in your pants.

PS When it comes to making a girl come... with good technique, any size will do.

'Girls who say size doesn't matter are usually lying in order not to hurt their man's feelings'

Dear Jenna

If you can help me with this, you would make many men's dreams come true! I have been with a girl for about 14 months now and sex is pretty good, but there's one thing she still won't do – deep-throat me! She's going to need advice, Jenna! Any tips?

DARREN, ESSEX

Wow, that's a tough one. Deep-throating is a real art. I like using the analogy of chugging a litre of beer in three seconds – some guys can do it and others can't. It's all about relaxing and opening up your throat. Personally my man gets off when I get way down on it, choke and come up spitting! Put it this way – as long as she's trying, you're having fun! Chug it baby, chug it!

Dear Jenna

I have caught my girlfriend masturbating every day for the last two weeks, but we still have sex every day. She says she likes being caught and watched. Now I didn't think women masturbated this much, is something up?

JIMI, VIA E-MAIL

Most girls average at least four wanks a week. I go anywhere from three to four a day, to five in a week. It relaxes me! Obviously, your girl is begging for you to watch her! I know I get off when someone watches me and I see that it turns them on. While you're watching, whip out your willy and give it a little stroke. Stroke it baby... come for me... come on baby! Oops, got a bit carried away, there. Good luck with the wank-a-thon!

Dear Jenna

My name is Charmaine – yes I am a chick! I want your opinion on shaven pussies. I'd really like one, but I don't want to shave it with a razor and I'm too embarrassed to go to a salon and ask them to wax it! And how will it affect my sex life?

CHARMAINE, LONDON

I go completely bald from time to time, but prefer a very small triangle of love. I usually shave mine with a Mach III razor. It's easy and accessible. Waiting for your hair to grow out to the point when you can actually go and get a wax takes time. If you are really long, I would get a battery-operated beard trimmer to help out. Trim it all down nice and close and then go for the razor. E-mail me at jenna@fhm.com and let me know how it goes. **FHM**

Send your rude enquiries to Jenna at the usual address or e-mail jenna@fhm.com.

Photography: Richard Reinsdorf. Stylist: David Youkhannah. Hair: Christophe Saluzzo at Cloutier. Make-up: Michelle van der Hule

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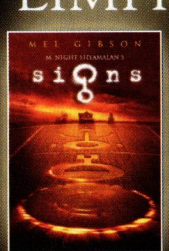

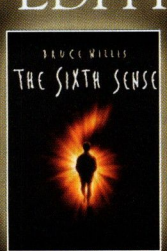

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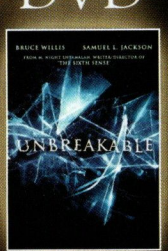

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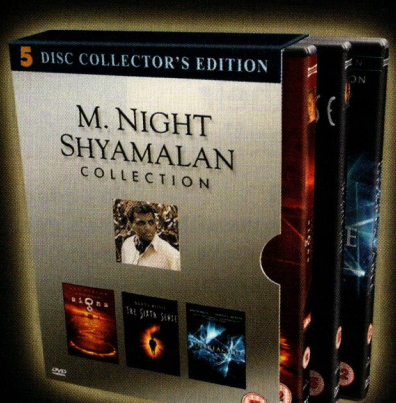

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FHM Sex Couple

MISSION: SEX IN PUBLIC PLACES!

You voted for them! Yes, it's the Sex Couple, the pair who will do most legal things you ask, all in the name of slightly tawdry research!

MEET BEN AND Jodie. Who they? They're *FHM*'s very newest employees! We're chuffed, they're chuffed, "human resources" haven't a bloody clue... but we're damned sure you're chuffed, too, because these two are our Sex Couple!

And by that we mean *your* Sex Couple. For the Alzheimer's-afflicted, we'll explain. For... ooh... weeks now, we've been searching for a couple who read *FHM* to become lab rats. Their task? To undertake all manner of sexual experiences, thus giving *you* the full SP on that particular perversion. Billions applied, three couples were shortlisted, you voted and the rest is... right here in front of you.

So here they are, at your service! And as for what they do next, that's up to you. Tell us what you want them to investigate and with a crack of the whip, they'll oblige! Just e-mail your suggestions to couple @fhm.com. So, anyone care to know what Ben and Jodie think of boffing in public? By Christ, yes!

Photography: Hugo Dixon. Hair and make-up: Gok Wan at Carol Hayes. Props: Propped Up

THE CINEMA!

First out the bag, our couple are off to the picture house for a spot of cheekiness! But are they up to the job?

The film: "*Lord Of The Rings*... all the kids would have seen it already, so that's them out the equation," reports Ben. Good lad – already thinking on his feet.

First class!

Ben's verdict: "It was all a bit strange at first – we started by looking around so we could find a nice dark corner. We did, and then we had to avoid the eyes of some middle-aged gentleman sitting by himself with his flask and sandwiches. He kept staring at us throughout, weirdo, but I'm not sure if he knew or not. Full blown sex would have been impossible, what with the space provided and Mr Weirdo. It would have been easy had our trainspotter man not been there."

Jodie's verdict: "I was well up for it from the start so by the time the adverts and trailers were on I had pulled Ben's hand between my legs. It was exciting – seeing a few people drib and drab in, oblivious to what we were doing. Once the film actually started I was down like a flash! Fortunately it was one of those multiplex cinemas with plenty of space, so I had no trouble positioning myself between Ben's legs. And I think Ben enjoyed it, because it didn't take him very long!"

***FHM*'s final thought**

So they couldn't quite manage a proper shoving, but nonetheless, it seems our subjects had just as much fun fellating while Gandalf beat back his own monster on-screen. So for starters we award them... ★★★

SEX CONFIDENTIAL

THE CHANGING ROOM!

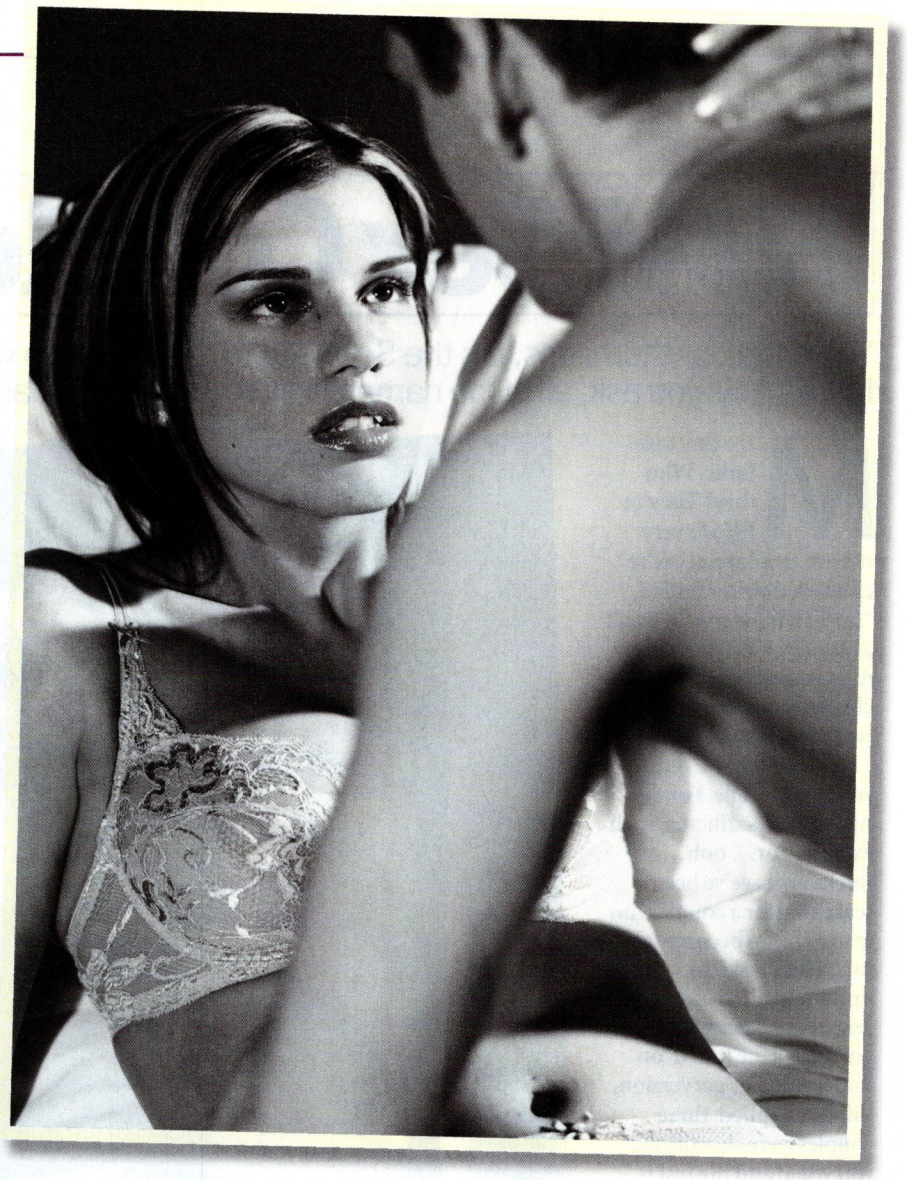
No man should ever have to enter a female changing room – simply because it's in a female shop. Where females spend hours doing nothing. Unless, like our Sex Couple, there's naughtiness aplenty on the agenda!

The shop: "Bluewater, where else," reveals Jodie, clearly knowing something we don't. "We went in to Morgan – the fitting rooms are a decent size." That's our girl! Game on!

Ben's verdict: "When you have something in mind but you're trying to look innocent, you feel you're sticking out like a sore thumb. I followed Jodie into the compartment and turned her around to face the curtain with me behind her, then I pulled her trousers down, pulled her G-string to the side and hitched up one of her legs. When we came out we both had bright red cheeks! I'm sure the woman gave us a suspicious double-take."

Jodie's verdict: "I got a couple of outfits and went to the changing rooms while saying loudly, 'Ben, can you come in and help me?' We'd warmed up well beforehand, touching each other through our clothes in the shop. This was one of our most exciting sexual encounters because we could hear everything going on around us – kids' and adults' voices and things. All I had to do was hold the curtain shut while Ben was taking me from behind!"

***FHM*'s final thought**
We're not too sure about all those kids in earshot… but it sounds fruity as hell in that cubicle! Plus you get the added bonus of a huge mirror to "check your moves". Just keep it quiet. ★★★★



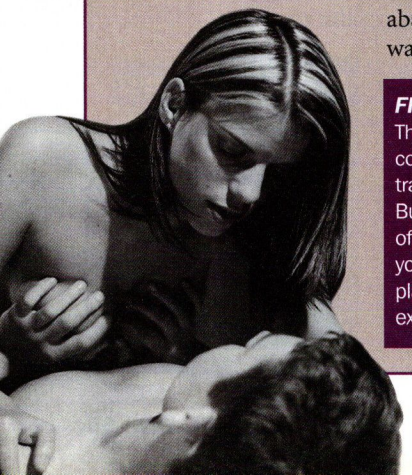
THE TRAIN!

Now it's time for our duo to check out just how saucy Blighty's rail network can be. They're sure to run into trouble here!

The choo-choo: "Great Eastern to Liverpool Street, 21:45," says Ben.

Ben's verdict: "We went to Gidea Park on a Sunday night, knowing it'd be quiet. We found an empty carriage in economy. I sat down in the corner of the carriage with my back to the wall. I finished, but Jodie didn't, if you catch my drift…"

Jodie's verdict: "Wearing a short skirt, I unzipped Ben's jeans and sat down on his lap facing away from him. It was a bit nerve-racking! Then, to our horror, a man boarded our carriage – we both just sat there, me on Ben's lap facing the stranger with big grins on our faces. I also tried rocking subtly, but we kept laughing, so that one had to be abandoned! All in all, it was great fun!"



***FHM*'s final thought**
There you have it – commuting or coming, trains are bothersome. But if you simply want to off your load and not your lady's, this is your place. Otherwise, it's exhibitionists only. ★★

'I got really plastered, so when we went to the park about 3.30am, I was up for anything!'

THE PARK!

And so finally, to the great outdoors! A mercifully bear-free environment in the UK, "al fresco" sex is nevertheless still risky – old biddies, wardens and even other perverts all loitering with intent. What would our couple make of it?

The park: "An adventure playground down my way in east London," says Ben. Jesus, man! Think of the children… *think of the children*!

Ben's verdict: "This was another case of going somewhere when it would be quiet. We actually couldn't decide when – so we went twice! The first time was during a weekday, while most kids were at school. It was raining really badly, but that made it even better! We went to a hut underneath a slide and just went for it, oblivious, trusting the fact we couldn't see anyone when we'd sneaked over. It was very, very, very wet. And very good!"

Jodie's verdict: "The second time was at night after Ben had been DJing at a venue which has a park behind it. I got really plastered, so when we went over there at about 3.30am, I was up for ANYTHING! We found a bushy part of the park and I started going down on Ben there and then. It felt so wicked that I didn't even care if someone was going to see me on my knees in front of Ben. Then I wanted a bit more, so I pulled Ben down onto the floor and straddled him. I'm not sure how long I was on top for, but I think it was the longest out of all of our test areas, as every time I felt Ben might come, I'd stop and then start again I was enjoying it so much!"

***FHM*'s final thought**
How little things have changed… you neck booze, stagger to the nearest available park with a willing girl and away she noshes! Where's the romance? Regardless, the park's the clear winner here – despite adverse weather conditions, Jodie implied Ben lost his littl'uns more than once – doubtless a lie, but intriguing enough to convince us it's worth a punt. And with all those climbing frames, the position possibilities are endless! To the swings!
★★★★★ **FHM**

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Ladies' Confessions

Shedloads of naughtiness from the women we mistakenly thought we could bring home to our mums. In fact, even your old man would be shocked by some of these hussies…

Jiggy couple park up

After a hot and heavy trip to the movies, my bloke suggested we went for a drive. I happily agreed as I was gagging for it. We drove out to what we thought was a secluded spot down a woodland road, turned the engine off and moved to the back seat. Immediately I unzipped his jeans and started sucking his cock; he happily returned the favour, putting one leg on the parcel shelf and licking me out. After I came he leaned me over the rear seat and took me from behind. We were at it for five minutes when some headlights approached. I didn't stop pushing on to his cock but the lights seemed to stay on for ages. Suddenly there was a tap on the window. My boyfriend wound it down and an embarrassed old lady said, "Excuse me, but could you move as you're blocking my driveway." I couldn't stop giggling as we hastily drove away.

SALLY, VIA E-MAIL

Ladies get familiar

The other day I went to my boyfriend's house but his 24-year-old sister answered and told me he'd be late in because he was playing football. She asked me if I wanted to stay for a few drinks while I waited so I said yes. Pretty soon we'd gone through two bottles of wine, when she asked me if my sex life was any good. At first I was embarrassed but decided, thanks to the alcohol, to tell her every dirty detail of sex with her brother. After hearing my filth, she said out of the blue she'd bet she could give me multiple orgasms if I let her. I giggled and said okay. We made our way to her bed and slowly took each other's clothes off. After much feverish kissing and fondling I went down on her, pulling the bed quilt over me, and proceeded to lick her clit while sliding three fingers into her soaking wet pussy. However, to our horror, my boyfriend had returned home without either of us knowing. He knocked on his sister's door and before she could say anything he came in and witnessed a mysterious figure going down on her under the covers. He apologised and quickly shut the door. I sneaked out the house and the next day he told me what he'd seen, calling his sister a "dirty cow". If only he knew…

LISA, LONDON

Teens get nude treat

FILTH OF THE MONTH

Me and my boyfriend went for a go on the haunted house ride at Alton Towers. We sat in our cart all alone, he looked at me and I looked at him and in seconds we were shagging semi-nude in the cart. It was the best sex ever but then there was a flash. We both stopped, quickly got dressed and pretended nothing happened. We got off the ride and were going to walk past the photo stall casually. On the way past we had a quick glance and there I was, tits out on number 355. We walked straight past but a few seconds later I heard a voice from behind shout, "I'll have two of 355 please!" We looked around and shouting at the lady behind the counter were about eight 15-year-olds all asking for photo 355.

STEFF, VIA E-MAIL

Illustration: Kevin King

Girl interrupted

One day I got home from work early, the first time in months that I was there before my boyfriend. Relishing some time on my own I decided to pleasure myself on the sofa. After a luscious naked frig I was almost reaching climax when I heard my boyfriend get home. Hoping that he'd join in the fun I shouted for him to come in, only to get a little more than I'd bargained for. He'd brought back some of his work mates to have beer and watch football. Oops.

NICHOLA, EDINBURGH

Exercise beneficial

In the last couple of months I've realised how much fun going to the gym can be. That's because I've discovered that there are two things that can give me an amazing orgasm – sit-ups and doing my calf muscles on the machine! I wonder if anyone has noticed yet – perhaps they think those groans are of pain and not pure pleasure! Should get down the gym more often…

STACEY, VIA E-MAIL

Couple borrow more than bed

One night, me and my then boyfriend were keeping a friend company while her mum and dad were away. After shit loads to drink, we decided to call it a night. My friend gave me and my fella her room while she slept in her parents' bed. When we got to the room, after all the vodka, we were both as horny as hell and got down to some serious shagging. Then my bloke grabbed the nearest thing to him to "insert" into me for pleasure. It turned out to be my mate's hairbrush which got covered in my hot love juices. We didn't think anything of it, till the next morning when she came into the room, grabbed the brush to do her hair, and stuck it, handle first, in her mouth while she tied her hair back! Yummy for her!

KELLY, VIA E-MAIL

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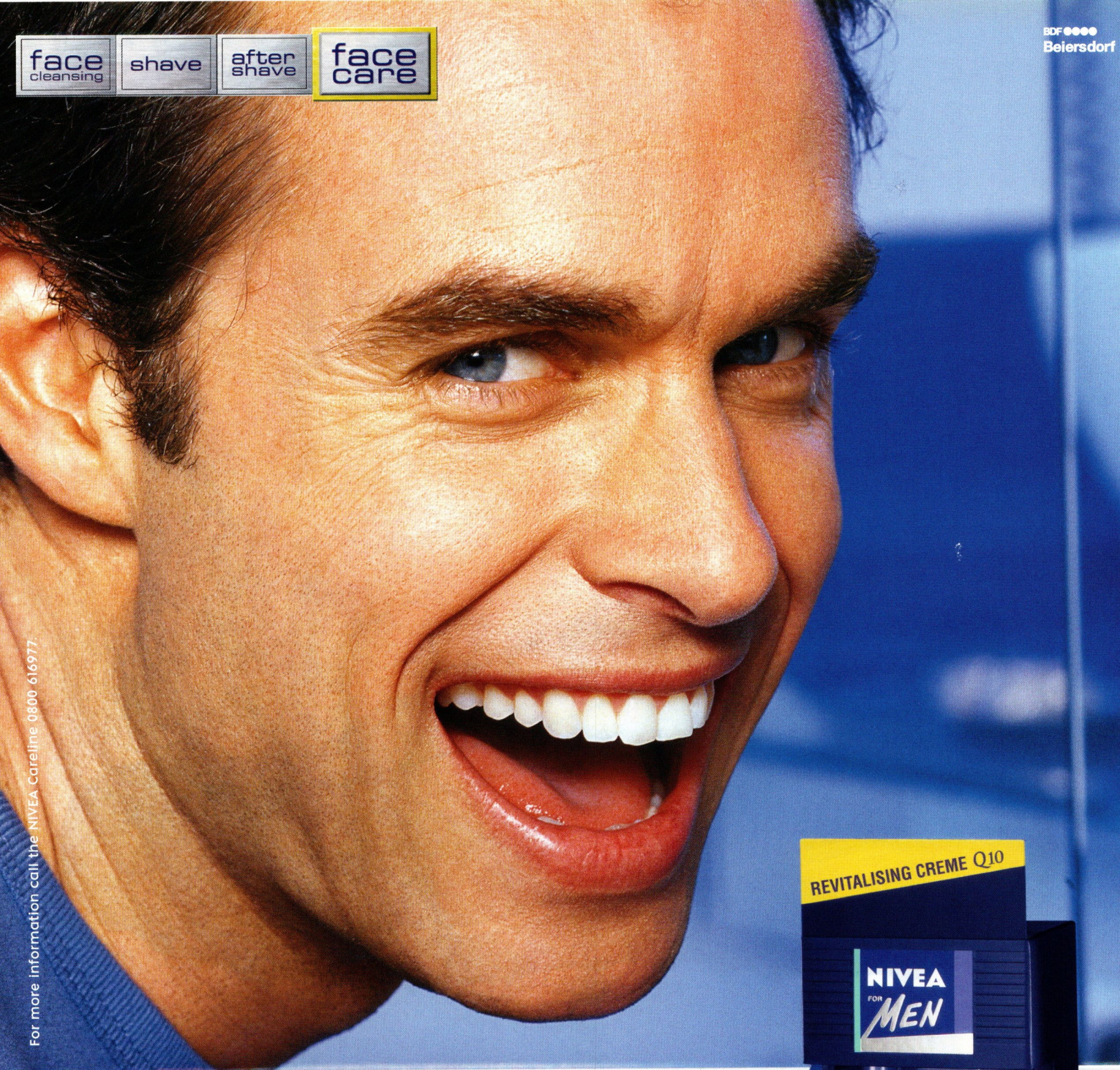

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Girls On The Sofa

This month: Sex toys

Take five honeys, add a gallon of slightly cheap wine and simmer for a couple of hours. Why, it's the recipe for saucy lady chat! Their ramblings this issue concern bedroom playthings...

So ladies, what battery-powered babies get your special snatch approval?

Tracy: I have three; one ordinary vibrator with ridges, a smooth silver one and a little lipstick one.

Nina: I've got two; one was a similar shape to my ex, but I don't use it as it's too big, but it's got nice ribs. The other one is a small smooth finger, which does the trick.

Michelle: I've got one vibrator with ridges on, but I don't use it at the moment as I'm living with my parents. It's just average, but I did get a Rampant Rabbit on Valentine's Day.

Sam: I have two; an absolutely massive huge ribbed vibrator, and a white, very slim and streamlined one which is great.

Karen: I don't actually own any "real" vibrators, so we improvise. My boyfriend's into bikes, so there's lots of metal things in the house, which are perfect. I also used to have a spa bath, and it had an attachment that was supposed to be for using on your legs. It had other uses!

So have you ever experimented with items straight from the fridge, for that chilled clit experience?

Sam: I've messed around with ice a bit. It's really cold, which is a great sensation.

Nina: I used to get those long tubes of yoghurt out of the fridge, which are great because you can squeeze them over and inside the parts you want to, and it's nice for the other person to lick off.

Michelle: Ice cubes with oral sex is the best. When they go down on you with the ice in their mouths it's just amazing. It's a completely different feeling to normal.

Karen: Ice cream always goes down well with me. And the odd cucumber's great, too, as long as you don't go and serve it up in a salad afterwards. I don't like carrots, though.

'The odd cucumber's great, as long as you don't go and serve it up in a salad afterwards'

Nina: Grapes are brilliant. Pop one inside you, let it get warm, and then they eventually burst. I've only used one at a time. When they get warm, they turn all squidgy and soft. You can squeeze them with your muscles too, which makes the juice come out so you're all sweet.

Sam: I know someone who used a tangerine and got it stuck.

'Fess up – have any members of your family unearthed a box full of diddling devices?

Tracy: When I was five I found my mum's vibrator and I remember having a go with it. I think I had my first orgasm when I was about seven. What I used to do was go hunting round my mum and dad's bedroom and look for stuff. Even at that age I used to get quite turned on.

Sam: My friend found mine when I was moving house. She found this bag which had a black PVC skirt, a PVC thong and two vibrators in it. ▷

Nina: When I was travelling to Ibiza they searched my luggage and found my finger vibrator. I just died.
Michelle: My mum's found mine, but she knows what it is and what it does and she's quite happy for it to be there.
Sam: I was told that if you used a vibrator, they could interfere with the TV, so I was always paranoid that if I used one when my parents were watching telly, they'd know.

In the heat of a good ramming, what's the weirdest thing you've used as a toy?
Nina: A chocolate minstrel. You slot it inside and he's licking away for ages as it melts.
Michelle: My fella used to have his tongue pierced and he used to have an attachment which fitted on to it with little spikey bits. It was the weirdest sensation because it was scratchy, but then with the tongue it was a bit moist, a bit weird – but the best sensation ever.
Sam: I've used an electric toothbrush…
Tracy: I've used a wine bottle before. We didn't insert it, we just used it rubbing up and down me.
Michelle: Me and my fella used some fancy shampoo bottles on me. He dumped me a few weeks later, and his new girlfriend moved in and has been using the shampoo since. I like knowing that!

If you found out your boyfriend was "having relations" with a pocket pussy, would you freak?
Sam: I would be quite pissed off.
Nina: I think I'd be alright about it. I think at least he's making the effort to teach himself about what's down there, and I'd probably show him how. When men have a vagina they either lick it or finger it, they don't do both together. If you had a model that you could show them, you'd be able to say, "Right, while your fingers are there, put your tongue there too."
Michelle: I'd say the same. I wouldn't mind it at all, if they could learn things. In a way I'd get off on them learning a few more things, it would get me a bit more excited about things.
Karen: I don't think it would bother me.
Nina: You could use it together though.
Tracy: They wouldn't use it together though would they? If they've got their willy in some fucking plastic pussy…
Nina: It's a teaching tool!
Michelle: I'd definitely rather they were using that than shagging another bird.
Tracy: I'd be really cross, because a fanny is a fanny whether it's artificial or real. If he had a pocket pussy I'd think, "Well I've got one of those, so use me."

'I've had my hands and my legs tied up which I like because you can't move or do anything about it and they can do what they want'

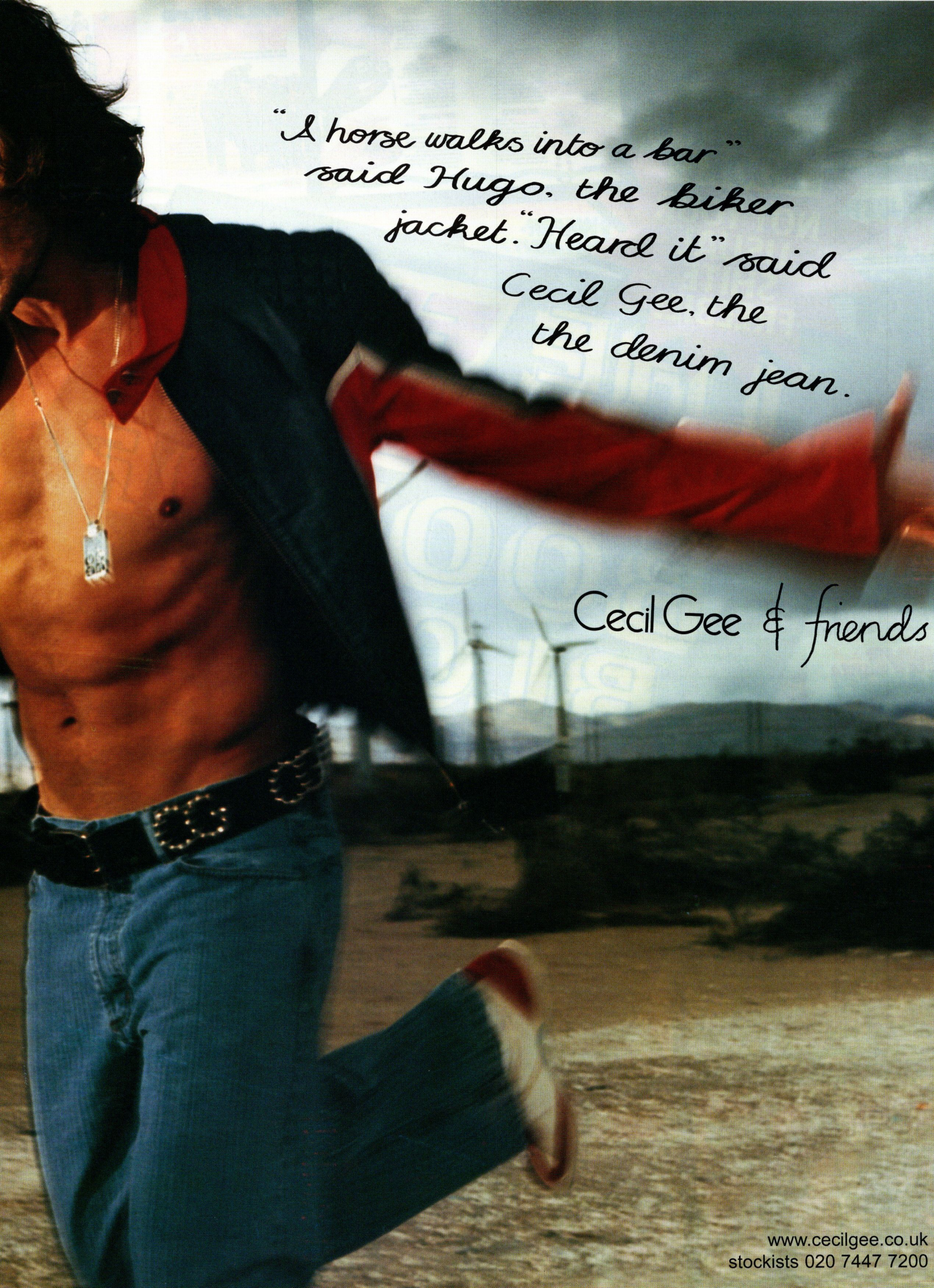
Have you used any other – for instance, non battery-powered – sex toys?
Michelle: Extra strong mints. They have a bit of a burning sensation, but if a guy has one on his tongue and he goes down on you it's like a real "WOOO!" You know how the cool freshness of toothpaste is, well it's like that. It's a bit like an ice cube, but if it's there too long it burns.
Nina: A mate of mine swears that a line of cocaine on your lower lips, snorted or licked is an amazing experience. She also told me how she put it on this bloke's bell end and licked it off – she said that was the best buzz.
Michelle: When you're blindfolded and a man hides a chocolate button somewhere on him – you have to lick and suck to try and find the button.
Karen: I like tying a man up. It's great when you tie him to a bed so he can't move his arms, and then you just keep going around his crotch without touching it, until he's so desperate for you to put it in your mouth that he's absolutely gagging for it. Then at the last minute you just ram it in and he's in Heaven.
Sam: I've had my hands and my legs tied up which I really like because you can't move or do anything about it and they can do what they want.
Tracy: I like being handcuffed behind my back, bent over a sofa and then shunted from behind until I come.

Holy mama! Finally ladies, what makes you come harder? Man or machine?
Nina: Definitely man – they can stimulate you all over, it's not just one area.
Michelle: I'd say man as well because I get off on watching them please me. When they're really excited that makes me excited, too.
Karen: For me, it's probably me and my man together.
Tracy: I'd say the best orgasm has come from man and machine at the same time. I think it depends on how you orgasm and what does it for you. With a machine it's great, but it's over and done with. With a man you can have an orgasm, but you can have a little bit more if you want. There's more involved and it can be varied.
Nina: My best orgasms are with men orally, definitely.
Sam: Yeah, I'd agree, definitely orally. The man always wins. **FHM**

Left to right: Michelle, Nina, Karen, Sam, Tracy

Calling all horny women!
We know you read this ladies, so listen up. If you want to spout filth on the *FHM* Sofa, getting your face done up and pouring plonk down your neck at the same time, then get in touch! Send your contact details – along with your favourite sexual peccadillo – to: dan.elk@fhm.com. And it'd help if you're gorgeous.

Words: Danielle Elkeslassy. Photography: Adam Lawrence. Hair: Charlotte Murray and Gok Wan at Carol Hayes using Babyliss and Paul Mitchell. Make-up: Sondrya Dixon using Mac and Glen Woods at Time using Clinique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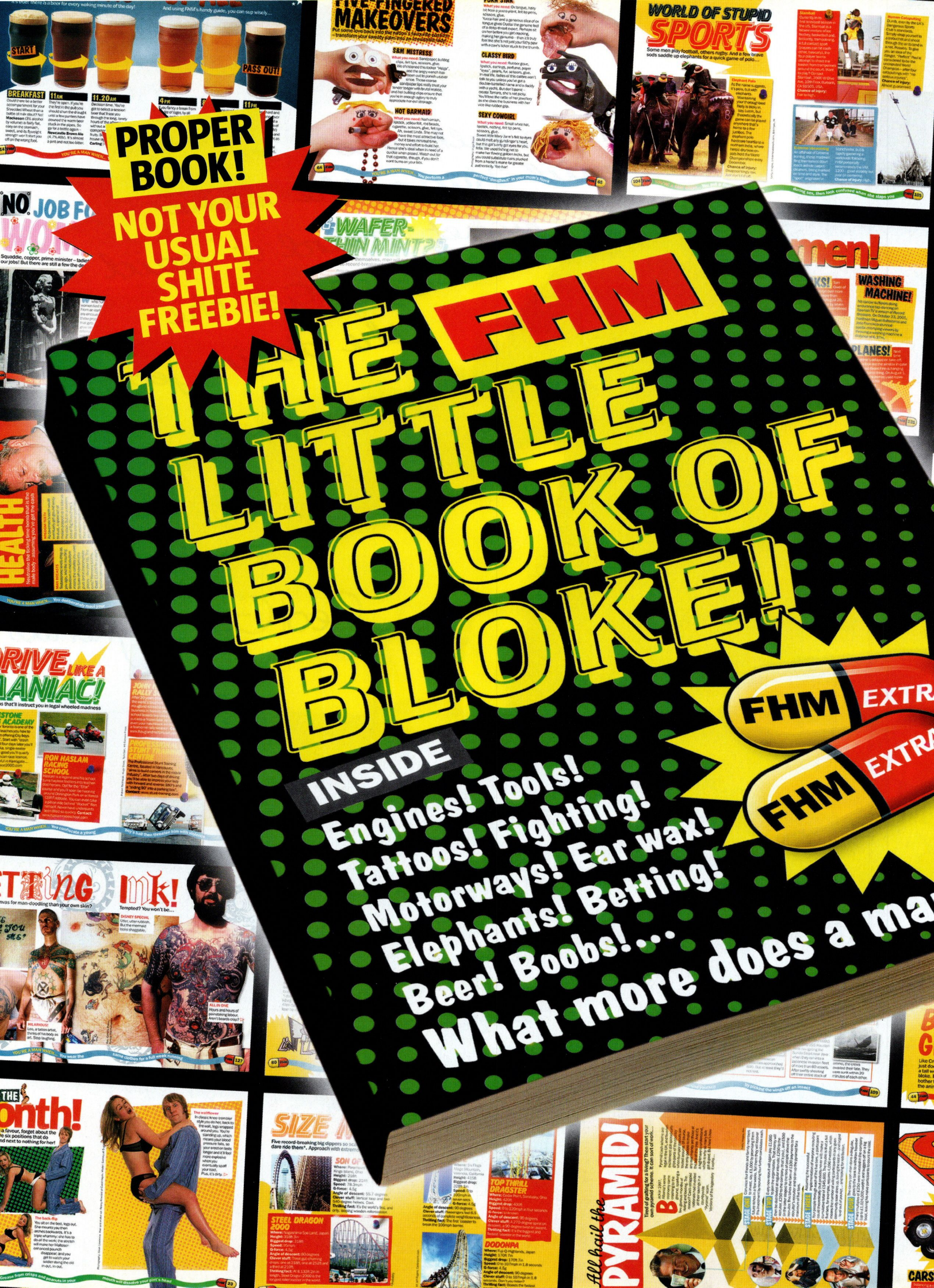
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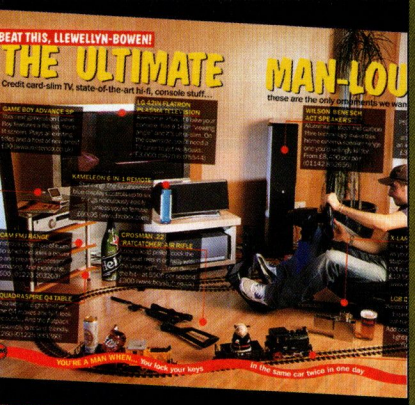
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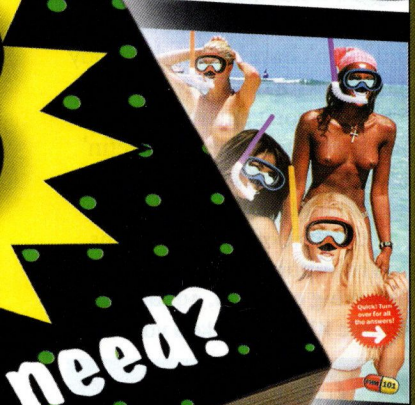

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FHM ON SALE APRIL 25

Shaggy

Mr Lover-Lover on signing lady parts, getting jiggy on stage and kickin' marine ass...

You are a judge and performer at *FHM*'s Bikini Heaven event in Miami. The 15 most beautiful girls from each *FHM* edition will be there competing to be Bikini Heaven Queen. Which nationality do you go for?
I'd have to go with a hot Jamaican chick. Australian girls are hot too. But my favourite is the chicks from Curacao [in the Caribbean]. They got the most amazing bodies that you could ever think of; beautiful skin, gorgeous features, very dark.
So how many notches are on the Shaggy bedpost?
I need a new bedpost. Back in my early days I'd have three and four chicks in a day.
In a day! So where's the nastiest place you ever got busy?
I once fucked a chick underneath the DJ booth at this club. The DJ was in another little part of the booth. I just did my business and he never even knew.
Got any good chat-up lines for the readers?
I don't use chat-up lines. I'm an eye contact type of guy. I'm basically making love to her on stage with my eyes. The main thing is that I like a chick that is just free. Don't try to impress my motherfuckin' ass. Just be yourself. But don't be too polished. I like a little bit of funk in there.
So what's your record for getting offstage and enjoying some love action?
Getting off the stage? I've done it during shows before, never mind backstage. But that was back in the day. Now it all depends on who strikes me. I'm a picky son of a bitch. The tiniest little thing will turn me off. It could be what she says, or what she's wearing or her nails or her hair.
Where's the strangest place you've been asked to sign an autograph?
No place is strange to me, man. I'll sign anything, anywhere. I've signed titties, pussies and ass. But my favourite is above the stomach. I'll sign my name right above her belly with an arrow pointing south saying, "It's mine."
But it's not just ladies who listen to your music...
I make music on an international level. Not just for my clique but for the world. You have to look at yourself as a global citizen. Jamaica's motto is "Out of many, one people." You don't worry if you're black or white. You're just Jamaican. We shouldn't even have borders or passports or visas or that shit because we were all put on this earth to roam. Music should transcend the same way. Nothing should be stopping reggae music from playing in Italy or Japan or France.
What are the five best words that rhyme with Shaggy?
Craggy, baggy, saggy. Not good words.
So how did your alter-ego Mr Lover-Lover come about?
That just kind of came up from *Boombastic*. Right after that my audience became 90 per cent women and every time I moved my pelvis on stage there was naughty action from the crowd. Mr Lover-Lover is kind of a "mack-a-docious". He's kind of an asshole. He's just a very cocky kind of a character. People just seem to feed into this shit for some reason.
What kind of drink should *FHM* buy him?
You should get him a Sex On The Beach. But if you ever want to buy Shaggy a drink, my poison is Hennessey, straight up. But I'll take a spliff over a drink any day.
But what about your recent quote, "I don't drink, I don't smoke, but I fuck a lot of pussy." Is that still the case?
I still fuck a lot of pussy. I occasionally drink and occasionally smoke.
You were in the US Marines. Can you kill a man with your bare hands?
I could handle myself if I had to. Mostly I learned how to talk myself out of a lot of shit. Literally, you'd get put on shit duty, cleaning the latrines. Luckily I was a smooth talker.
So what was the worst part of basic training?
It had to be the motherfuckin' sand fleas. They tear your ass up. Other than that it was getting my ass kicked. We had this hand-to-hand combat shit. I whipped this dude's ass then they put me against this bigger motherfucker who really kicked my ass. That was rough because I don't like losing.
Legend has it that you developed your Shaggy voice as a chant barker in the Marines.
It's true. I used to motivate the troops by singing stuff like, "I don't know what I've been told. My CO wears panty hose."
You were shipped over to Iraq for the Gulf War, see any action?
I was on the front lines, man. I fired a 1-5-5 Howitzer.
Did Mr Lover-Lover get scared?
I'm not that gung-ho type of guy. You just watch your back and do what you got to do to come back. They were there to fight their war. I was there to come back in one piece. So when I did that, my war was won.
But how did you manage with the hair?
I didn't have none, so it was easy.
How do you feel now as a Gulf War veteran about going back to war?
We should have done the job the first fucking time instead of going back there now. War is ugly. By any means necessary they should try to resolve this peacefully. War must be looked upon as a last resort, but they're not looking at it that way.
Your next single is *Strength Of A Woman*. Ever had a lady stronger than you?
No chick that bust my ass in bed, but I've had a few fight over me. One time I was just tryin' to party with this chick and another chick who I'd just been with bust through the door and caught me red-handed on top of her. So they started going at it, pulling each other's hair and going nuts. I had to separate them because one of the girls was getting her ass kicked and had most of her hair pulled out.
Are there feuds in the dancehall reggae world like in rap?
Yeah, there are plenty of beefs. But I don't have beef and nobody has beef with me. They can't because I don't entertain beef. You beefin' with me, you beefin' with yourself. It's a far more important thing to you. If I give you the time of day, that means you're important.
Speaking of which, squarky trio Atomic Kitten mocked you in an issue of *FHM* by calling you a "loser." Any response?
Funny thing is, they were at my show last week. I didn't even know they were there. They didn't give me any vibe. They seemed pretty cool to me. So I don't really care. I mean, who the hell's heard of Atomic Kitten anyway? **FHM**

Q Got any good chat-up lines for *FHM*?
A I don't use them. I make love with my eyes

Interview by Jimmy Jellinek. Shaggy's album *Lucky Day* is out now. Catch Shaggy at *FHM Bikini Heaven* on Sky One on April 21.

Len Irish

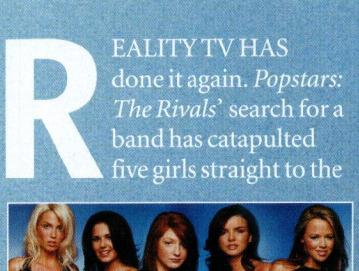
The other sailors were becoming suspicious of Long John's "parrot"

WORDS: JAMES MANNION PHOTOGRAPHY: RICKY CHICAGO

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

A band so big we had to get extra paper in just to fit 'em on the cover! It's Girls Aloud, and you'll never see them sexier!

REALITY TV HAS done it again. *Popstars: The Rivals*' search for a band has catapulted five girls straight to the top of the charts and straight into our mucky little minds. Not that the band are just super sexy. After spending a day with these ladies, *FHM* can confirm they spend every free second singing, harmonising and being otherwise tonsorially stretched. And magnificent they sound, too. But enough of this guff. You know who they are. We know who they are. So let's get in there, ask some ham-fisted *FHM* style questions and see what happens...



Sarah

Well hello Miss Harding. You are, of course, familiar to our *FHM* brotherhood already – seeing as you were one of our 100 final High Street Honeys...

Indeed I was. I wanted to be a singer ever since I was a little girl and the modelling thing is part of the showbiz world, so I thought it might be a way to get noticed. You know what, the ▷

Make-up: Caroline Barnes at Joy Goodman. Hair: Lisa Laudat at Mandy Coakley using Sebastian. Styling: Chloe Richardson. Stylist's assistant: Laura Mason. Top by Rou-lette (020 8857 1226) and shoes by Givenchy at Paola Tregemini (020 7376 3388)

pictures were just taken on a little disposable Polaroid flash thing. I just went out somewhere rural, as you can tell, and did it. I couldn't take those anywhere in town, I'm not that daring!

So who took the shots?

Well it was my ex-boyfriend, there was no shyness between us so we just went for it.

Hence you could strip off under a St George's flag?

Absolutely, that was inspired wasn't it? Sexy and patriotic as well, ha ha!

Were you nude under the flag?

Yes, ha ha!

Have you still got the flag? And if so, can we sell it?

Ha ha! That's so funny. Do you know, I think I might have left it in Aiya Napa, but I'll have a look.

You're going to make a reader very happy if you can find it.

In a recent interview in the *News Of The World*, another ex-boyfriend said your boobs were "too perfect", is that possible?

Ha ha! What happened was it was suggested in an interview that when I wear certain things my boobs look so good they look like I've had surgery, which I totally haven't. He was just standing up for me. They're not perfect anyway, honestly they're not all that. It's all in the bra, ha ha!

Not so sure about that. Who do you think has got the perfect set of puppies?

I thought Madonna had lovely boobs in her day.

What's been the best or most outrageous rumour you've heard about yourself?

I've had a few that were complete and utter bollocks. There was one recently where some lad I used to know when I was a teenager – who I never even kissed by the way – said that we used to go into the woods and do it doggie style on park benches and you could see my bum bobbing up and down in the moonlight. Load of bollocks.

'It was suggested my boobs look so good I've had surgery. My boobs aren't perfect anyway, honestly, they're not all that. It's all in the bra!'

At which point did you have to make a decision between Honeydom and Popstardom?

When I got down to the last 15 in the show. I knew I had to drop out of your competition. I can tell you though, I was gutted at the time, because I would have loved to have seen how far I could go in the Honeys. I think I made the right decision, though.

But as it goes, you get to be on the front cover anyway...

Exactly! As soon as I found out you wanted to do a shoot with us, I was in. I've always wanted to be on your front cover.

Before the band you've had quite a few strange jobs. Tell us about being a 192 operator – any heavy breathers?

No, no heavy breathing, but I did get some blokes trying to chat me up which I thought was quite daring, because I could have been a great big, ugly thing.

Who wears the sexiest underwear out of you lot?

Me and Cheryl. I think we all like the thong but I invested in something a little bit sexier last week, a little see-through basque. [At which point Cheryl butts in, shouting over that she has the best underwear and Sarah can't take that away from her.] Alright, Cheryl has got the best. She's too uptight that girl because she hasn't got a boyfriend. I tell you what Cheryl, if you're not laid by the end of the year I'll sleep with ya!

I think *FHM* has got to go and have a bit of a lie down now... ▷

Dress by Rou-lette

Nicola

***FHM* understands that you think the worst thing about making it into the band was that publicans will know your real age now (17) and you won't be able to get served. Has that happened?**
Ha ha! It's been good so far. I was worried at first, especially about the places where I used to go to before the band, they'd be all; "Oh shit, we've been serving her for years! She must have been 15 when she started coming here!"

What's the most drunk you've ever been?
We went to a Westlife party recently and it was a free bar all night. Not that you had to go to the bar, you just stood there and your glass was continually topped up by waiters. It went

'I can remember falling down and being carried to bed, I have never felt so ill'

straight to my head. I can remember falling down some stairs and being carried to bed. I have never felt so ill.

All bands when they travel come across hotel porn – what's been the funniest thing you've seen?
We were in Sweden doing some recording and staying in this house, and there were some magazines left from the previous occupants. I picked them up just to have a flick through and got the shock of my life! It must have been lads staying there before is all I can say.

Well, we do get up to that sort of thing. Which one of you lot talks about sex the most?
We do all have little discussions now and then and talk about different things, but it's probably Sarah. She doesn't stop sometimes, ha ha!

'I prefer a quiet night in. I might have to do something about my reputation!'

Nadine

This isn't your first time in a TV picked pop band is it? You were in the "Irish Hear'Say", Six, but had to drop out because you were too young – 15 – did it feel good to pull the wool over their eyes for so long?

Ha ha! No, it was easy. That was a good experience and I learned so much from it.

So was it much easier to go through the whole TV-based band-picking process the second time round?

Not at all, it was completely different. We didn't have to sing live the first time around, we didn't have to sing at all in fact, ha ha!

Doing *FHM*'s research, we found, on an unofficial Girls Aloud website that you've been voted the best member of the band. Are you?

Ha ha, what a question! No, I'm not the best. Now was the website built in Northern Ireland? That could explain a lot. There's a little boy over there who's 12 or 13 who has set up a website all about me. I met him and he got all choked up.

We know how he feels. What's the best rumour you've heard about yourself so far?

That I was going to get sacked because I was lazy and wouldn't get up in the mornings and refused to do TV, which couldn't be farther from the truth.

Being a good old Irish lass, are you a bit of a drinker?

Well obviously! Though most of the time I prefer a quiet night in. When we did a gig in Dublin recently, Louis (Walsh – the band's manager and mini pop guru type fella) went to the after show party and said to the other girls, "I don't have to ask where Nadine is, she's probably home knitting!" Ha ha! I might have to do something about my reputation.

Do you remember your last fist fight?

It was with my older sister, I was probably about 12 and thought I was so cool and knew everything. So I started getting a bit lippy saying, "You can't tell me what to do." I think I pushed it as far as I could and then ran for my life. She caught up with me and gave me a bit of a spanking!

Have you ever broken the law and got away with it?

I don't know, really. I think probably before I got my licence, when I still had my provisional licence I took my ma's car out and so technically I broke the law. I must have gone through a bad patch around 12 – fighting with my sister and breaking the law, ha ha!

Have you ever watched TV with your parents when a sex scene came on and, if so, how did you react?

If it's a film that I know, just before the sex scenes come on I'll offer to go and make the tea: "Anyone fancy a cuppa? No don't worry yourself there ma, I'll go!"

And finally, tell us when was the last time you were naked outdoors?

Ha ha, it was ages ago, it was probably my paddling pool as a kid. I just don't feel comfortable to go topless or anything. ▷

Nicola wears: top by Rou-lette (020 8857 1226). Nadine wears: dress by Jitrois (020 7245 6300) and shoes by Jimmy Choo (020 7584 6111)

Cheryl

Right missus, a couple of tough questions to kick off with. Now we're not entirely sure how much you can talk about this here, but we'd be rubbish journalists if we didn't ask you – what happened with that club toilet attendant?
I really can't talk about it, sorry, there's a case going on so I can't.
Fair enough, but how about this then – we read an interview in *The Sun* just before Christmas where you said you'd never do *FHM*. Care to explain yourself young lady?
Ha ha! Right, ahem, I'll explain myself, ha ha! I didn't really know *FHM* so I just thought

> 'If I was a man I'd go and play football and snooker, a bit of everything'

it'd be sleazy. But everyone at *FHM* has been lovely and reassuring. It's been really enjoyable and I'd do it again no worries, so I take those words back.
Good on yer. Now on your official website it says your most embarrassing moment was when a train door slammed on your head. That doesn't sound embarrassing, that sounds bloody painful...
I was saying goodbye to a friend who was on the train and I was on the platform. I leaned in to give him a kiss goodbye and the doors shut around my head – it was very embarrassing.
If you were a guy for a day what would you do?
I'd do everything I could in one day. I'd take a girl out and treat her properly, wine and dine her.
But you wouldn't go all the way, because that would be too weird wouldn't it?
Not if I was a man. I'd go out and play football and snooker, a bit of everything.
Of course we can take more units of alcohol than a girl...
That's what you think, mate.
When was the last time you were naked outdoors?
Never, ever have been. Not even as a child. Sorry, that's really boring isn't it? I don't even sunbathe topless. Don't get me wrong, I love what I've got, I just don't choose to show everyone.
Who wears the best underwear out of you lot?
It has to be me, I'm renowned for it. I always wear a matching set, a nice thong and nice bra.
Have you ever gone commando?
Yes, but only with trousers obviously, never with a skirt. You have to with some of those low-slung hipster trousers.
How much of a flirt do you think you are?
Quite big. I don't deliberately set out to flirt, it just comes naturally.
How many times a day do you have rude thoughts?
Recently, because I'm not with anyone, it's been *loads*.
So you're currently looking for love?
Yep, anyone with a nice smile, nice eyes, modest... I'm here, I'm looking!
Well, with our 100 Sexiest Women In The World supplement coming out soon I'm sure you'll do quite well and have no problems with offers...
Wow! Do you think so? That would be really exciting. I'd be so happy to be in the 100 Sexiest. That'd be brilliant. ▷

Top and skirt by Rou-lette, boots by Givenchy at Paola Tregemini

Kimberley

Before Girls Aloud you did a bit of acting – ITV's *Stan The Man* for instance – did you have any run-ins with John Thomson?
I had a couple of scenes with him and he was lovely. He didn't invite me out for a drink afterwards so I don't know what he gets up to.
Who's got the dirtiest sense of humour out of you lot?
We're all quite bad when we get going. It's probably Sarah though, she likes to turn things round and make them sound dirty wherever possible, ha ha!
Good girl. Who do you think

'Sarah likes to turn things around – make them sound as dirty as possible'

wears the best underwear?
Cheryl I think. She wears these brilliant polka dot spotty thongs. You can always see them peaking out, I think they're nice anyway.
If a few singles down the line, sales had dropped off and your manager suggested you "do a Tatu", would you?
No way, I'd tell him to piss off!
So your *Popstars: The Rivals* pals the Cheeky Girls – could you clear up a few things about them. Those shorts – they must smell by now right?
Ha ha! I'm not sure, but they've always got them on haven't they? I hope they give them a good wash between shows.
And finally, how about the rumour that we're making up right now that their mum keeps them in a cage and that they are, in fact, triplets in rotation?
Ha ha! I've seen them out and about, but never in a cage. I hope neither of those are true. **FHM**

Girls Aloud's second single, *No Good Advice* is out on May 12.

Top by Jitrois, skirt by Rou-lette, bra by Splendour (020 8964 7820) and cuffs by Paradiso (020 7287 6913)

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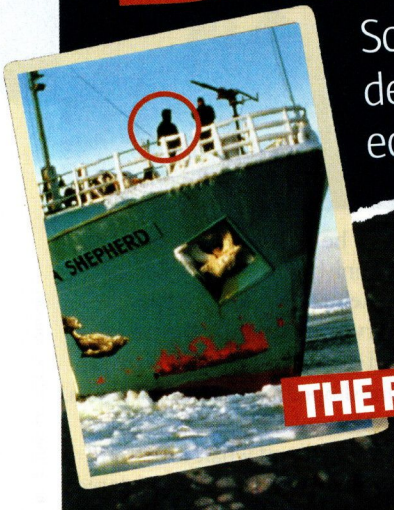
THE CARNAGE

ECO-WARRIOR

WORDS: MIKE PEAKE

BLOODBATH!

Some conservationists make their point with press releases and demos, but not Canadian mentalist Captain Paul Watson. The daddy of eco-warriors has a more direct approach – he likes to sink fishing boats...



THE REBEL

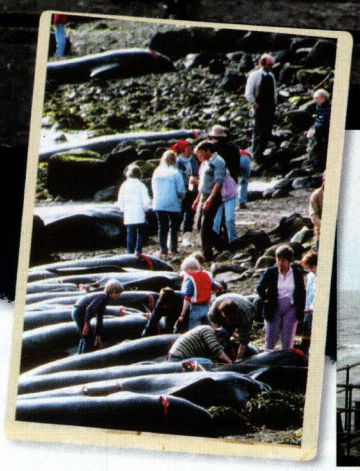
Icon: Reuters, Bilderberg, Rex

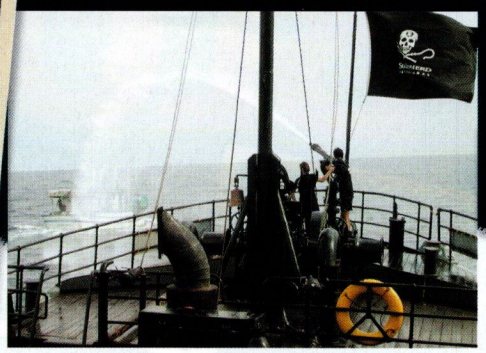
THE NORWEGIAN GUNSHIP closed the gap between the two boats: the military vessel – Andenes – could outpace the clunking Canadian ship with ease. "Whales Forever, you are under arrest!" came a heavily-accented Scandinavian voice over Captain Paul Watson's radio. "I order you to stop your ship."

Watson weighed up the situation: he was the world's most infamous eco-warrior, stirring up a shitstorm off the coast of Norway – a country he had pissed off for almost two decades in a nasty row over their illegal slaughter of whales. His pursuer was heavily armed, fast, and – according to the guttural rantings he could hear on his loudspeaker – prepared to use "any means necessary" to stop his ship.

THE VESSEL

Watson at the helm of his 800-ton trawler (replete with water cannons, below), the eco-warrior's ultimate weapon





'Order your men from the decks. We are about to fire a shot at you'

"Fuck it," thought Watson. He kept his speed.

The military vessel responded with fury, racing after Paul's lumbering, second-hand ship – but the Norwegian captain had misjudged his manoeuvre, and Paul realised with horror that the Whales Forever was about to take a whack. With a sickening thud and the screech of twisting metal, the two ships collided. For the first time in his career, Paul Watson – saver of whales and sinker of hunting boats – had been on the receiving end of a ramming.

"Order your men away from the decks," spat a menacing voice on Paul's radio. "We are about to fire a shot at you!"

Watson ignored the order. He was pretty sure these gun-happy berks wouldn't sink his ship – especially now that his bedraggled crew were lining themselves up along the deck to ensure that even a single shell would be messy.

He was wrong.

Crack! A warning shot fell 50 yards short of Whales Forever. Zzzip! A second one whizzed by overhead. Paul picked up the radio: "We will never submit to you!" he shouted. "This ship will be sunk before it is confiscated!"

Reluctantly, the stroppy Norwegians gave up the chase, and their Public Enemy Number One slipped away into safer waters.

Miraculously, Paul and his shabby crew of whale lovers and dolphin fanciers had again stared down death – this time leaving more than £150,000 of damage in their wake. The on-board cameras had captured the unfolding drama, and he was guaranteed precious TV coverage to highlight his fight for the whales. He allowed himself a wry smile. Job done.

FIRST BLOOD

Paul Watson was born to save whales. Specifically, he says, he was born to sink a scruffy Norwegian whaling boat called the Sierra, which had plundered the seas throughout the Sixties and Seventies, taking some 25,000 of the leathery aquatic beasts and selling their meat for vast profits.

'That'll learn 'em, Barry'

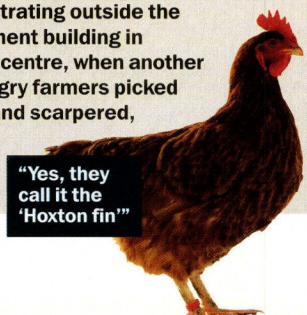
Fired up and ready for action? It might help if you've at least got a point...

WRONG CROP FLATTENED

Breaking from a group of 40 protesters at a farm in Hilton, Dorset, nine eco-warriors took direct action and began angrily ripping out vast swathes of Genetically Modified oil seed rape from a field in August last year. All was going well for the mashed up crusties, until 40 police officers and dog handlers rolled up to arrest them – and inform them that they had got the wrong field anyway and were ripping up a non-GM farmer's crops.

ARGIE POULTRY SWIPED

In February 2002, a group of starving Argentinean farmers released their chickens in protest at government land policies, only to see them quickly nabbed by a rival group of protesters. Granjeros del Este cooperative members were demonstrating outside the local government building in Mendoza city centre, when another rabble of hungry farmers picked up the birds and scarpered, celebrating "a gift from heaven".



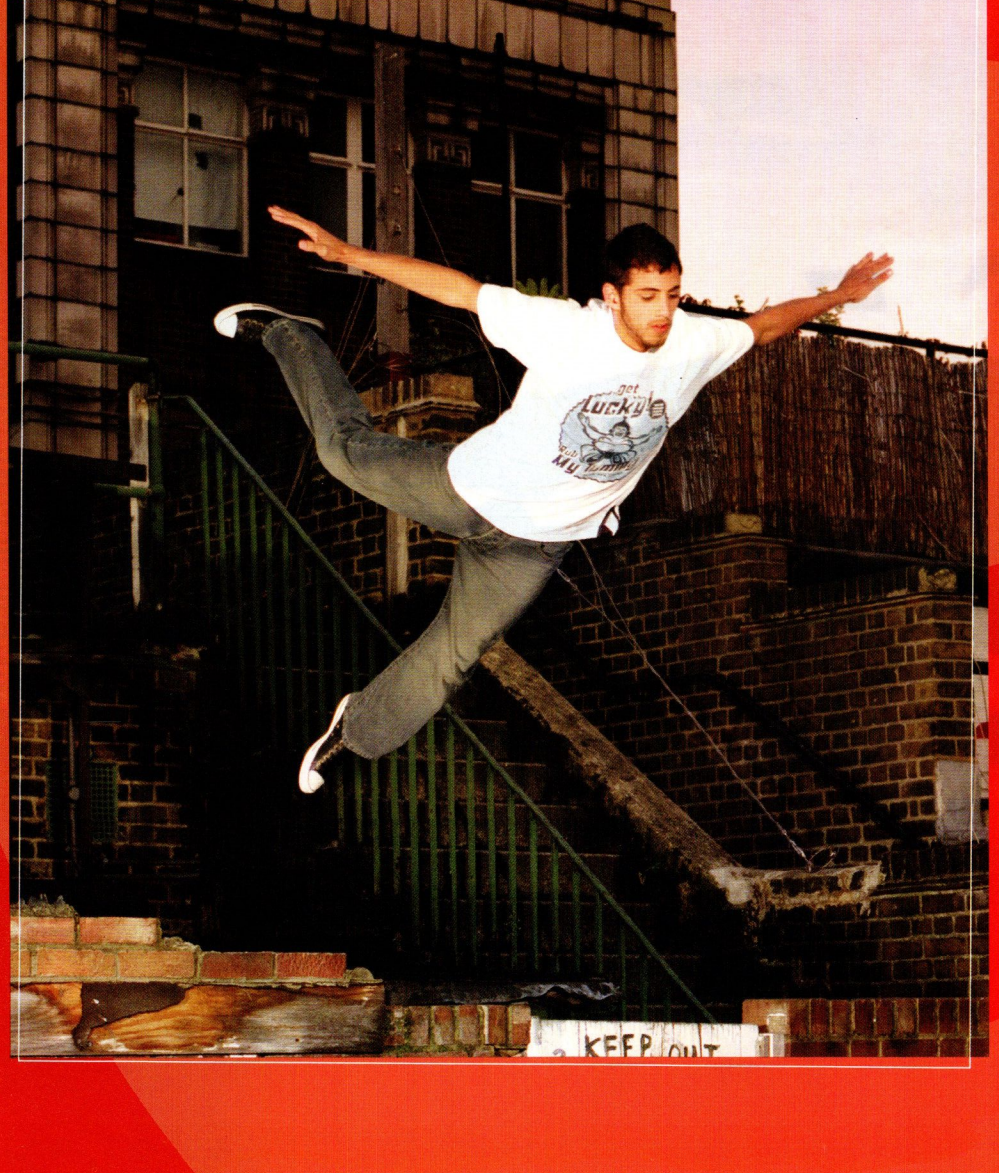
"Yes, they call it the 'Hoxton fin'"

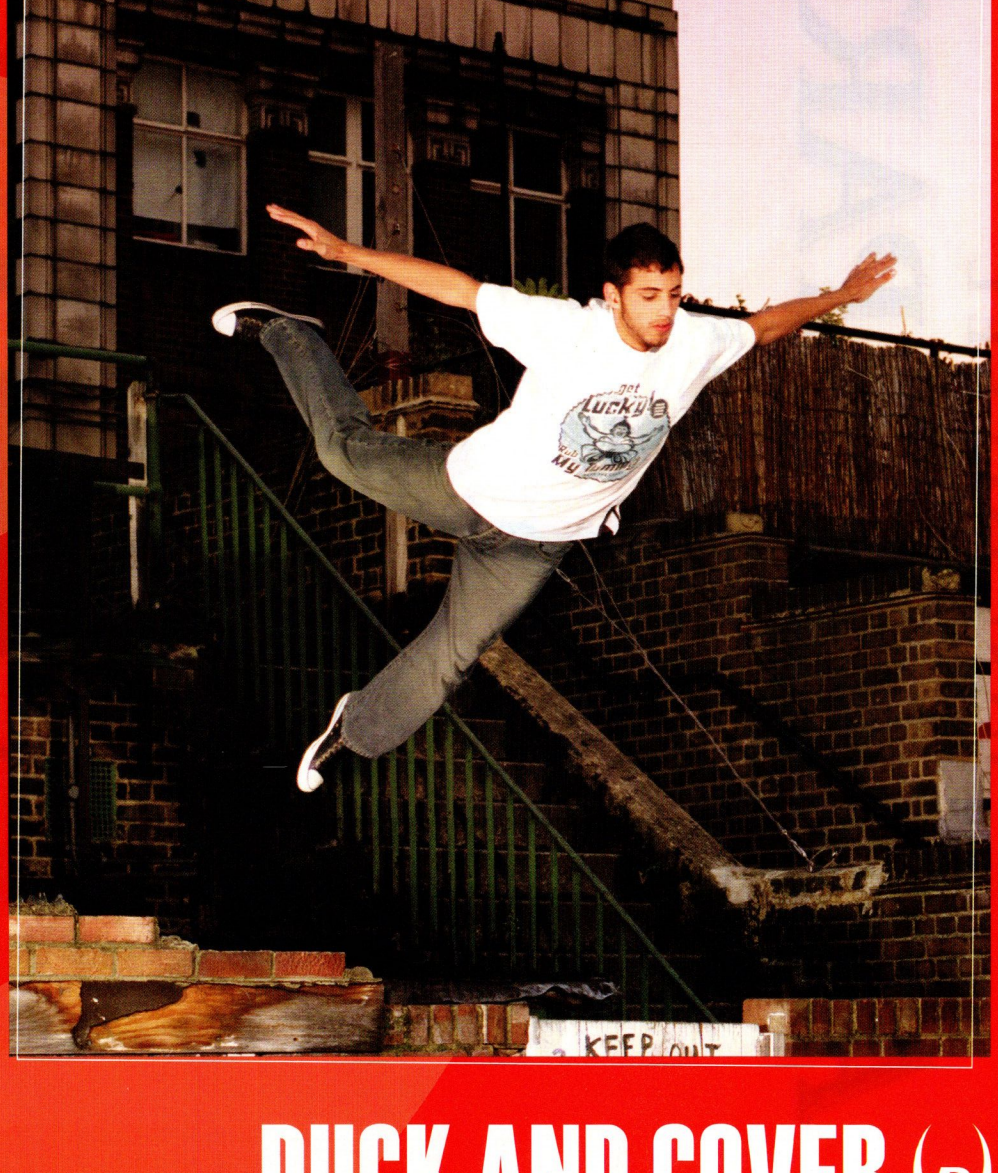
SPEED STUNT BACKFIRES

A 25-year-old student carried out a bizarre protest against motorways in March 2001, by roaring along the hard shoulder of the M8 for 18 miles at 80mph. It was the second day running that Poonkmara Doriswamy had been apprehended for the same protest, and although traffic cops had awarded him a fixed penalty for the first offence, he was banned from driving for two years for the second.

Learn 'em words: Simeon de la Torre, Marc Gaede/Sea Shepherd, Bilderberg, Rex, Dorling Kindersley

spot the difference?





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THE SPORT

Blood and guts: the slaughter of pilot whales in the Faeroes is a family occasion

'Goddamn you, you whale-killing son of a bitch. Prepare to be rammed!'

Early on in his career, shortly after founding the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society (current membership: 35,000 and growing), he got his chance.

"I'd studied the boat thoroughly," Paul tells *FHM*. "I was determined to hunt her down and destroy her. We picked her up two days east of The Azores; I hardly dared hope it was her – I thought it must be a Spanish whaler because I couldn't believe I'd found the Sierra so easily. But as we came closer, a chill rose up the back of my neck. It was her."

Paul resisted the temptation to ram her straight away because of rolling seas – instead, he tailed the boat as it scurried east towards the coast of Portugal. The sun rose the next morning to reveal both Paul's boat – the Sea Shepherd – and the Sierra drifting less than a mile off shore.

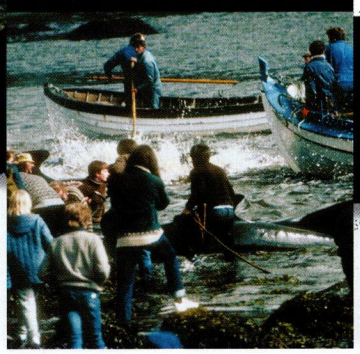
"I picked up the VHF transmitter and said, 'Sierra, Sierra,'" says Paul. "When the captain responded, I said, 'Goddamn you, you whale-killing son of a bitch. I've got you, you bastard! Prepare to be rammed!'"

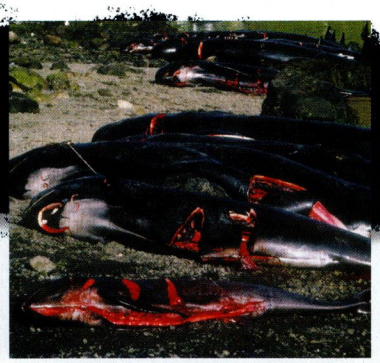
The ice-strengthened, concrete-reinforced bow of Watson's 800-ton trawler lunged at the whaling ship. "I could see the captain, his mouth open in amazement," says Paul. "We were at full speed. He was a sitting duck."

The Sea Shepherd belted the whaling boat side-on – and kept on going. The Sierra heeled dangerously to starboard as Paul turned around for another run, this time bringing his boat practically on top of the stricken whaler and ripping open her refrigerated cargo hold. He had torn a 10ft hole in the Sierra. "As we slammed into her, the two ships came together for a moment," Paul says. "We were just a few yards apart as we rolled past – I could see a mixture of terror, anger, hate and confusion in the captain's eyes."

Leaving the Sierra to limp back to port, Captain Watson decided to hot-foot it to Spanish waters – but he was soon apprehended by a bemused Portuguese destroyer, which ordered him in.

In the political wrangle that followed, Paul lost his ship to help pay for the damage to the whaling boat. Undeterred, he responded in the way that was to become his trademark: he crept on board the Sea Shepherd and sunk it.





THE SEA COP

Before forming the SSCS, the perenially pissed-off Paul was a big cheese in the newly-formed Greenpeace, but he soon tired of their rather more diplomatic approach. In a series of rucks over the next 25 years, he has almost become Greenpeace's nemesis: he dismisses them as "the Avon Ladies of the environmental movement". In turn, they've denounced him as a terrorist.

Passionate about whales – he believes they're more intelligent than man – one of Paul's main ecological gripes concerns the international ban on commercial whaling that was introduced in the mid-Eighties. "The problem with international law is that it all looks fine on paper, but no-one has the motivation to do anything about it," he says. "Sea Shepherd is not a protest organisation, we're a law enforcement organisation – everything we do we back up with international trading laws or regulations; all we're doing is upholding the law."

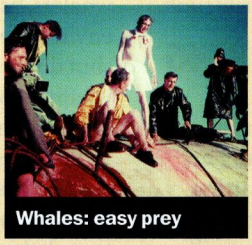
Operating under the questionable notion that he's justified in sinking boats if his enemies are ignoring conservation orders, Paul has become the scourge of countless men who make their living plucking stuff from the sea.

But if there's one thing that gets Paul's back up even more than commercial whaling, it's the slaughter of the animals for sport – which is why he set sail for the Faeroe Islands in his new boat, Sea Shepherd 2, in 1984. Nestled between Iceland and the Shetland Isles, the Faeroes had made a pastime out of bludgeoning migrating pilot whales every year. "It's like a ritual," Paul says, "it's ▷

'Dick, Moby Dick...'

Whales – far more than just a big fish supper...

- **The Latin name for the blue whale is *Balenoptera musculus*. Ludicrously, it means "winged mouse".**
- **Sperm whales use sonar to stun their prey with a "sonic pulse".**
- **A blue whale's tongue is around the size and weight of a fully-grown African elephant, and its heart is the size of a Volkswagen Beetle.**
- **Southern right whales have been seen to raise their flukes (tail fins) in the wind and use them as sails.**
- **A blue whale produces the loudest (180dB) and the lowest sound (10-20Hz) of any animal.**
- **Dolphins, commonly thought to be warm water animals, are found in all of the world's oceans including the polar regions.**
- **The largest whale killed by hand was a 97ft blue whale taken by Arthur Davidson of Twofold Bay, New South Wales in 1910.**
- **In 1955, a sperm whale was found with its lower jaw entangled in a cable running between Ecuador and Peru. The cable had been lying at a depth of 3,700ft, where the pressure is 1,680lbs per square inch – the equivalent weight of two ocean liners sat on its back.**



Whales: easy prey

Dick words: Simeon de la Torre. Bilderberg, Kobal

RAMMED!

Paul gets a taste of his own medicine when Canadian coast guards ram him as he dabbles with their cod industry

just done for fun – they drive pods of whales into the bay using stones, sticks and knives, and then everyone in the community, from children to drunken men, start stabbing them and smashing them with rocks. It's a disgusting spectacle."

Luckily, Paul was able to keep the pilot whales away that year by patrolling the shores and banging drums whenever they came by. It was a comparatively easy success – and far less challenging than his next big campaign…

While two of his men were performing a violent night raid on a whaling station in Iceland – causing more than £5 million of damage and sinking two ships – Paul was plotting his revenge against the tuna fishermen of the Pacific Ocean. In the hunt for the tasty can-fodder– a whole tuna can be worth as much as £150,000 on the right market – more than 17 million dolphins had been killed in the fishermen's nets.

"They weren't going after dolphins directly," Paul admits, "but they were hunting dolphin to locate yellowfin tuna, which often swim beneath the dolphins."

Once Flipper is spotted, the tuna fishermen lay out their mile-long nets. As the nets are reeled in, Paul reckons that about half of the dolphins trapped inside will die. Following an unsuccessful run-in with a Mexican tuna boat – Paul says he refused to ram her because he was in danger of obliterating a gaggle of grubby fishermen on deck – he set his sights on the equally reckless drift net fishermen of Japan. Possibly more damaging than the tuna hunters, their drift nets are a colossal 40 miles long, and have been responsible for wiping out dolphins, sharks, turtles, birds and whales.

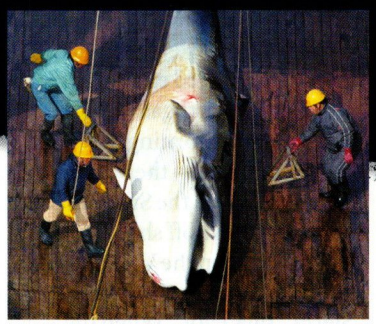
Paul struck gold when he barged in on six Japanese drift netters in the North Pacific.

"We moved with them for three hours," he says, "watching them pull in their massive nets. We saw fish and birds catapulted from the nets to the deck, many of them falling out before they were boarded, tumbling back dead and wasted into the sea."

Paul had all the proof he needed: the dead birds alone were a violation of a treaty signed between the US and Japan. He took the wheel and warned one of the Japanese captains over the radio that he was going to ram them.

"I couldn't resist shouting, 'Tora! Tora! Tora!'," he laughs, referring to the deranged war-cry of Japanese bombers in WWII.

"Our bow rose above the swells; I could see the fishermen looking up, wide eyed, as they retreated from the port side. We struck like a hammer, the power block which hauled their nets in just exploded in a shower of sparks."



'I'm surprised I haven't been killed by someone. I've got so many enemies'

The petrified Japanese captain was jabbering on the radio: "Sea Shepherd – you Greenpeace ship? Why did you hit my boat?"

"Because you're killing dolphins, birds and fish," said Paul. "And because you insulted us by calling us Greenpeace!"

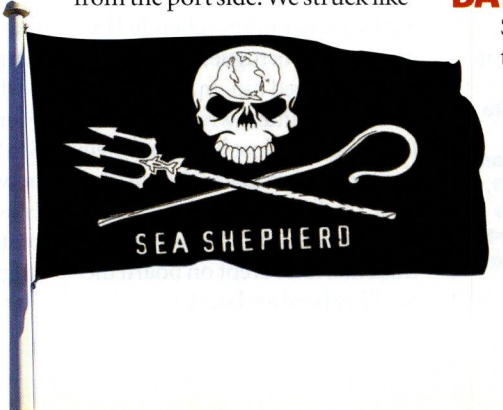
Watson then rammed a second Japanese ship, obliterating their power block, too. The other ships fled, abandoning $1 million-worth of nets, which Paul merrily sunk.

THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE

Since then, Watson has tussled with seal clubbers (they ended up twatting him), watched the Canadian government waste millions trying to keep his nose out of the country's cod wars, and he has even been arrested over the Norwegian warship incident. He spent three months in a Dutch jail awaiting extradition to Norway, a move apparently backed by the local Greenpeace boys who Watson comically branded "eco-Judases". Ultimately, he was freed before the Norwegians could get their vengeful hands on him, but Paul's convinced they'll get him some day.

"I'm surprised I haven't been killed by someone already," he shrugs. "I don't worry about it too much, if it happens, it happens. I've got so many enemies – whalers, fishermen, even other environmental groups, but I've shut down numerous illegal whaling operations, and I'm quite proud of that.

"Besides," he says, with a contented smile. "I'm not here to win a popularity contest. I'm here to rock the boat." **FHM**



Ocean Warrior by Captain Paul Watson is out now on Vision books. For more information on Sea Shepherd visit www.seashepherd.org

Rex, Sea Shepherd

www.hi-techeritage.com
1974
HI-TEC
the heritage collection

With auction kings eBay trading millions of items every year, surely we couldn't fail to

No doubt about it: the days of the car boot sale are numbered. The modern-day tat hoarder now has eBay where, with a few mouse clicks, roughly 35 million registered users can be forced to view what's been on top of your wardrobe for the last ten years.

Well, that's the idea – and one we decided to test. Eight items of detritus on sale for ten days, with a "hit counter" recording how many punters take interest. Then, in the name of science, we did it all again – but this time with the help of our own FHM.com…

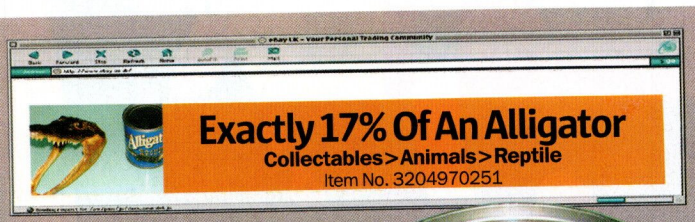
A Sound Beating
Everything Else > Services > General
Item No. 0506656

The Sell: "Never in the history of inhumane violence has such an opportunity been there for the taking. Let us spell out what we're offering: nothing less than the pummelling of your life. Essentially, bid the most and the wheels are set in motion: at some yet-to-be defined moment in the future, we'll come round and give you a shoeing, a kicking par excellence. We'll bitchslap you upside yo' head. You fancy some of what we're cookin'? Then get clicking… We'll Utterly Beat The Living Fuck Out Of You – Guaranteed!"

Bidder comments: "Can't believe I'm considering this… are u m/f? how far do u travel?" – *murkdale*
"Is it just fists and shit or do u guys have baseball bats as well? cuz i was kinda hoping u would." – *psychojoe*

Trading: *FHM*'s not just about the nasty things in life – but perhaps we should be. No less than 700 people take interest in being viciously beaten, and bidding reaches an unhealthy £46 – before *FHM* lawyers hint it might become "legally inopportune" should we actually carry out the promise.

Highest Bid £46



Exactly 17% Of An Alligator
Collectables > Animals > Reptile
Item No. 3204970251

Highest Bid £18

The Sell: "The alligator: the original prehistoric predator… ruthless killer… merciless in the hunt… slinking around the Everglades of Florida like some kind of terrifying, malevolent log… and now: in kit form! For sale is one immaculately preserved alligator head, plus one 212g tin of alligator meat. That's it: a precisely-calculated 17% of your original miserable-as-arse reptile – and if we ever find the rest, we hereby promise to auction that off as well. A truly eye-popping mantlepiece decoration!
Note: not to be sold separately."

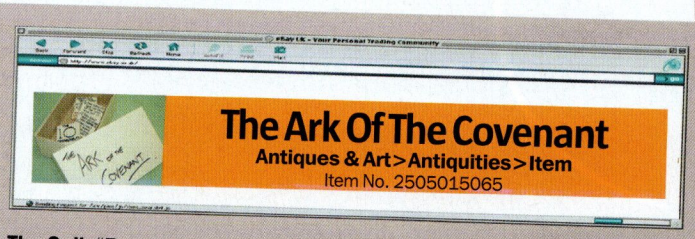
Bidder comments: "Could you please let me know if this is a joke???… If not I would be most grateful to know the postage costs on the said items to Sheffield. PS Is the meat still in date???" – *petemayuk*
"By an extraordinary coincidence I have the other 83% – shall we club together and split the profit?" – *eminemsmum*

Trading: You'd think the "collect-the-set" mentality would appeal to the web's more morbid Airfix enthusiasts. And yet the sale fails to excite the eBay masses – and with a top bid of just £18, we withdraw the item. Although we're still planning a collaboration with eminemsmum; if our suggested "alligator reanimation" project ever comes to fruition, we'll let you know.

Getty Images/Photodisc

flog our office tat... or would our own website do the job better?

WORDS: CHRIS BELL



The Ark Of The Covenant

Antiques & Art > Antiquities > Item

Item No. 2505015065

The Sell: "For many, it was the ultimate religious relic: an ethereal receptacle housing the Ten Commandments themselves. For centuries – nay, millennia – archaeologists, scientists and theologians have desperately hunted for the Ark, and what it symbolised: no less than tangible proof of the Divine. So I'm more than a little embarrassed that it's turned up at my house. And in such an everyday form, too: God does indeed move in mysterious ways.

And now it's up for grabs. But the lucky buyer gets more than just a radio for talking to God. Inside the crate you'll find the Commandments that Moses didn't tell us about – a celestial director's cut, if you will, of the omnipotent superbeing's less celebrated mandates. Including:

- Thou shalt not insist on striking an opera singer pose when burping.
- Thou doesn't have to go to church just to please me; just being nicer to everyone will do just fine.

So hurry up and make your bid – after all, you're meddling with powers you cannot possibly comprehend! NB: Transportation via Nazi submarine to remote Mediterranean island will require additional postage. No responsibility taken for melting faces etc."

Bidder comments: "I thought the Ten Commandments were written in Hebrew – does this mean yours might not be genuine? If you can prove authenticity, though, I would be very interested – I could put them inside Noah's Ark, which I acquired recently." – *eminemsmum*

"You're a dumb ass" – any$4forsberg

Trading: You'd think someone would go for the most significant religious artefact in existence. If nothing else, the stone tablets that Moses carried down from Mount Sinai would look lovely in a patio setting. And yet the bids barely top £10. Indeed: is there any sadder indictment of the church's irrelevance in modern society?

Highest Bid £10

A Dead Seagull

Collectables > Animals > Bird

Item No. 3204967673

The Sell:

"Behold the wild, untamed majesty of the seagull. Old *Larus Argentatus*: nature's wanderer, yawing on the ocean zephyrs. Pirouetting amongst the madding larine crowd. Dancing gaily upon the North African Mistral. Free, as only birds can truly be.

But no more: I've killed one, gutted it and stuffed it full of sawdust. And now it answers to a higher purpose: to hang from the lucky buyer's ceiling as a permanent, formaldehyde-drenched salute to winged flight. Either that, or as some demonic adversary for your Airfix Spitfire. Bid quickly, though – it's starting to smell."

Highest Bid £35

Bidder comments: "You are SICK" – *greeneyedsurfer*

"You may get a better response if you offer it for sale in the USA. More weirdos." – *parkylondon*

"Hi, have you ever thought of becoming a writer ? I'm sure you'll be much more successful if you were to take that avenue, as opposed to selling smelly birds." – *blaablaa*

Trading: Maybe the word "dead" put some people off. Perhaps a more euphemistic description ("former", for instance, or "poorly") would have got more than just six bids, peaking at a paltry £35. But perhaps that's a good thing: after all, it's actually worth about a grand and is still theoretically the property of the prop company who stuffed it for us. Hey-ho.

Next... Porn & eBay

NEW
Kenco
REALLY DARK
NOT FOR THE FAINT HEARTED

Porn videos

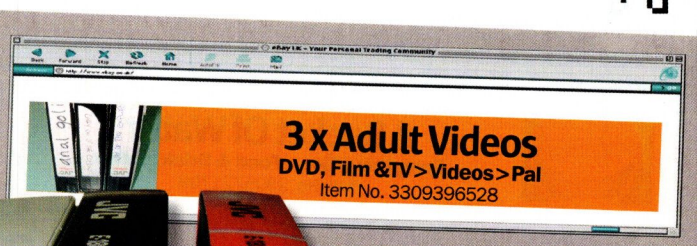
Selling off your old hardcore sweat can be fraught with legal difficulties at the best of times – so we thought we'd try two different tacks. One, the honest approach – and two, as a piece of 'art'...

The Sell: "One of London's more mercurial talents in ascendance, Bell's 2001 work has hewn a visceral, crackly elegy for latent desire – akin to Emin's brutal paeans to modern angst. Beginning with a violent penetration of the VHS recorder itself, *Confessions Of The Private Sinner* then transcends the tapes' stark functionality with a bleak, darkly Proustian vista of the voyeur inherent within us all – and, in challenging the observer to ponder 'whither sex?', Bell gouges bold and unanswerable furrows into the onanistic transience of flesh itself. Truly breathtaking."

Bidder comments: "Stretching the definition of art somewhat? Or am I just being a philistine?" – *easel478*

Trading: Revealingly, the eBay Thought Police quickly close down the first porn sale (see right) and then, nary a few days later, revoke our account privileges entirely. And yet despite being the same product with identical photos, the "art" remains on sale for the full duration. Of course, we had no actual bids – our objet d'art was just too avant garde – but the site's hit counter registers a whopping 353 people having a ganders. And that's more than Picasso had at his first gallery viewing.

Highest Bid £0



The Sell: "Strictly over 18s only: three hours of truly bicep-swelling sweat action. Includes:

- *Anal Goliath*
- *Carry On Up The Colon*
- *Way Of The Exploring Fist*

Reason for sale: Just getting too bored of overly hairy Greek women and German perms. And of course, VHS is shite once you've upgraded to DVD."

Highest Bid £0

Bidder comments: "Your listing(s) contained adult material that is inappropriate for listing on eBay UK. Therefore, we have ended this auction. Any future listings that fail to meet our Adult items guidelines will be ended early and repeated violations may jeopardize your account status."
– *eBay Customer Support*

FHM gives it a go

With our original account closed and bidding looking limp, we decide to test the might of FHM.com and its weekly newsletter. Two items go back on eBay, only this time, 300,000 loyal subscribers are informed...

The Sell: "No, your eyes do not deceive you: the swivel chair formerly occupied by Grub Smith (Rtd.) is indeed available for rent. For a single *FHM* working day (11am to 5pm, three hours for lunch), you can rest your buttocks in the selfsame arse indentations from whence he wrote the mighty *Laboratory Of Love*. Just imagine that.

But incomparable philanthropy like this has to have stipulations – and serious ones at that. For a start, you have to bid the most. It's also strictly for one person only; no students cramming-twelve-mates-on japery. But thirdly – and most importantly – we make no guarantees that anything of note will actually happen. Arrive on a Friday afternoon, for instance, and we'll probably just be sitting around drinking stuff. Come on a Monday morning, and you'll be sitting there alone. It's wide open.

Of course, if there's a scantily-clad lady photoshoot going on, you could well be invited along, but that's by no means a promise. Or contractual obligation, come to think of it. Still: nothing ventured, nothing gained, eh?"

Bidder comments: "Is this a wind up? Or a new feature in the next magazine, like Saddest Person on eBay?? £1,200 haha. Surely?" – *badboy-666*

"Be afraid – very afraid – if I win that chair in your office cos I am a scary lady!" – *punchandmoody*

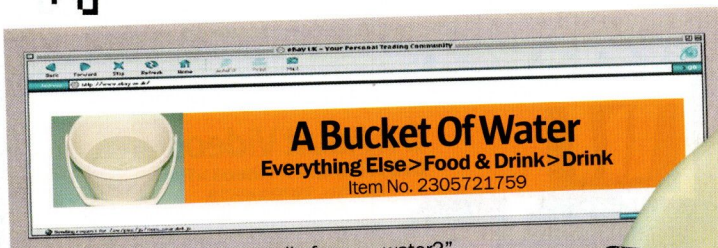
"Oops... I see you are a writer... silly me. Nice auctions – I hope the alligator one's for real!" – *blaablaa*

Trading: This is more like it. Within minutes of the newsletter hitting the ether, a bidding war begins: by Monday morning we're up to £300, and by the end of the week ludicrous bids – and hasty retractions – have pushed the value to £1,200. But then, just forty minutes before the auction ends, we hear a rumour that *The Independent* wants to write a feature on *FHM* – and has pledged to beat any bid. Panicking, we do the only thing we can: bid for our own item. Thus we become locked, like a mouse-clicking stag, in pecuniary combat with the current leading bidder:

SOLD: £5,110

autographcollectoruk. Higher and higher the bids rise until, 13 seconds before the deadline, he enters a final knockout price: a ridiculous £5,110. We were stunned. And then? Nothing. Not a peep. An e-mail arrives saying he's agreed to pay, but so far, zilch. So if you're out there, autographcollectoruk, get in touch: you owe us over £5,000...

Next... Who wins?



A Bucket Of Water

Everything Else>Food & Drink>Drink
Item No. 2305721759

The Sell: "Quite simply, a pail of honest London tapwater – with nowt of its constituent goodness taken out. That means lots of chlorine, a smidgeon of faecal sediment… and, of course billions of covalently-bonded hydrogen and oxygen atoms. If you're lucky, there may also be tiny microscopic proto-fish, or even a bit of that dolphin they saw once.

Of course, in some ways, it's already secondhand: it's been proved that all the capital's tap water has passed through at least seven bladders. But we digress: for any lily-livered, Evian-drenched foreign surrender monkey, this is a perfect opportunity to sample some real water… just like Mom used to drink."

Bidder comments: "If I top it up with Yorkshire water, will it cause a chemical reaction? We have hard water up here, and I'm not sure if it'll mix" – *korky69*

"If I also win the dead seagull could we combine the P&P by placing the dead seagull in the bucket of water?" – *selectdvdsonline*

"Please could you tell me the ph of this water?" – *warren_2002*

"Can I be assured that the water I receive will be the same water in the picture?" – *gooner9*

"Does it come in any other colours!" – *footiemad72*

Trading: Who knew such a mundane item would have such must-have kudos? Not us, certainly – so you can understand our disbelief when the bidding started off briskly… and then sailed past £5 – the actual price of the bucket. Startlingly, this proved by far our most successful sale – especially when the winner, Kyle Thompson, actually turned up at the office with his cheque for £104…

These people exist!

The lucky recipient of *FHM*'s Bucket Of Water: 26-year-old Kyle Thompson, an electronic engineer from Woking…

One bucket of water…

Er… why?
I've got a bet with my mates. If I wear this shirt in a national magazine, they owe me beers.

Not £104 worth, mind.
Look, I didn't mean to actually win. This other bloke kept pushing the bid up, so I wanted to see how far he'd go. Then he withdrew his last bid on the day I was off work, so…

'I was just messing about – it's a kind of internet Russian roulette'

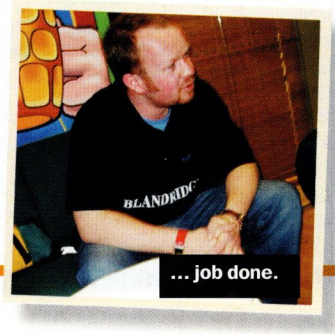
Blah, blah – save it for the judge. Do you do this a lot?
Er… yes. Just before Christmas, I had to shell out for a £600 digital Nikon camera because I was messing about. It's a kind of internet Russian roulette.

So what, pray tell, are you going to do with the bucket?
Well, what I really wanted was your stuffed seagull. So I suppose I'll hang the bucket from the ceiling as a substitute. Like a Damien Hirst work of art. On second thoughts, I might just offer it to people in the street.

Fool. Having said that, thanks for picking it up. We had no idea how we were going to post it.
Sponges?

We were thinking of freezing it. By the time it becomes a problem, it's not our problem.
Good job I didn't offer the postage then, eh? **FHM**

One signed cheque…



… job done.

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WORDS: ROSS BROWN AND LEE COAN

WOMEN

THE CONSPIRACY!

They're all in on it. Flirting with your mates… arsing about while you watch TV… forcing you to go shopping – they're all part of the secret lady plan to turn you into a slobbering lap-dog. How do we know? We put them on trial!

SHOPPING

***FHM* says: The art of "woman shopping" is to physically touch as many garments as possible, without ever buying anything. Then, when she finally gets round to it, she'll get a size too small, insisting that it will, "Fit by the summer". Yeah, pull the other one, fatty…**

TERRI: Yeah, that's fair. Well, not for all women, but… um, no, hang on – it's not fair at all! I'd probably buy what I want without trying it on then take it back if I didn't like it. None of this touching-not-buying crap.

DANIELLE: I disagree, but I do think the thing about touching stuff is fair. I do that, it's fun. What you say about buying things that are too small, though, that's rubbish. Why would you ever do that? Nobody wants unnecessary bulges.

TERRI: Sometimes you buy and hope, though…

***FHM* says: Generally, when choosing clothes, if a better-looking, taller, thinner friend already has the item, it's a must-have purchase.**

TERRI: Yeah, that's about right. It's because you want to look like them. I've been guilty of doing that one a few times myself. You'll get the clothes home, try them on, then take them back the next day because you don't look as good as your friend.

DANIELLE: No way! I wouldn't do that. It's not a problem if a bigger girl does it to me, though.

***FHM* says: After nine hours of trekking through shops, she will start to complain that her feet hurt. Nothing you do at this juncture will be right. She is tired and highly emotional. And God help you if she comes out of the changing room to find you chatting to a shop assistant.**

DANIELLE: Why do blokes always whinge when we spend a long time shopping? Shut up!

TERRI: It's much better for us girls to go shopping on our own. We don't want a moaning man telling us we should have worn trainers to go shopping. That's just not fair.

DANIELLE: Fact: guys simply don't like going shopping. If a man started moaning at me I'd take him home, shut him up, then go back out to the shops with my girlfriends.

> 'It's much better for us girls to go shopping on our own. We don't want a moaning man telling us we should have worn trainers'

***FHM* says: Women have no concept of the phrase "over the limit". Plastic will always provide and, in strange times when the machine breaks and refuses more "credit", they'll say things like, "I'm so skint." This is your cue to take them shopping. Failure to do so will see her turning to one of your mates for the necessary cash.**

TERRI: I live with someone and, although I wouldn't turn around and say, "I like that, buy it for me," I might say, "I'm skint, but there's this great suit – I've got to have it." I'd do that, but don't quote me, because he'll see it.

DANIELLE: That's kind of fair. I'll just drop subtle hints, things like, "I really like this top, I really need it." Telling him how good you're going to look in it always helps. It gets his mind picturing you looking hot.

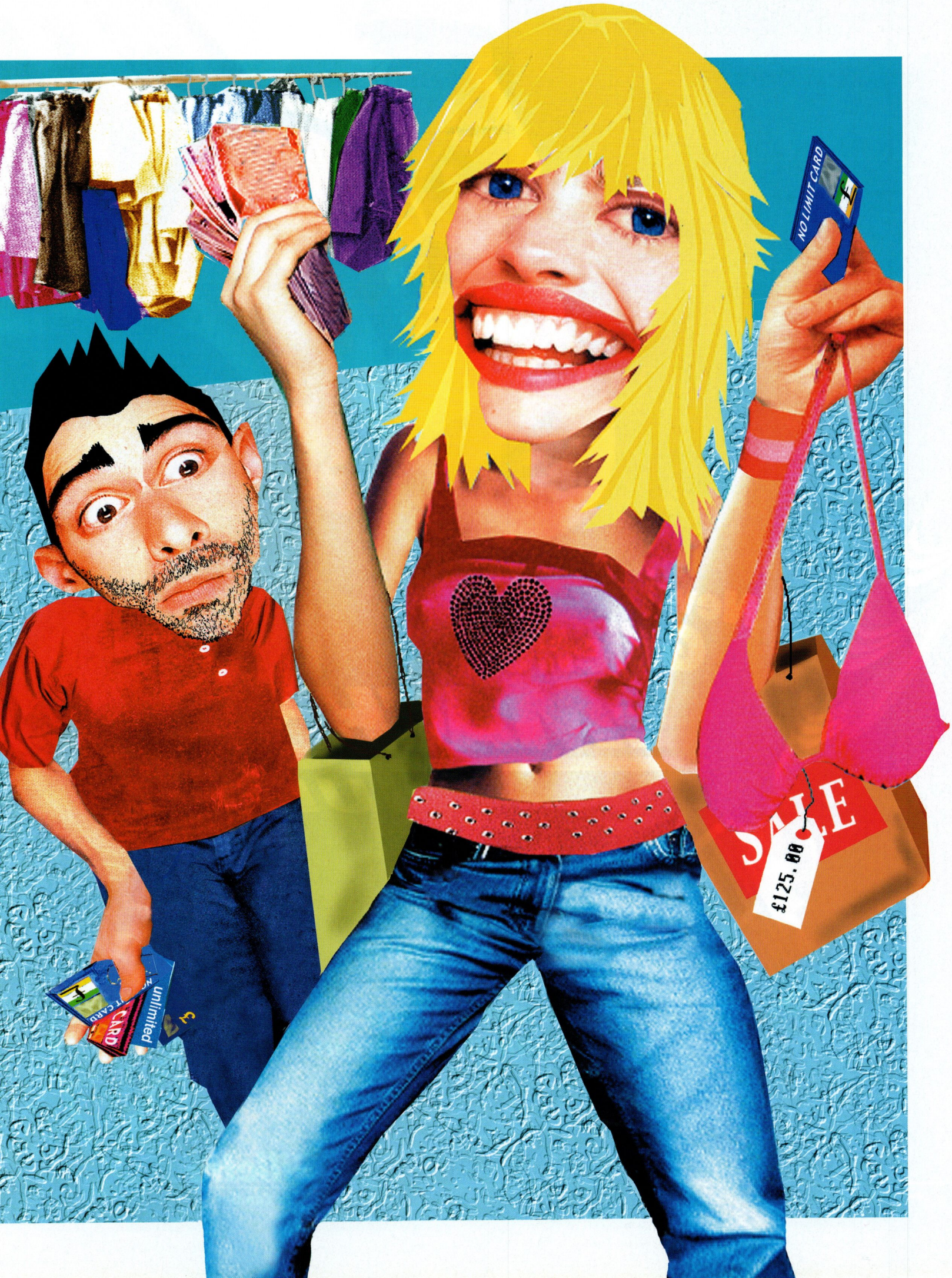
VERDICT: What? The crazed species are actually blaming us for their shopping shenanigans! If we aren't footing the bill for yet another shit suit she'll never wear, we're ordered to shut up before being carted off home in a strop. Pathetic. ▷

DEFENDANTS 1 & 2: TERRI AND DANIELLE

Terri Judd
Age: 22
From: Essex
Job: Fashion administrator

Danielle Stuart
Age: 20
From: London
Job: Student

Illustrations: Robert Hoare. Photography: Mark Whitfield. With thanks to the Plaza Shopping Centre, Oxford Street, London W1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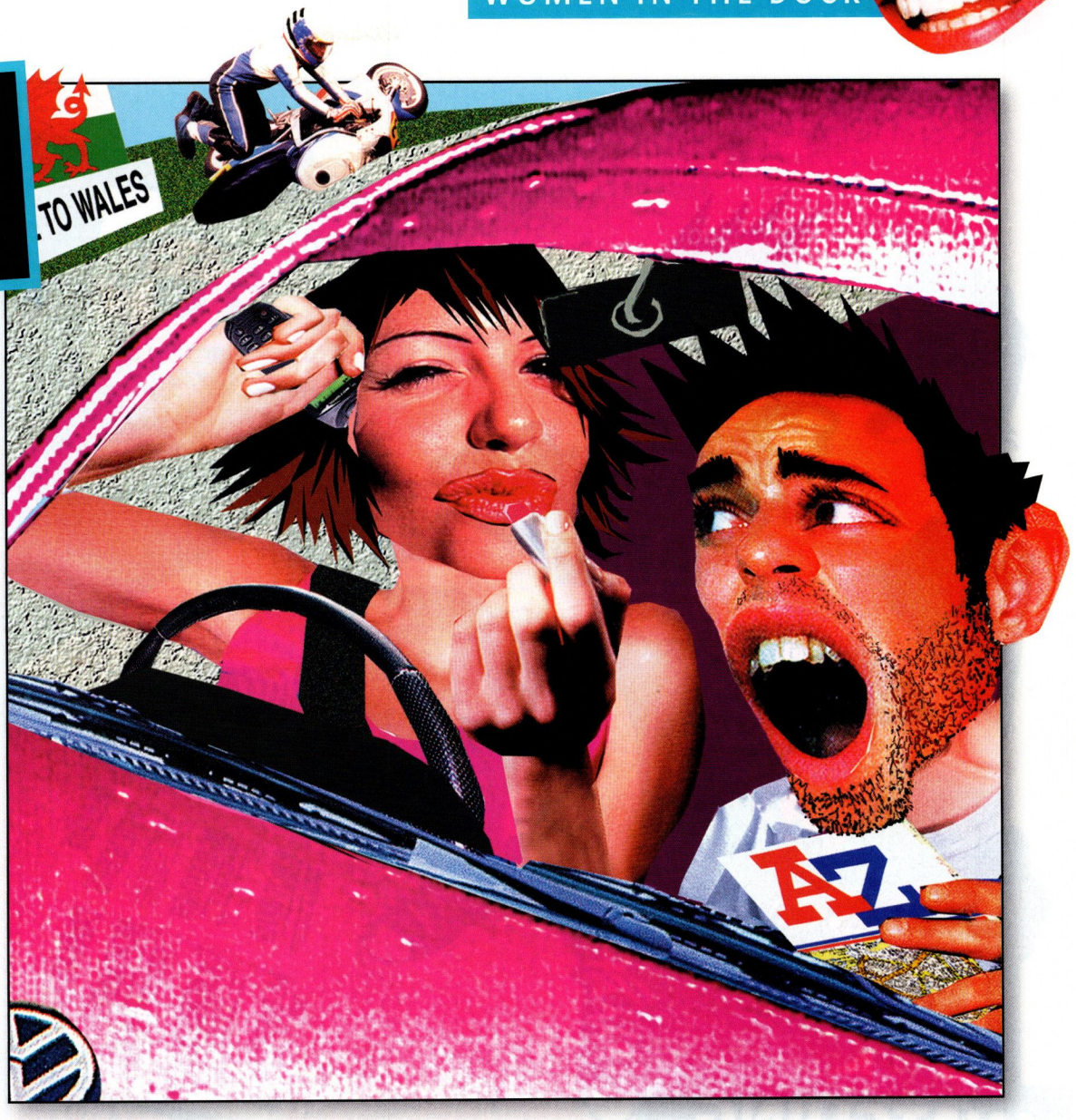
DRIVING YOUR NEW MOTOR



***FHM* says: Unable to comprehend anything except colour, women will mock your vehicle unless it's pink, green or, curiously, "The new Beetle, because it's got a cup holder".**

ANNE: No way, that's totally not true. It's all about speed with me. I'll like a car based on how fast it goes and what make it is.

SOPHIE: Yeah, I'll base my decision on whether it's a Mercedes or a Lotus or not! Mind you, having a cup holder is handy. I'd want one in my car.

ANNE: Yeah, and I wouldn't want a car that's a minging colour, either. But it's still not true what you said…

***FHM* says: Distances travelled are not calibrated in miles, but by the amount of manageable gossip. A brief chat about, "The new bloke her best mate is seeing" roughly equals a mile (provided she doesn't stutter). Five miles or more incorporates gossip about her entire circle of friends. If she runs out of conversation, you're in Wales.**

ANNE: No way! I don't gossip in the car at all. Umm, unless my friends are in the car, too.

SOPHIE: Ha ha! I've got to admit, I'll have a good old sing in the car. You'll often see me, windows down, singing songs at the top of my lungs.

ANNE: Really?

SOPHIE: Definitely! Something like Destiny's Child. I'm always in control, though.

***FHM* says: To a woman, the car is an extension of the bedroom: make-up application, phone calls and gazing out the window are acceptable. Motorbikes are invisible. The "blind spot" is the small of the back.**

DEFENDANTS 3 & 4: ANNE AND SOPHIE

Anne Mansfield
Age: 20
From: Southampton
Job: Trainee nurse

Sophie Lake
Age: 18
From: Middlesbrough
Job: Trainee nurse

'I do my make-up in the car… that's what the mirrors are for'

ANNE: God, just because I'm a woman! I am a good driver, I've never had an accident… well, not a big one.

SOPHIE: Yeah, but you haven't got a car, Anne. Me? I'll do my make-up in the car and everything. That's what the mirrors are for!

ANNE: We'd never talk or text while driving, though. Not while the car is moving, anyway.

***FHM* says: Remember the man's role when acting as passenger: you're there to listen to her sing. Screaming, "Mind that fucking car," may be relevant, but utterly futile.**

ANNE: Girls often need a bloke's interference. Christ, you've got to remember that we can't read maps! I hate to admit it, but we'd all get totally lost on the road without our men.

SOPHIE: My bloke helps me out – it's great, but annoying too. He'll do my tickers [er, we think she means indicator lights] when going around bends and so on.

ANNE: My ex was a driving instructor and, when I used to drive our car, he'd take command with the dual controls if he thought I was out of line. The cheeky bastard.

VERDICT: See, we weren't bloody joking! It's a little known fact that, should you see a lady out struggling with the controls of a motor vehicle, you are legally obliged to ram her off the road. Only let her in the car if you want to shag her. ▷

WATCHING THE TV

***FHM* says: It's a very simple rule: all inane viewing – soaps, reality television – requires utter silence. Anything decent – *World At War*, *Scrapheap Challenge* – involves 17 telephone calls and nearly a thousand text messages.**

ANNE: Of course! What else would you expect?

ARIANNE: Ha, I'll do all sorts to distract my man from his crappy programmes. I'll make loads of noise, offer to make him some dinner, then get naked and start doing cartwheels around the living room.

ANNE: Totally. If it's something really, really boring I'll try and seduce him. That'll quickly get his mind off the TV.

***FHM* says: Attempting to show her how the remote control works is pointless. Give her five minutes and it will be thrown at your head. There will also now be a "bass and treble" setting in the top left corner – get used to it, it's there forever.**

ANNE: That's true. With the Sky control I don't know which buttons to press and I get things stuck on the screen. Then I lose my temper and lob it!

ARIANNE: I've thrown an entire TV set at my bloke before – in a five star hotel.

DEFENDANTS 5 & 6: ANNE AND ARIANNE

Anne Gillian-Moore
Age: 22
From: Gloucester
Job: Russian/Politics student

Arianne Curry
Age: 22
From: London
Job: French student

ANNE: Ha ha! I shouldn't laugh – my remote throwing has caused some injuries in the past. A couple of bruises here and there – not much, but painful…

***FHM* says: When the chap boasting an eye patch, limp, one leg and a facial scar points a gun at the hero and says, "First I kill you, then I take over the world," she will ask, "Is that the bad guy?"**

ANNE: No way, that's rubbish. I'm good at following stories! That's not a problem.

ARIANNE: Good for you! To be honest, I probably wouldn't have been concentrating in the first place, so I'm not going to have a clue who the baddy is.

ANNE: I suppose I'm not your typical girl. I don't spend my time watching sappy romantic comedies, so that's why this isn't the case with me.

***FHM* says: Any thriller involving a villain of ambiguous identity will result in her saying, "I bet it's him," whenever a new character appears. Even if it's an animal.**

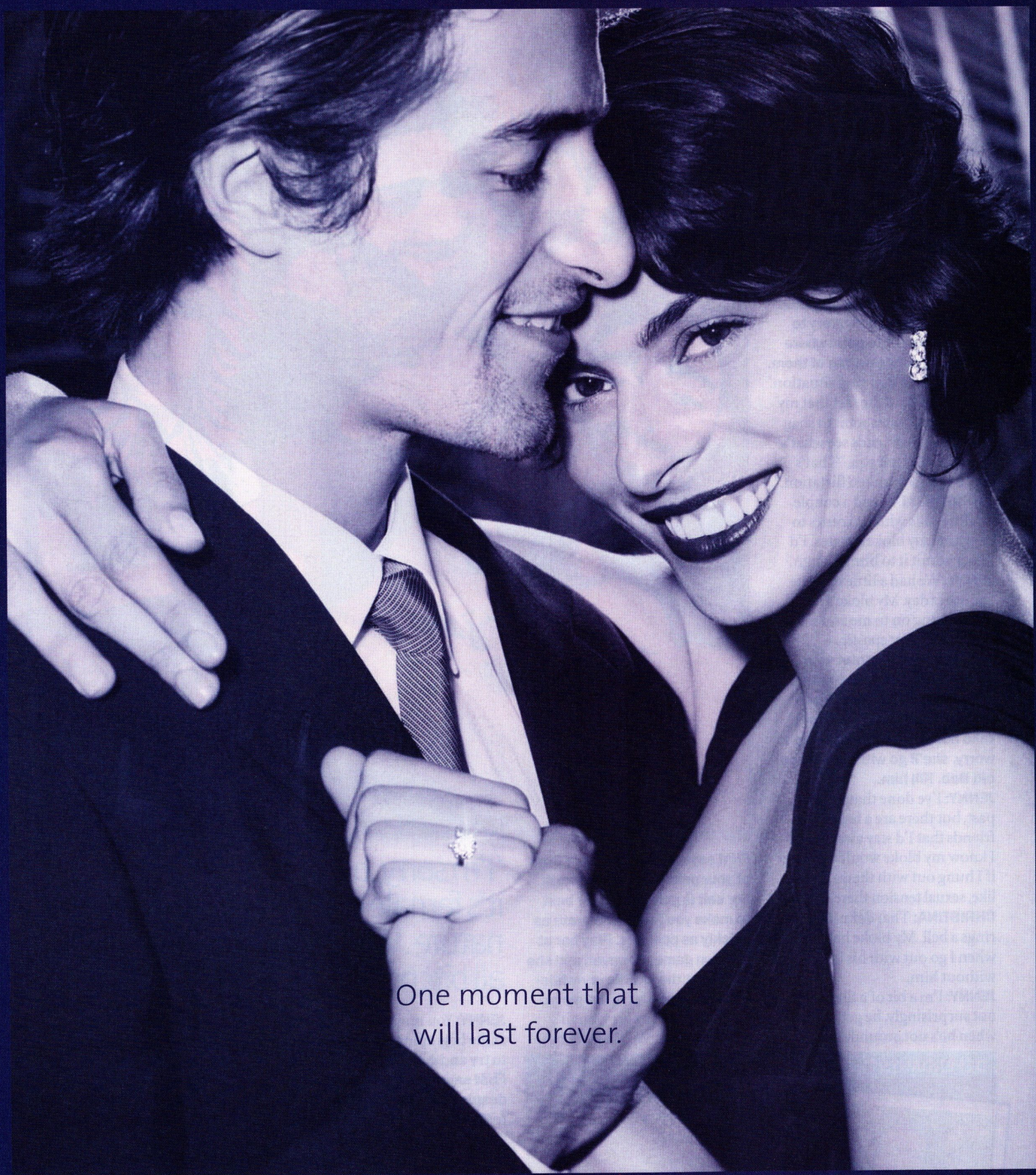
ARIANNE: I'll shout, "It's him, it's him!" just to make some noise, to be honest.

ANNE: I definitely think I'd be guilty of this one, though probably not if it's an animal. Having said that, I'm really, really gullible and would believe Lassie had done it if she snarled or something.

'I'll get naked and start doing cartwheels around the room'

ARIANNE: I guess I'm a really irritating person to watch a film with because I won't shut up from beginning to end.

VERDICT: Let's get this straight. We work hard for our money. We spunk it all on 32 inches of glorious surround sound. And some daft bint thinks she deserves more attention, simply because she has a pair of norks. Erm, tough one this. Did someone say, "Maybe she's got a point…?" ▷



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HANGING OUT WITH YOUR MATES

***FHM* says: Obviously your mates like her – they want to bone her. But this remains a mystery to her, right up to the point where she starts shagging one of them.**

JENNY: I'm in that very situation. I'm not naive to the fact that my boyfriend's mates want to shag me, though – friends see what's going on and tell you, "That's more than a drunken flirtation."

CHRISTINA: I've had a couple of close calls when it comes to shagging my bloke's mates. I'd never admit it to him, though.

JENNY: We had a little episode the other day. My bloke's mate was coming on to me and my boyfriend went spastic.

***FHM* says: Having met your pals, her next step is to start hanging out with them, even when you're not there. Can't take her to the cinema? Don't worry, she'll go with Bob. Good old Bob. Kill him.**

JENNY: I've done that in the past, but there are a few of his friends that I'd stay away from. I know my bloke would be upset if I hung out with them. There's, like, sexual tension there. Ha ha!

CHRISTINA: That definitely rings a bell. My bloke hates it when I go out with his buddies without him.

JENNY: I'm a bit of a flirt so, not surprisingly, he gets worried when he's not around.

***FHM* says: Avoid arguing in front of your pals. Any woman worth her salt is going to do her best to make you feel inadequate as quickly as possible. Play her at her own game, however, and she will adopt the classic cry-while-thrusting-her-chest-out move.**

CHRISTINA: I'm sorry, but it's female nature. We're all bitches!

'I'm sorry, but it's female nature. We're all bitches!'

JENNY: You might take the piss at the beginning of a relationship to try and get in with his mates.

***FHM* says: Finally, she comes to despise your mates. They're all fools who treat women like shit.**

CHRISTINA: I don't agree. I'm a ladette, so I'll be down the pub drinking beer with the boys.

JENNY: My bloke's got some mates I don't like – they smoke too much weed – so I might try to put him off seeing them.

VERDICT: You heard her: "We're all bitches!" Straight from the horse's mouth. Not all women are slags... but other than your mum, forget it.

CONCLUSION

The electric chair... cat o' nine tails... thumb screws – our methods of forcing a confession weren't needed. No, it seems that women are proud of their weirdness and dead-set on their goals: they want a walking cash machine with RAF-standard map reading skills, the right to nobble a night's quality telly just for a laugh and the promise of forgiveness when she dangles her damp bits in your mate's face. And we let her get away with this on the vague promise of sex. Gentlemen, we offer a solution. You have two choices – play along like a spineless fool and get regular sex, or be a man and, er... go without. Actually, maybe carrying her shopping isn't that bad... and, well, she probably wasn't going to shag Bob... and *Sex And The City* is really quite good... FHM

DEFENDANTS 7 & 8: CHRISTINA AND JENNY

Christina Dixon
Age: 18
From: Surrey
Job: English student

Jenny Lawrence
Age: 18
From: Alaska
Job: English student

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Alan Smith

Leeds United's rampaging striker on booze, whippets and his secret internet admirers...

So is it true you don't drink alcohol at all then, Alan?
Yeah, I'm teetotal. The girlfriend does, mind, she drinks for us both. I'm the taxi, me, take all me mates out to a bar and take them all home again. I live at home with me mum and dad – I like to keep meself out of the way and concentrate on me football rather than going out, to be honest with you.

You mean you've never had a drink in your entire life? Not even a sly Tetley's after Dad's gone to bed?
No, never, not once. You wouldn't think it because everyone I associate with drinks all the time! Ha! But I don't like the taste, it just never happened. If we win the cup I might have one though. That's what Seth Johnson said, if we win the FA Cup, then I have to get steaming!

So how much grief did Kewell and Viduka give you after the Aussies beat England?
Surprisingly, not a lot. Honest, they weren't! Deep down they must have been well chuffed and a bit of banter comes out now and again, but we've got a few nationalities here, so it didn't affect that many of us. Having said that, they've beaten Scotland as well, so we're just waiting for the Irish now.

Do they bang on and on about the cricket?
Yeah, they do, but I'm not bothered about cricket at all. I've been watching the World Cup, like, one-dayers are alright I suppose, but everything else just bores me.

Blimey, a Yorkshireman who doesn't like cricket. Isn't that blasphemy?
Not really, no. Proper Yorkshiremen don't play cricket. We've got Lancastrians and everything playing for us now. Used to be a proper Yorkshire team when you had to be from Yorkshire to play, but now it's gone all wrong. Anyone can play for us! Bad news.

You're very proud of your Yorkshire roots, so presumably you own a whippet?
No. Wish I did, though. My girlfriend's got a greyhound. Well, she told me she had. She phoned me up and said, "Alan, I've got a greyhound." I was like, "Oh lovely, where we going to keep that then?" She goes, "No, it's down in London." She'd done that thing where you give money to keep one going. She loves dogs, but we can't get one yet because me dad don't like them.

Living at home with mum and dad, what do you spend all those thousands a week on?
Well, I'm looking to buy a house for meself, but all the rest of it is going to the future. I don't like cars. I've got a BMW. It's alright I suppose, but I wouldn't go spending a hundred grand on a Ferrari. I like motorbikes more but I'm not allowed one until I finish playing.

What CD's on your stereo then?
I've got that new Eminem soundtrack, the *8 Mile* one, I love Eminem. That's what I'm listening to all the time.

Who would be your ideal strike partner?
It would have to be Ronaldo, wouldn't it? He's just frightening isn't he? Unbelievable. Just knock t'ball anywhere and he'd make you look a good player.

Do you ever go on the internet?
Nah. Haven't got a computer.

Well, then you're in for a treat. Doing our research we found a website where young ladies can dedicate messages of love to you. And we printed it out [*FHM* unfurls huge block of paper and thumps it onto the desk]...
Fucking hell! How many pages is that? Oh no, this could get me killed, this!

We liked this one from a girl called Donna. "I went to school with Alan and I was his girlfriend for about one month. He is one of the sweetest guys but he's a little bit obsessed with one thing if you know what I mean!!!"
Never heard of her, mate. But hey, can I bring these home to show our lass? Next time she starts shouting it'll be, "Have a look at them then!" Just use 'em every now and again. "You don't like me, have a look at that!" Ha ha!

What about this: "I'd like to tell all you Smiffy fans out there to get into the real world and wake up. Alan doesn't date fans... sorry I'm just sticking up for my fave cousin who I've grown up with. Love Michaela."
Ha ha! That's absolute quality, that! That's class! Yeah, she lives in Wetherby, just near here. I'll have to pop in on the way home and say cheers. I hope there's nothing obscene on all that, mind. She's only young.

There you go, a souvenir of the interview... so what's it like having all that adulation?
[Pockets wad of paper] Good man. Nice one. Well, I didn't know about all this until you just told me. Might have to get a computer now, ha ha! But to be honest you just try and keep away from it. I want to concentrate on playing football. That's why people like me are in it for in the first place.

You're about the most polite young man *FHM* has ever interviewed – what happened to Smithy the all-action hardman of Elland Road?
Nice polite young man, eh? Well, I suppose I can come across that way sometimes, like. But I'm not a hardman at all, to be honest. People who go to work aren't the same when they come home, and football's no different. I can't see any point playing if you're not playing to win, and that's the reason I get upset and aggressive. I don't let all t'papers and that affect me.

Do you ever play *FIFA* on the PlayStation and give yourself all the highest skills?
No, but I play *ISS*. All the time. I'm probably the best there is at it, to be honest. Ha ha! I always play with t'international teams, get the friends round and have a good game of that. I'm not in the England team on that though, so I can't pick meself.

Finally, Yorkshiremen are renowned for having no sense of humour whatsoever. So come on, tell us a joke before we leave.
Tell you a joke? I don't have any. We don't have jokes in Yorkshire, you said it yourself. Me dad could never forgive me if I told a joke. Okay, mate? Sound.

Q Was Eminem the inspiration for the hair?
A No, it's just a coincidence, honest!

Was he the inspiration behind the hair?
No, I had it for a while before I'd even heard of him. It's just a coincidence, honest!

Who's got the worst music taste at Leeds?
Oh, definitely Lucas Radebe. He's into all that South African stuff.

Okay, a quiz question. Only one pair of players with the same name have appeared for England in the last 30 years. Do you know who they are?
Yeah – Alan Smith. I knew that!

Curses! So tell us – who would

Interview by Chris Mooney. Many thanks to Nike and the Wetherby Film Theatre for their help.

Photography: Richard Saker. Alan's wearing a hooded fleece top and nylon track bottoms from the new Nike White Label range. For stockists call 0800 0561640

With all the women out of town, Barry tried his luck with a flamingo

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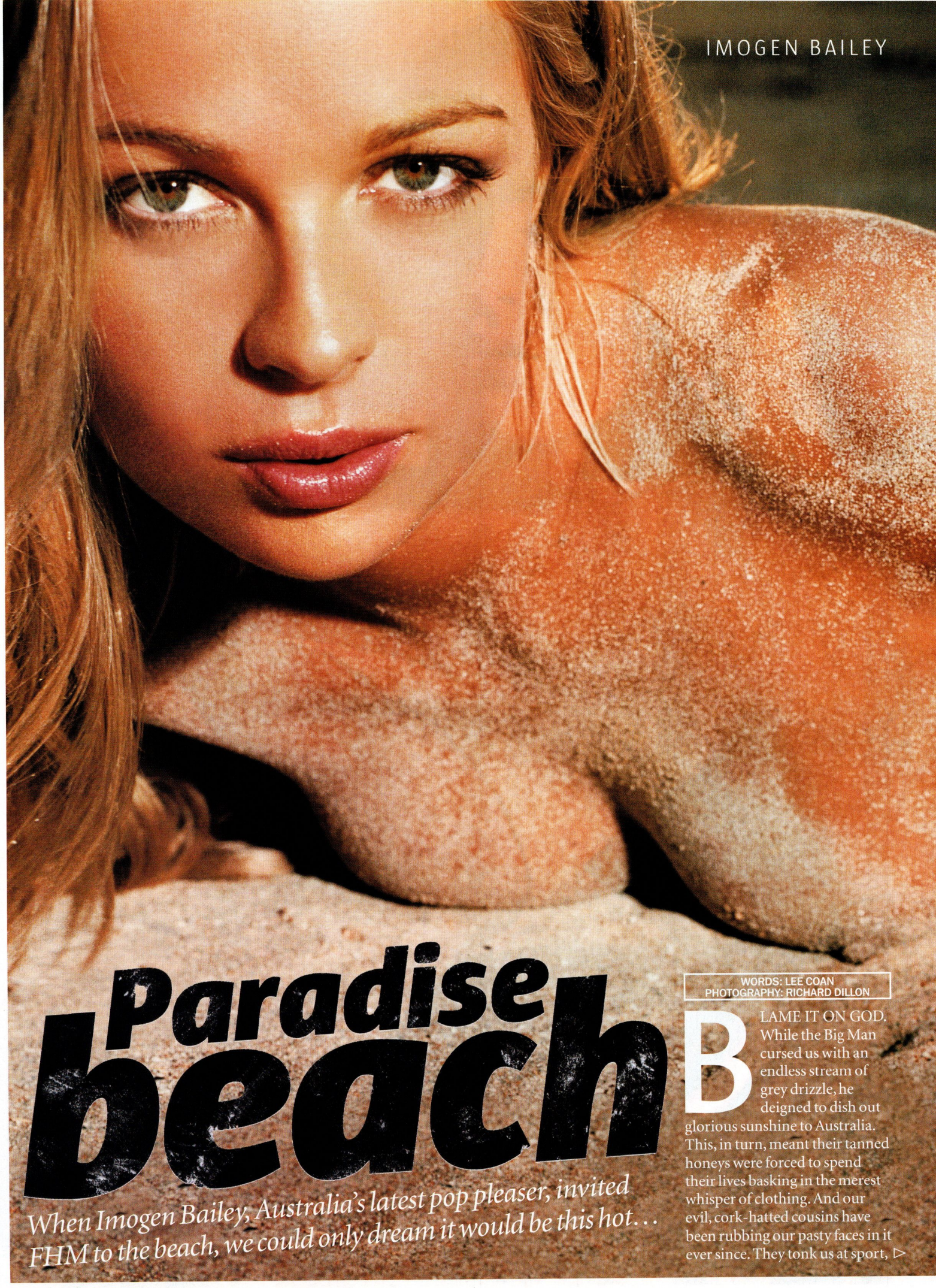

Paradise beach

When Imogen Bailey, Australia's latest pop pleaser, invited FHM to the beach, we could only dream it would be this hot...

WORDS: LEE COAN
PHOTOGRAPHY: RICHARD DILLON

BLAME IT ON GOD. While the Big Man cursed us with an endless stream of grey drizzle, he deigned to dish out glorious sunshine to Australia. This, in turn, meant their tanned honeys were forced to spend their lives basking in the merest whisper of clothing. And our evil, cork-hatted cousins have been rubbing our pasty faces in it ever since. They tonk us at sport, ▷

'I'm very comfortable with my body. The human body is a beautiful thing'

enjoy vastly superior barbecues, and – in boxing kangaroos – even squash superior road-kill. And now, with no other arena left to humiliate us in, those damned Aussies have plundered the very dregs of society to put us to shame in a field no decent human being would even dare touch – Reality TV.

While we wasted valuable hours of our lives watching Vanessa Feltz go loopy, couch potatoes on the other side of the globe had this heavenly honey wandering around in her underwear in their version of *Celebrity Big Brother*. Yes, this is Imogen Bailey and no, it isn't fair. Like the seemingly never-ending stream of great Aussie women, Imogen can act, (well, she's graced *Home And Away*), looks awesome in a bikini and is now blitzing our shores with a singing career. Damn it, if we'd only re-adjusted our satellite dishes to point Down Under, our lives could have been filled with watching her undress, sleep, shower, dress, sunbathe, undress, sleep, shower, dress, sunbathe, undress...

You're now part of a heavenly line-up of Australian honeys who've done sexy shoots for *FHM*. Are you proud to be joining compadres such as Holly and Kylie in looking hot across our pages?

There are definitely a lot of sexy Australian women out there and I love them. Doing a shoot like this, I don't necessarily go, "Wow, I'm so sexy," but it's a great thing to do. Deep down every woman ▷

needs to feel sexy, and to be able to open a magazine and look at yourself looking hot is fantastic.

If the men of Britain were to club together, how much would we have to save to get you to publicly lez it up with a couple of fellow Aussie singers?

Ha ha! That's outrageous! Firstly, what if I don't do lesbian things? Secondly, I hold both Kylie and Holly in the highest regard, so it would be impossible to choose between the two of them. And thirdly, I don't accept money for anything I'd do behind the closed door of my bedroom!

Sorry, we got a bit carried away hearing that some bloke recently paid you a whopping $26,000 just to go on a date with him. What's all that about?

It's not as seedy as it sounds. Although I've had one long-term relationship, I've never been on a "date" with a man before. So this DJ went on the radio, shouting, "What the hell's wrong with you Aussie guys, not one of you has ever asked Imogen Bailey out on a date?" The radio station was so inundated with marriage proposals that they came up with the idea of auctioning me off for charity.

Tell us about your *Big Brother* experience, was there lots of gratuitous nakedness?

Not really, no. I did take lots of long showers though. I spend half an hour in the shower.

Hang on, 30 minutes! What do you do in there?

Ha ha! Nothing incriminating. Honest!

You've recorded a cover of Prince's track *Erotic City*. If you were Mayor of Erotic City what laws would you enforce?

I would insist that all women would have to wear sexy lingerie and surround me on a throne wearing a big, beautiful dress. I'd force the men to stand around in masks and smoking jackets and make them just watch!

You recently got naked and chained yourself to an elephant. What the hell was that all about?

Ha ha! It's not an everyday thing! It was for a campaign to protect baby elephants in Thailand.

Most admirable. Does it take cute, dying animals and a worthy cause for you to get naked?

No, not really. I'm very comfortable with my body. I think the human body is a beautiful thing.

On average, how much time do you spend wearing nothing but a minuscule bikini?

In the summer I spend just about every hour of every weekend in nothing more than a rather small bikini.

What's the nastiest thing you've ever seen lurking in the outback?

The snakes. I grew up on a farm and whenever I'd go out to play, dad would be nearby with a shovel. That's a farmer's way of dealing with snakes – a blow to the head with a shovel that chops its head off.

Spitting, chugging beer, wrestling crocs – what's your least appealing Aussie habit?

You'd be surprised but I don't drink beer! I'm not your typical Sydney girl as I was brought up in the countryside. I try to get out of the city and onto a horse as often as I can. I really love horse riding!

Finally, and on that very subject, is it true that women love riding horses because the movement on the saddle pleasures their bits?

I think that's just a male fantasy – blokes love to think this is what us country gals are up to whilst riding through the bush! **FHM**

'In the summer I spend just about every weekend wearing nothing more than a rather small bikini'

Imogen's debut single *Erotic City* is out on April 14.

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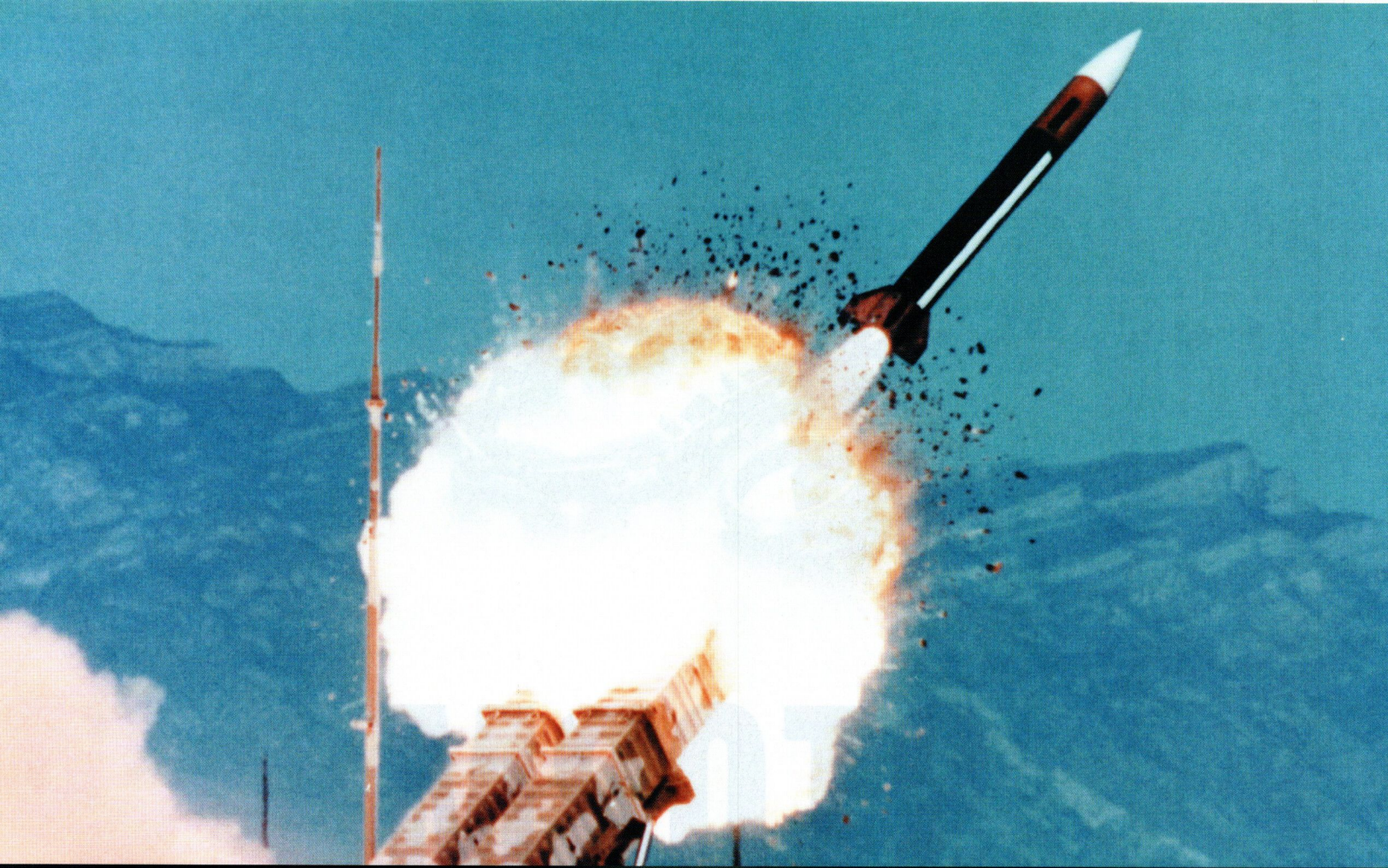

WHOEVER SAID

'THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD'

DIDN'T HAVE ONE OF THESE TO PLAY WITH.

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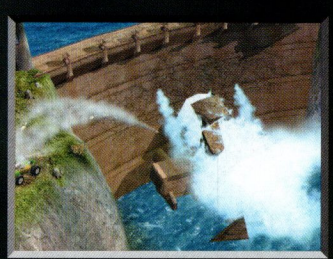

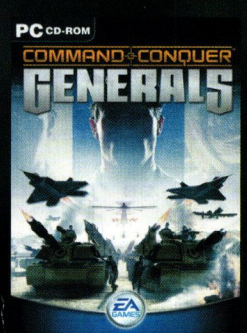

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MELTDOWN!

Seminal man-flick *The Matrix* dropped jaws to the floor in 1999, so – with a budget of a cool $300 million – imagine just how much its two sequels are going to rock. We know, because we tapped up two of its biggest stars for an exclusive, in-depth preview...

WORDS: CHRIS BELL

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A better time to be a nerd. Previously the age-old pariahs of society, never before have their dweebish ways been more acceptable. Suddenly, brown cords are making a comeback on the Milan catwalks. Aloof media types are donning horn-rimmed spectacles in an "ironic" way. And this year, in their greatest endorsement, even the film industry is raising the spod standard above the Hollywood hills. Comic fans have already lisped wonderment at *Daredevil* in February and summer releases like *Terminator 3: Rise Of The Machines* and *Kill Bill* – from King Dork himself, Quentin Tarantino – threaten to expose the gonk population to more fresh air than may be healthy for them. And come Christmas, their dandruff should fall like snow on the final *Lord Of The Rings* instalment, *The Return Of The King*. Indeed: it seems the geek shall inherit the earth.

And yet one dark monolith towers over them all. For on May 23, the first sequel to 1999's worldwide smash *The Matrix* ricochets into your local mulitplex – entitled *The Matrix: Reloaded*. And if your palms aren't sweaty enough, just six months later *The Matrix: Revolutions* completes the trilogy and a formidable cinematic double whammy... ▷

THE MATRIX

Our Thermos flask runneth over – so much so, in fact, that it was all *FHM* could do to restrain its furtive excitement and provide this: a comprehensive preview of what lies in store when we log on to *The Matrix* mainframe in a few weeks' time. But even we can't do this alone, and hence *FHM* has recruited two guides... in the shape of 30-year-old twins Neil and Adrian Rayment. Hailing from leafy Thanet in Kent, their CVs seem innocuous enough: pop videos, adverts for Smirnoff vodka and, criminally, a stint as presenters on *Carol Vorderman's Better Homes*. Except that in September 2000, they answered a low-key casting call for twins in an "action movie". Despite little acting experience, they nailed the part of the Twins – poster boys and pivotal roles in *The Matrix* sequels. And now, after spending 15 months jetting between Sydney and California, they're *FHM*'s eyes on the set of the biggest film event of the year. Ms Vorderman, surely, would be proud...

NEIL & ADRIAN

Curtain up

First things first: nothing had ever been attempted on this scale before. Releasing two huge sequels just five months apart had not been attempted since *Back To The Future II* and *III* back in 1989 – and would require a level of preparation normally reserved for a decent-sized war.

Luckily, the success of the first *Matrix* paved the way. Despite its relatively tiny budget of $65 million, it took a cool $475 million at the worldwide box office. Then, after a record 8 million DVD sales, Warner Bros execs couldn't refuse – and green lit the biggest film budget in cinema history: a pocket-defying $300 million.

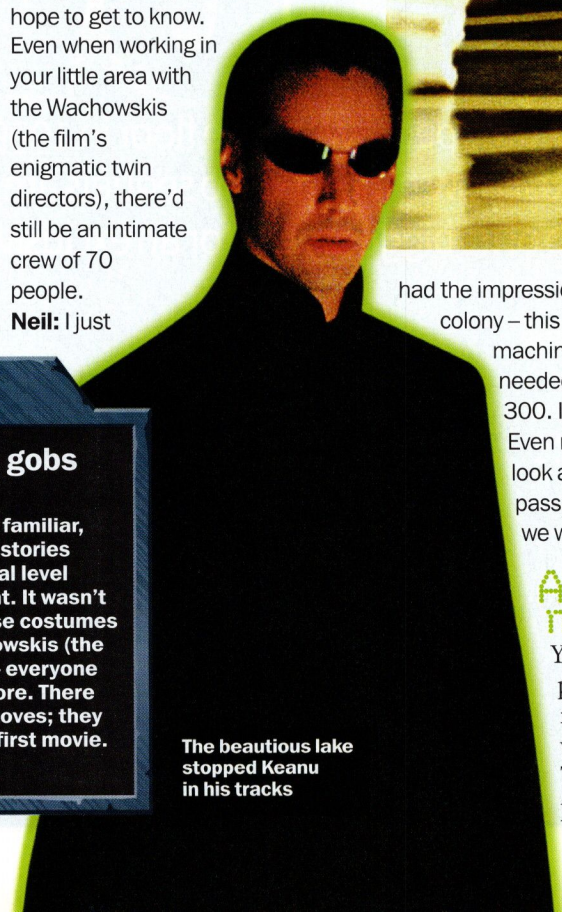
So, way back in August 2000, the cast began intensive training for the role. And in March 2001, filming began in Australia and California simultaneously on both sequels. Sixty actors and enough extras for 10,000 days' work were needed across LA, Sydney and San Francisco – and it wouldn't finish for 270 days...

Adrian: $300 million! I mean, wow! That's the annual turnover of a small country. But every day was huge. Hundreds and hundreds of new people that you couldn't ever hope to get to know. Even when working in your little area with the Wachowskis (the film's enigmatic twin directors), there'd still be an intimate crew of 70 people.

Neil: I just had the impression of this ant-like colony – this giant, well-oiled machine. And yet we needed at least another 300. It was that big. Even now, I need to look at the dates in my passport to tell where we were.

Access no areas

Yet such a long production meant security was essential. The *Star Wars* prequels were a warning: despite George Lucas' Fort Knox-levels of security, important plot details and even an early edit of *Attack Of The Clones* were leaked before release. And so the producers of *The Matrix* made all cast and crew members sign hefty non-disclosure agreements. All set workers – 3,300 in Australia alone – were rigorously vetted, and a huge security complement employed to patrol the sets. Nothing was left to chance. When a particularly spectacular helicopter stunt was filmed in Sydney, huge barricades were erected around the two square



The beautious lake stopped Keanu in his tracks

Keanu Reeves

The lanky man in black gobs off to *FHM*...

"Getting back into this – it all felt familiar, but what was happening with the stories was very intense, a high emotional level which required a lot of investment. It wasn't like, 'Oh, we are going to put these costumes back on and tra-la-la.' The Wachowskis (the films' directors) really push you – everyone had to do more than they did before. There was more sophistication in the moves; they were more advanced than in the first movie. It's been taken up a notch."

Interviews: Ian Nathan

"Beryl! Beryl! You've put too much wax on these stairs!"

mile block of Martin Place for three weekends – just to stop the public from catching a glimpse.

Even now, the secrecy is watertight. Only Warner Bros execs have been shown a brief, 20-minute edit of the climactic car chase scene from *Reloaded* – last November. And that's it: by February, no cast members had seen any footage at all...

Adrian: I've got internal e-mails from producers warning us about fingerprint keypads, retina scanners, breath meters... just to get into the production offices.
Neil: Every cast member saw the complete script – but it was printed in black on purple paper, to stop you photocopying it. And even if you could, your name was slapped in huge type across every page – so they'd know who was responsible.
Adrian: We first saw the scripts at a reading in Venice Beach, LA. All the principal actors were sat round this huge table, when a guy arrives to deliver these colossal volumes – and then locks the door behind him. It was then that we realised, "Shit, we're really part of this now."

The plot thickens

Some details, however, have seeped out. Thanks to repeat DVD viewings, we've all memorised the original's plot: Neo, a hacker, discovers that the entire world is merely a computer simulation – and that he is The One, a messiah-like figure with special powers sent to free the human race from their machine enslavers. Looks a bit crap written down, doesn't it? Well, *Reloaded* begins where this finished. The machines have now discovered the whereabouts of Zion, the last human city based near the Earth's core. So in 72 hours, it'll be destroyed by 250,000 sentinels – the vindictive jellyfish that nearly spoiled the first film. The only man who can help is the Keymaster, a tiny Asian man who can walk through walls – and thus begins a race against time to find him before the rebellion dies forever.

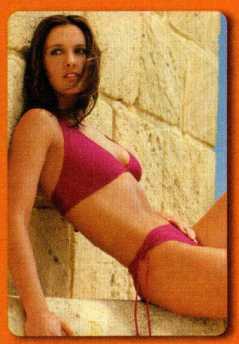
The film's budget is a pocket-defying $300 million

But we're simplifying hugely. New characters have been introduced, old characters have been overhauled. We learn ▷

Album, LFI

FHM
BIKINI
HEAVEN

fig. 1



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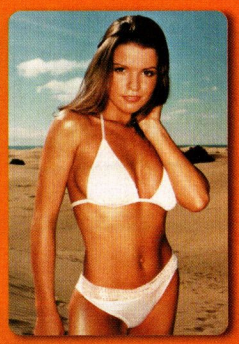

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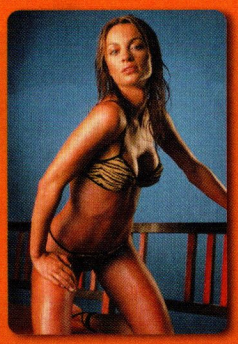

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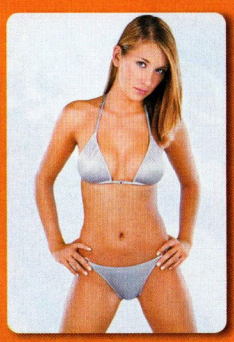

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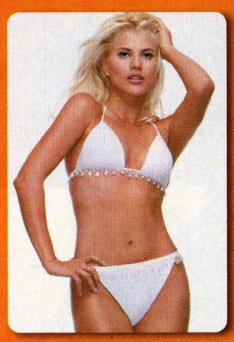

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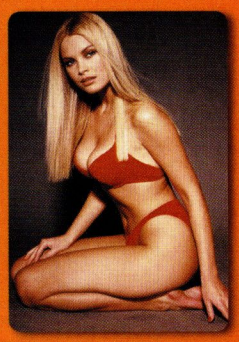

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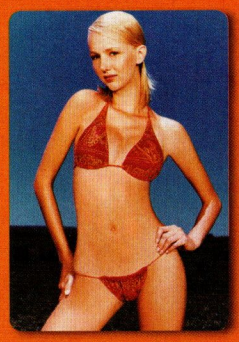

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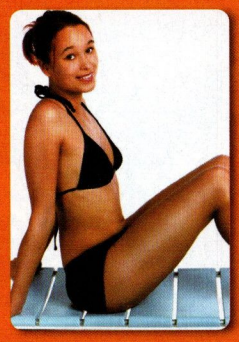

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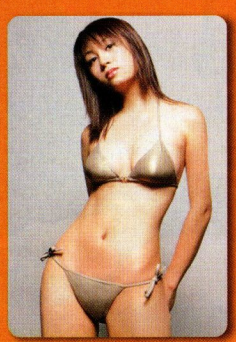

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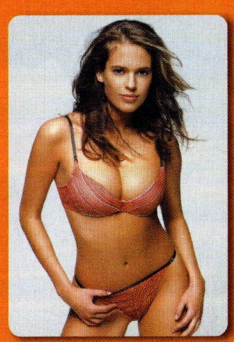
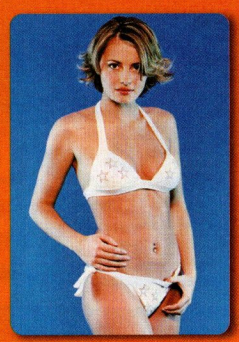


fig. 11

fig. 12



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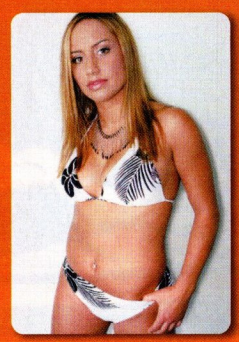


fig. 14

STUDY FIGURES 1-14 FOR 1½ HOURS

Examine the planet's sexiest undiscovered women in an exclusive 90-minute special on Sky One.

FHM Bikini Heaven
Easter Monday at 10pm

SKY|one

Matrix World

Sweet Lord – everyone's riding the bandwagon...

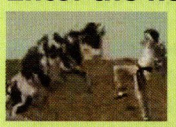
The Gaytrix

A name waiting to happen, and Howard Stern got to it first. The Yank DJ roped in gigantic drag queen RuPaul to star as "Heinous Anus" in this TV classic, kidnapping young men and turning them to the pink side inside the "Gaytrix".

The Matwix

The Warner Brothers office that work with crayons wanted in on the party, casting Porky Pig as Neo and Bugs as Morpheus in this pisstake.

Kung Pow: Enter the fist



This spoof karate effort is possibly the worst film ever made. But it has a redeeming feature: a clash between cow and man featuring squirting milk in "bullet-time". Watch the clip at www.ifilm.com.

Sex and the Matrix

Suits at the 2001 US MTV Movie Awards were entertained by the moany one, the bossy one, the other moany one and the hormonal one from *Sex And The City* plunged into the world of *The Matrix*. Survives these days at www.spawn.com.br – but, bizarrely, only in Portuguese.

The Superbowl 2001

Hurrah! Pretzel-chewing frat-boys get to watch their favourite steroid cases twirling gracefully through the air – *Matrix*-style on live TV. Brilliant.

that the network of human hives seen in the first movie is actually a megacity ten times the size of New York. More importantly, it's revealed that some of the older machines are not necessarily "evil" – and that Neo may be able to convince them to help free humanity from the grip of the newer, distinctly nastier models.

And it's this battle, conducted in the nuclear-ravaged real world, that will form the basis of the third film, *The Matrix: Revolutions*. But that's not before the cruellest of cliffhangers at the end of *The Matrix: Reloaded* leaves us barking – possibly even physically – for more...

Adrian: Sadly, we've seen as much of the cliffhanger as anyone. But we know it'll rock. And we've done so much blue screen and CGI work, it's really hard to tell exactly where we'll feature.

Neil: It's true – the films were filmed as one long sequence, and where the splice comes in the middle will determine how much we're in the second sequel. But where that is, who knows...

Adrian: Did we film a death scene? Look, we just don't know. Honestly!

Major roadworks

Think it'd be difficult to spend £300 million in 270 days? Think again. For starters, the city of Zion – with its few hundred thousand humans – would have to be filmed. As would the rubble-strewn wastelands of the real world, where the climactic battle in *Revolutions* takes place – a 17-minute sequence that cost about two thirds of the budget of the first *Matrix* alone. Worse, all sets would also have to be recreated on computer for the effects.

But nothing would match the set constructed in February 2001, at the Alameida naval base, near San Francisco. The scene in question begins with Morpheus and Trinity rescuing the Keymaster, and driving him down a busy freeway towards the nearest telephone, and escape. Easy enough – except Agents are "hopping" electronically between drivers on the highway, using their cars as guided missiles. Elsewhere, kung-fu battles and a motorcycle chase take place in an 18-minute scene that tops even *The Blues Brothers* for ludicrous numbers of car wrecks. But there was a problem: it'd require closing a major freeway for three months. The solution? Er, they built themselves a motorway. A loop just over two miles long. Complete with an on-ramp, fly-over and lane dividers. A snip at just $300,000 per quarter mile...

Adrian: Yes. They built a freeway. With San Francisco as a backdrop. I remember seeing it for the first time: a mile-and-a-half long facade of wooden flatsides... hiding a motorway. Jesus Christ. I'll never forget suddenly realising the sheer scale of this production. And the total artistic design of this is so detailed – right down to the last road marking or Coke can littering a lane. Incredible. ▷

"Get off my trampoline!"

There are 2,500 SFX shots compared to 412 in the first

The Snake sisters worked at Sellafield

Carrie-Anne Moss

The lovely Mr Cow's skin wasn't removed in vain...

"Well, the leather suit is back in a more constricting, more complicated version than before. As soon as I started training for the second movie I started getting recognised – and I hadn't been for ages. I just started carrying myself differently. I can't explain it."

Jada Pinkett

Mrs Will Smith in hubby-snubbing drama!

"As a newcomer I was really surprised at the patience the team had. They were just like, 'Listen, we're going to teach you a little kung fu...' ha ha! When I saw the first movie, I went, 'Oh my God! It don't get any better than that!' So when the second movie came I was like, 'I've got to cut one of my arms off to be in this film!' After they called me for the second, Will (hubby Smith) was like, 'You got to ask them, is there anything for me?' And I'm like, 'It's my movie! I'm not asking them nothing!'"

Richard Bailey/Icon International/World words: Chris Mooney

Double act

The human rebels may have justice and righteousness on their side, but you can't deny: it's the evil mainframe denizens who have all the fun. Fans of the monotone Agent Smith, played by Hugo Weaving, will be pleased to know he returns in *Reloaded* with a new talent: the ability to replicate himself like a computer virus. In one fight sequence, Neo finds himself battling more than 100 Agent Smiths – something which took 27 days and 12 stuntmen to film. As Neo himself comments: "Hmm… upgrades."

But it's Neil and Adrian who have the coolest role: that of the Twins, a spiteful, dreadlocked duo who guard the Keymaster. Clad all in white, they have the abilty to turn into gas… meaning they can vanish and reappear like ghosts…

Adrian: We had to be very symmetrical in what we did. That was one of the prerequisites – that we'd function as a synchronised, mathematically-correct single unit.
Neil: The weapon we prefer is a cutthroat razor – all part of our decadent attitude to the Matrix. I mean, the Twins could have chosen any weapon they like – and yet instead of bullets, they chose these nasty, evil, vicious weapons.
Adrian: And you can't miss us onscreen – we're the only thing on the screen that's white.
Neil: Think about it: Saruman in *Lord Of The Rings* was white as well! I'm telling you – white is the new evil. Well, maybe the new goth!

"Quit jiving, Dave, here comes the traffic warden"

More than $100 million was spent on a new SFX Studio

Hardware report

From the tile-shattering lobby scene to Neo firing the helicopter minigun… one aspect of the original united goggle-eyed adolescents and Deep South survivalists alike: the sheer gun porn. Brilliantly, the sequels are no different. The chunky .50AE Desert Eagle is still touted by the Agents, but the twins get the new stuff: state-of-the-art 9mm machine guns – that, later this year, will be issued to LAPD SWAT teams.

Neil: I'd never fired a gun in my life – not an automatic, certainly. And then we get these lightweight, very tough machine guns with infrared aiming and this deafening rate of fire. *Brrrrrp!* – and that's a clip gone in two seconds.
Adrian: The muzzle flash was nine inches long – with a six inch wide plume out the side. That alone could take your fingers off. Neil's firing this in the chase scene, and the brass is hitting me in the side of the head as I'm trying to drive. You can feel the compression of the air around you as this thing's firing.
Neil: I mean, we're supposed to be dour assassins… and yet I'm there whooping like an idiot.

Hi-tech update

No wonder that *The Matrix* won the Visual Effects Oscar ahead of *The Phantom Menace*: where George Lucas gave us insipid Jamaican lizards, *The Matrix*'s use of 360° multi-camera action shots became the staple of ▷

The Curse Of *The Matrix*

Was the entire production jinxed?

- **November 2000:** Marcus Chong – Tank in the original film – is arrested, allegedly for threatening to shoot production staff over pay negotiations. The charges are later dropped.
- **April 2001:** Keanu Reeves' girlfriend Jennifer Syme is killed in a car accident in Los Angeles.
- **August 2001:** R'n'B star Aaliyah is killed in a plane crash after being cast in the part of Zee. She is replaced by Nona Gaye.
- **September 2001:** *The Matrix*'s "Oracle", Gloria Foster, fails to foretell she'll die from complications of diabetes. She'd already shot scenes for *Reloaded*; a hasty script re-write means she'll appear in the third film in a "different form".
- **November 2002:** Overspending threatens to halt production, forcing Keanu Reeves to give up his slice of profits – an estimated $38 million.
- **December 2002:** Keanu's sister is diagnosed with leukaemia.

Laurence Fishburne

Pain, focus – and not a single word about those fancy sunglasses…

"I got hurt and Carrie Anne got hurt trying to learn what we were required to do. I sprained my wrist, but Carrie Anne broke her leg. Hugo (Weaving – Agent Smith) sustained an injury to his ribs on the first day. The story is really good, it goes over both movies and it's hard to think of it as two movies. The difficult part was maintaining the character for the period of time we worked. We worked for like two years; it was about sustaining it."

"Excuse me, this car has woodworm"

Album

Ben Sherman®

The Matrix re-employed

With the films in the bag, Neo and co are now out of work. So *FHM* sent off their details (anonymously) to a bunch of agencies to see if we could get them gainful employment...

Agent Smith

Skills: Has spent over a decade as a senior-level computer security agent.
Response: IT recruitment expert Neil Hedges: "He sounds good. We're looking at a position as an IT Director within a Government agency. He'll earn around £75,000."

Neo

Skills: Freelance software writer with a masterful knowledge of every known computer application.
Response: Neil Hedges: "He sounds innovative and a real individual– I'd place him in the 3G telephone industry Wage? £27,000 upwards."

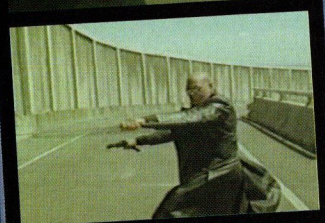
Trinity

Skills: Ambitious young woman, technologically savvy and physically fit with an interest in contact sports.
Response: "We'll aim for a dotcom or possibly mobile telecoms. We're talking £18k and up to five weeks' holiday per year," says Neil.

Morpheus

Skills: Little "real world" experience, no qualifications but a good leader – plus he has a photographic memory.
Response: Recruitment agent Nick Blake: "I've a vacancy in a post room but it's only worth £10k a year, and he'll need a reference."

Leaked off the net



Don't worry; the muff count has also been cranked up...

adverts and Hollywood pastiches alike. Now they've upped the ante further: for the required 2,500 SFX shots (compared to 412 in the first) more than $100 million was spent on an Effects Studio. Inside, they've rigged up five high-resolution cameras to make a "universal capture" – an acute 3-D visual record of the actors, down to individual hair follicles and skin pores. But it takes time: two shots alone have taken over three years to perfect. "The Wachowskis felt that if it was so easy to copy us before," says producer Joel Silver, "then let's make it really impossible this time."

Neil: We spent weeks and weeks in motion capture – in these light-reflective catsuits, so that the infrared cameras can record your moves. For ten hours a day.
Adrian: One scene involved getting out of a car – but all we had for reference was this chair leg taped to a box. And then someone would shout, "Can you duck next time? You've just put your head through the doorframe."

Skirt count

Of course, if the non-stop kung fu and gunfights get too much, they've also cranked up the muff score. So Trinity (Carrie-Anne Moss) appears again in all her skintight PVC glory, for a sweaty sex scene with Neo in a cove of rock near the Earth's core. Jada Pinkett Smith – last seen in *The Nutty Professor* – also appears as the heroic Niobe Morpheus. But best of all is Monica Bellucci, who sizzles as Persephone – a shadowy seductress who tries to seduce Neo. Look out for an exclusive *FHM* shoot next month...

Adrian: Carrie-Anne was lovely, but Jada was my favourite. Just gorgeous, and so cool. I mean, she's married to Will Smith! He came on-set to visit – we ended up shooting hoops with him. Neil was paired with Will, and I was with Steve Bastoni (Captain Sorren). We trounced them.

Neil: No, it was you with Will Smith. And we won – don't forget it.

Directors' cut

But what of the minds that created the whole mythology – directors Larry and Andy Wachowski? Well, respect is due: as well as negotiating a $300 million budget, they made Warner Bros include a clause in their contracts excusing them from doing any interviews. And yet their control of *The Matrix* world is complete. Alongside the sequels, they've also scripted *The Animatrix* – nine animated short films that'll be released on DVD over the summer. Even the PS2 game, *Enter The Matrix*, won't be the usual shite plot rehash: they wrote its 244-page script.

Neil: We found them really down to earth. I mean, imagine being the minds that conceived *The Matrix*. It was fascinating to watch their minds at work. The *Akira* videos, the manga scene, the hip-hop – all of it rolling around their heads.
Adrian: I think we should shut up now – you know they like to stay out of the spotlight.
Neil: Right, shall we tell *FHM* about our audition? All that strange naked stuff. What was all that about?

The end credits

And so, the hype machine rumbles on... accelerating towards May 22 at a high-pitched whine. When the first teaser trailer was placed on the web last November, it was downloaded more than two million times within 72 hours. January saw the debut of a second *Matrix* trailer during the Superbowl – when, for the first time ever, more people watched the ad break than the game itself. Moreover, the film itself will open at a record number of US screens, surpassing the 3,700 locations taken up by the last *Harry Potter*.

But over here, preparations are more... British. The cinema posters featuring the Twins were deemed too violent – so the razor blades they were holding have been removed. Hilariously, they have been replaced by something far safer: er, machine guns... **FHM**

Illustration by Andy Parker. LFI

B. Sherman
TRIUMPH
Ben Sherman®

WORDS: CHRIS LEADBEATER ILLUSTRATION: MYLES TALBOT

TIMEBOMB!

Show a coal miner a hole and the grubby little monkey will be down it like a ferret – unless it's Pennsylvania's infamous Quecreek mine, which flooded with 150 million gallons of water last July and almost did it for the nine dusty men trapped inside...

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY AT work for 41-year-old Mark Popernack when he was lowered into the bowels of the Quecreek mine. But when the cutting machinery he was working on tore into an abandoned pit and water flooded in, he thought he'd thrown a seven...

"I realised I'd cut into an abandoned mine as soon as the accident happened," Popernack tells *FHM*, "and I knew right away that we had a bad situation here. Water was coming at me instantly, and I was only able to get out of the way by jumping to the side and into another shaft. But then I was stuck behind the water.

I was alone there for two-and-a-half hours. The whole [three-day] ordeal was very difficult, but when I was by myself I was so frightened. I prayed harder than ever before.

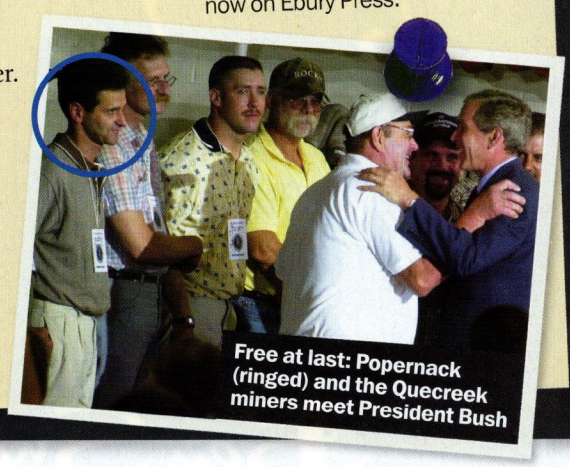
I knew the other guys in my group had got out of the way, but I didn't know where they were. I figured the only way I was going to live was if I got across the water. I wasn't going to give up and I wasn't going to die without trying to get out. I formed a plan to climb along hooks in the roof but, before I could do anything, the guys came back. I saw their flashlights in the darkness. They pushed a scoop [a coal-collecting vehicle] into the water and I jumped across. That was nerve-wracking.

I never gave up hope that we would be rescued, although I had my doubts. The first sign of rescue was when they got the air shaft to us. I was amazed at how quickly they reacted.

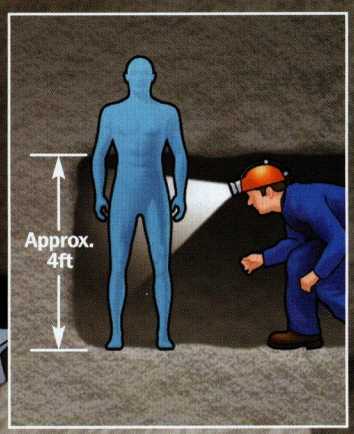
But then we were sat in the darkness for three days. It was hard. When one of the guys said that the rescue shaft had broken through, I didn't want to believe it until I'd seen it with my own eyes. I didn't want my hopes raised for nothing.

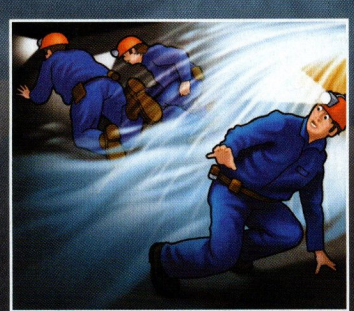
I will always remember the ride to the top. Water was pouring down on me and I got soaked again. I can't really explain what getting out felt like. I guess it was a bit like being born again."

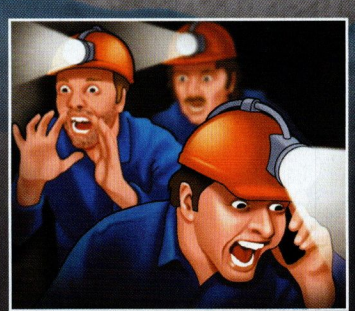
Our Story: 77 Hours Underground by The Quecreek Miners is out now on Ebury Press.



Free at last: Popernack (ringed) and the Quecreek miners meet President Bush

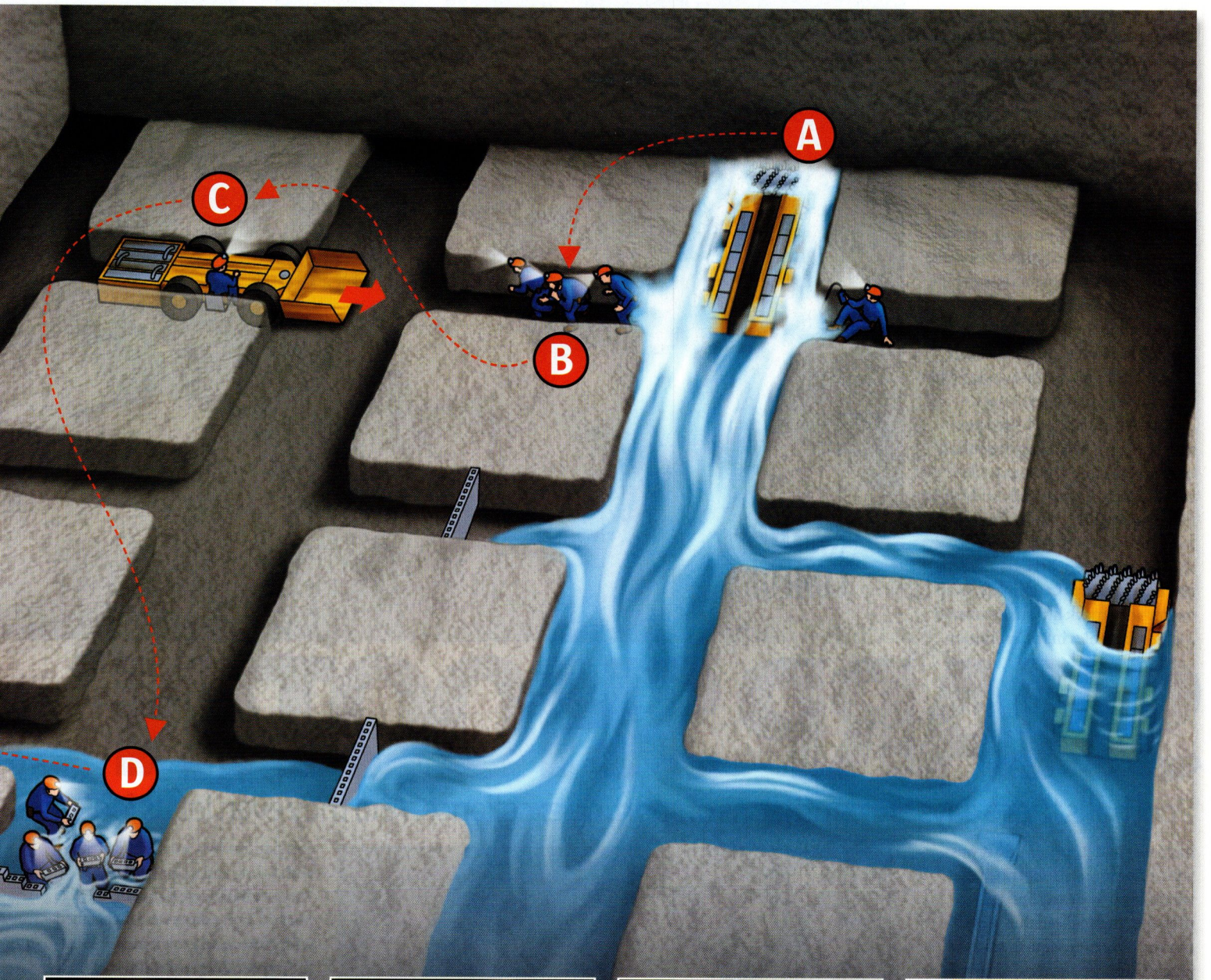


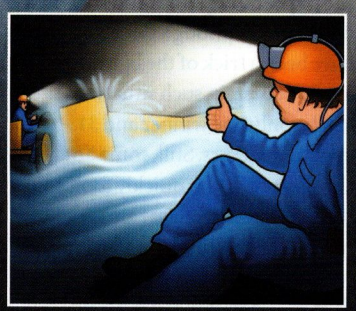




A DISASTER Mark Popernack is hundreds of feet underground when, using heavy cutting equipment, he accidentally knocks a hole into a pit closed for over 40 years. Poor mapping in the Fifties is to blame – the Quecreek miners think they are a good 300ft away from the disused Saxman mine, but the reality is terrifyingly different. Around 150 million gallons of water, collected in the old shaft over the decades, begins to pour through, scattering the men at the coalface.

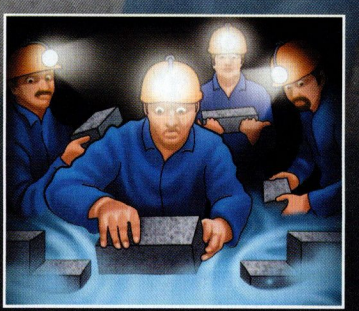
B PANIC Eight miners manage to flee the scene of the mayhem but, with the water level rising rapidly, they are soon cut off from escape. After frantic attempts to make contact with the surface, they successfully raise the alarm and nine other men working in another section of Quecreek are able to get to the exit before the route to safety becomes impassable. But the trapped men will not discover their colleagues' fate for three long, agonising days.





C LEAP OF FAITH

Having avoided being swept away by leaping out of the path of the raging water and into an adjoining shaft, Mark Popernack finds himself trapped behind the torrent and is alone for more than two-and-a-half hours. He is about to embark on a crazy plan to swing over the flood to safety when his colleagues return. The other miners drive a coal scoop into the water and Popernack leaps onto the machine and is hauled to safety.

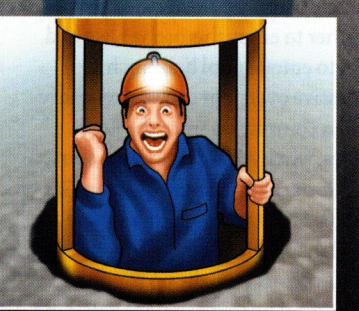


D DESPERATE MEASURES

With the flood rising rapidly, the miners retreat to higher ground and try to fence themselves off by building walls from concrete blocks. But the failure of the mine ventilation system makes the work impossible, and the men are only saved from suffocation when a rescue team above pinpoint their location, drill a shaft and pump in air at high pressure. The team are still unable to complete the walls and water seeps through their defences.

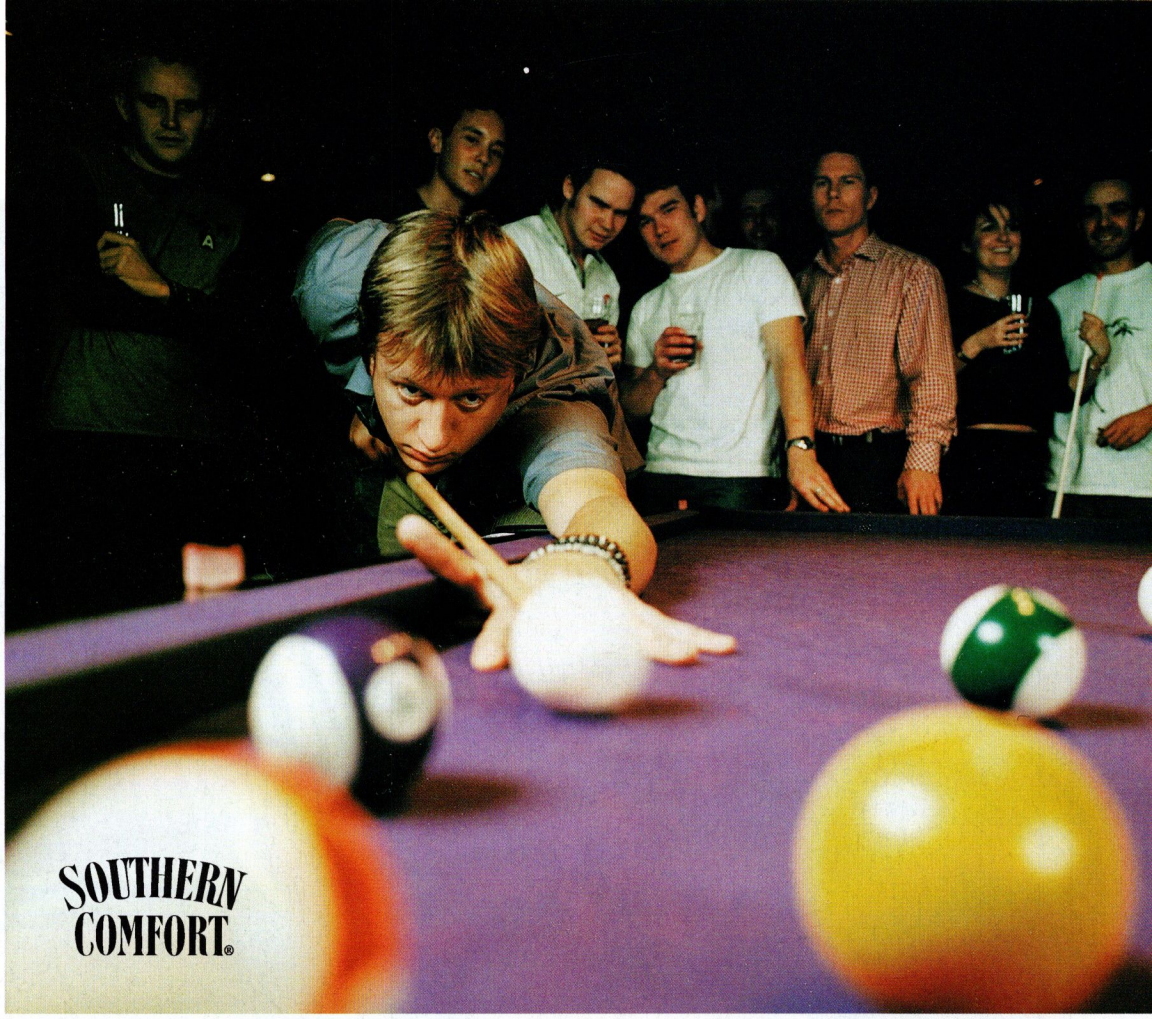
E BREAKTHROUGH

The miners retreat to the highest point of the pit and start praying. Miraculously, the water stops rising, but there is no further sign of rescue. Sitting in a pitch black shaft, spirits begin to sag and the men scribble farewell notes to their families. Finally, three days after the accident, a 240ft shaft drilled down from the surface breaks through. A microphone is lowered down the air shaft and the rescue team learns that all nine miners are still alive.



F RESCUE

Blankets, flashlights and food are sent down before the laborious process of hauling the miners to the surface one-by-one in a 30-inch cage begins. Two of the men have been suffering from chest pains during their ordeal and are pulled out first. Mark Popernack is the final man to be rescued, 77 hours after the abandoned pit was breached. Once out, the nine men are immediately rushed to hospital, but all are out and lapping up the limelight within days. **FHM**



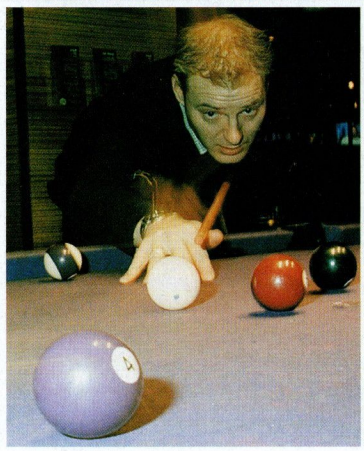
SHARP SHOOTIN'

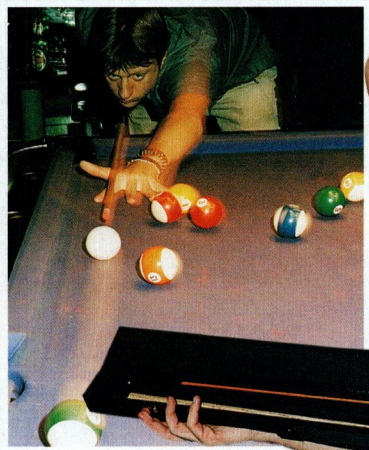
Pool halls these days are pantheons of sporting excellence. And they even let us fools in...

Much like snarling Rottweilers with strings of drool hanging from their chops, or pony-tailed South American footballers with a fondness for keeling over in the penalty area, pool halls have not always enjoyed the most fragrant of reputations. In fact, an easily-scared fellow, whose sole experience of these legendary establishments is watching Paul Newman's character being slapped about in the 1961 movie classic *The Hustler*, might consider the pool hall a place best avoided if he wants to keep his fingers intact.

Thankfully, like a 30-yard pot-shot blasted at goal by a particularly untalented Third Division striker, such fears are dramatically wide of the mark. In 2003, pool halls are modern palaces of sporting and social excellence, where gentlemen and ladies meet to crack jokes, swap banter and smack little balls around a table with holes in it. Civilisation has never had it so good. So it was with a clammy sense of shock that we woke up one early Spring morning and realised that, despite our ongoing campaign to visit the places where open-minded people gather to enjoy themselves, we had yet to enter a pool hall. Such a massive oversight can scarcely have been committed since the Dark Ages, when Alfred The Great shoved a pile of cakes into the oven on Gas Mark Five, then nipped out for a fag and burned the lot.

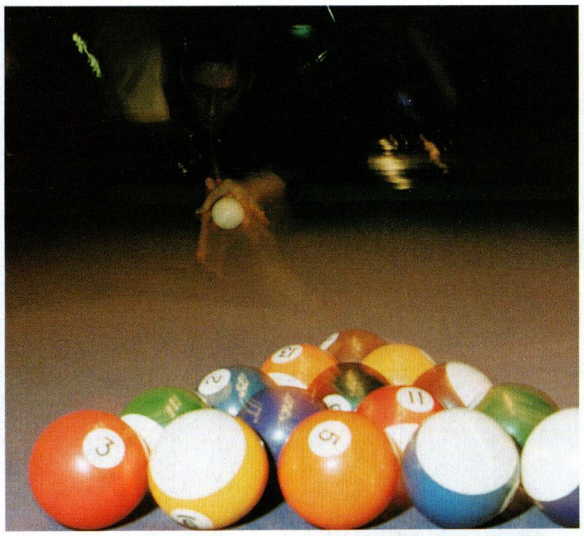
Anxious to make up for our error, we found ourselves a pool hall, rang a load of mates, and arranged a mammoth 32-player tournament. Skill, cunning and composure were most definitely required. Knuckle-dusters, greasy Fifties pool hall haircuts and laughable nicknames like Johnny "The Green Baize Goblin" McGrath were certainly not. What ensued was a titanic struggle, a series of Goliath versus Goliath tussles – except without the Bible-era battle dress or the unlikely bloody murder of any of the competitors by a small child armed with a sling and a clump of brick. Pressure balls were slammed into pockets. Long shots were dispatched with gusto. And grown men wept at the impeccable pool abilities of their comrades – although that may well have been a trick of the lighting.

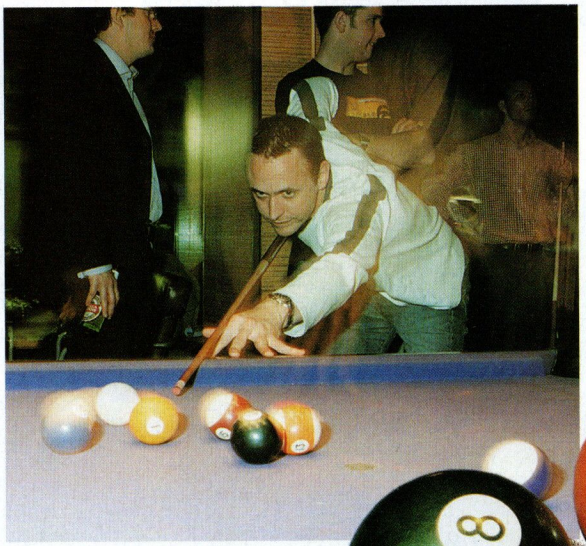




Of course, in such situations there can be only one winner and 31 crestfallen losers. Still, some Southern Comfort cocktails quickly took away the bitter taste of defeat and sent champion and first-round whipping boy alike home happy. And to top things off, no-one had their fingers broken by an angry shark. Really, what are pool halls coming to?

Words: Chris Leadbeater. Photography: Julian Hayr





Do it yourself...

Once upon a time, playing pool was a tricky business. Any man seeking to wield a cue in anger would need to find a dingy boozer and try his arm against the pub bruiser. Of course, with said bruiser using the dubious "winner stays on" rule to maintain an unbroken stint of control over the table dating back to 1947 (that three to five stretch in Broadmoor notwithstanding), actually getting a game would usually prove more trouble than it was worth.

Thankfully, some crafty businessmen soon noticed this sizeable gap in the market. The result was the birth of the modern pool hall, complete with air-conditioning, bars and tables which don't lean to one side due to the constant flopping of the massive wobbling gut of Cuddly Mike, the "big-boned" regular.

Take pool maestros The Elbow Rooms, for example. These swanky baize merchants have pool halls in Bristol, London and Leeds, all of which can be located via their website at www.elbow-room.co.uk. Alternatively, rival company Rileys have an impressive 160 clubs scattered about the UK. For more details see www.rileysqsports.co.uk.

Southern Comfort, between friends.

SUGABABES

April 1-5, various venues

In the weird world of music, top tunes and good looks rarely go together. It's a simple rule: great songs are written by ugly men with crap hair, while pop dross is usually sung by beautiful babes who, sadly, have the talent of dead rats. Thank goodness, then, for the Sugababes, who look lovely and sound pretty fine to boot. So much for the rule book.

Tickets: Catch the girls at Southampton Guildhall (April 1, 02380 632601), Bristol Academy (April 2, 08707 712000) and Shepherd's Bush Empire (April 5, 020 7771 2000). Tickets £17.50.

THE GRAND NATIONAL

April 5, Aintree racecourse, Liverpool

It's the day horses hate, but punters love. The Grand National might promise a painful appointment with a large fence for Rubbish Dobbin, but for the crafty sports fan it means a frenzy of four-legged fun and, hopefully, a weighty handful of winnings when the right nag romps home. For best effect, grab some chums and catch the race live in Liverpool.

Tickets: Prices range from £10 (bog-standard enclosure) to £70 (posh seats, possibly next to the Queen) on 0151 522 2929 or at www.aintree.co.uk.

NEW ZEALAND RALLY

April 9-13, other side of the world

A cynic might say that New Zealand is Australia's tedious little cousin, famous only for its unnatural love of sheep and sorry guitar-fondlers Crowded House. But how wrong they would be. The New Zealand Rally is proof that, even at the most distant end of the planet, the spectacle of foolhardy men driving small cars at great speed is still worth watching.

Tickets: Full details on the World Rally Championship website: www.wrc.com. Tickets available at the race site: www.rallynz.org.nz. Call Air New Zealand on 0800 0284149.

WORLD SNOOKER CHAMPIONSHIP

April 19-May 5, Crucible Theatre, Sheffield

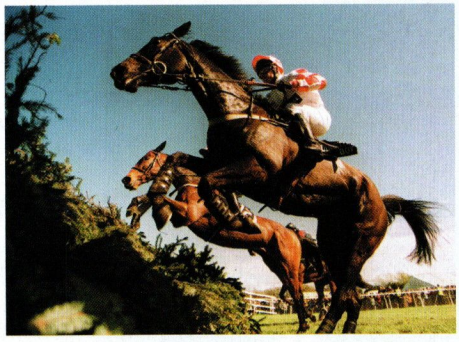
Who can explain the strange allure of snooker? Exceedingly dull men dressed in bow ties, prodding at small balls with long sticks – hardly the stuff of colossal excitement, you might think. Then again, the World Snooker Championship is one of Britain's biggest sporting events. Go catch the action in Sheffield, and you'll soon find out what the fuss is about.

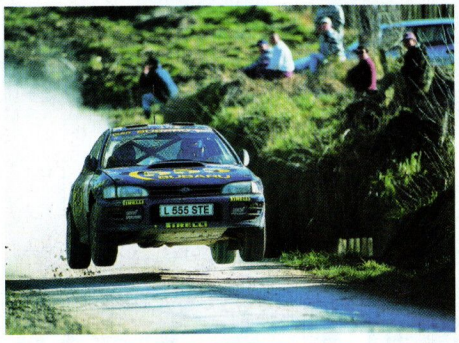
Tickets: Do you have a telephone? Excellent. Dial 01142 496006, and ask the good people in the Crucible Theatre Box Office to sell you a couple of seats for the big event.

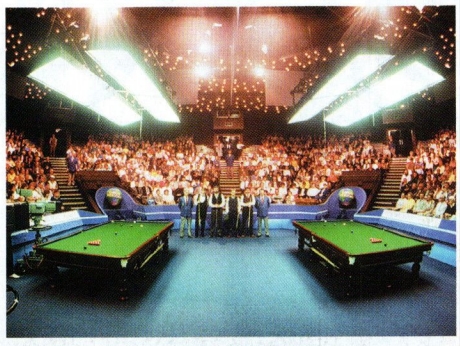
OR YOU COULD TRY...

WINDSURFING

Normal surfing has been done to death by perma-tanned Aussie blokes and three million Californians called Zak. If you want a new challenge, try the surf thing on a board with a stick and a sail. In Cornwall. Adventure Sports Ltd (www.adventure-holidays.co.uk, 01209 218962) will do you a weekend of windsurfing tuition and accommodation starting at £141.







...And you're off-ski!

Snowboarding is a cool, adrenalin-soaked sport where pretty much anything goes. Except for one simple thing. Out on the piste, you really do need to wear some clothes – as frostbite respects neither toe, finger, nor family jewels. Thankfully, we have a full set of top-of-the-range snowboarding gear including snowboards, boots, bindings and goggles to give away to one unfeasibly lucky reader (and one of his mates), all courtesy of Southern Comfort. Rush headlong to www.fhm.com/southerncomfort to find out more. UK residents aged 18 or over only. Only one entry per person. Closing date is April 30, 2003. Full terms and conditions can be found on the website.

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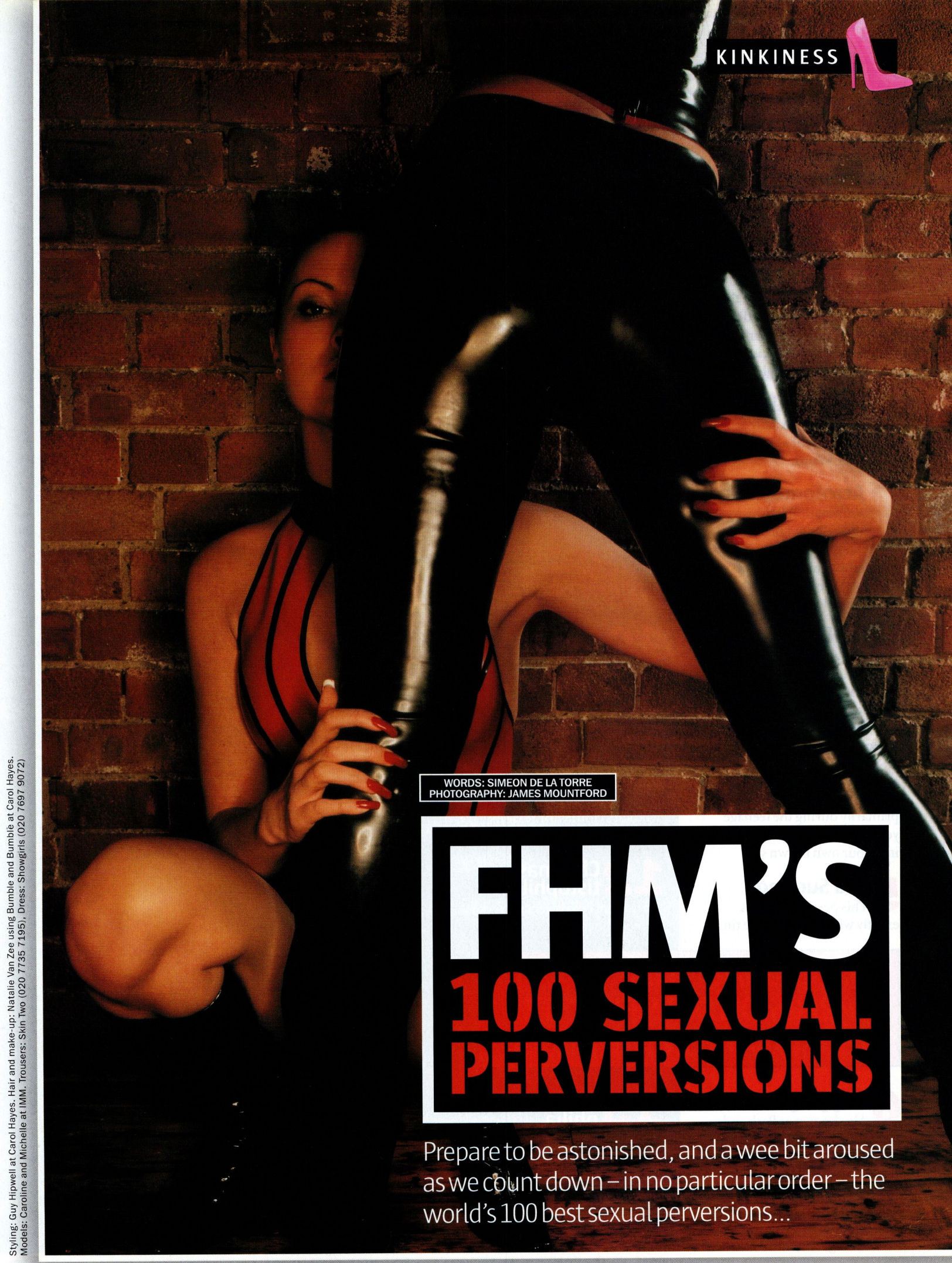


WORDS: SIMEON DE LA TORRE
PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES MOUNTFORD

FHM'S 100 SEXUAL PERVERSIONS

Prepare to be astonished, and a wee bit aroused as we count down – in no particular order – the world's 100 best sexual perversions...

Styling: Guy Hipwell at Carol Hayes. Hair and make-up: Natalie Van Zee using Bumble and Bumble at Carol Hayes. Models: Caroline and Michelle at IMM. Trousers: Skin Two (020 7735 7195), Dress: Showgirls (020 7697 9072)

TO BE FAIR, WHEN man invented sex he wasn't expecting miracles: a quick fumble at the back of a cave perhaps, but certainly nothing as adventurous as anything on our glorious list of sexual perversions. And, just to keep you on your toes, we've made up ten of them (find out which at the end). Read on, enjoy, and remember – someone, somewhere, is doing one of these things right now...

1 Ablutophilia

Becoming sexually excited by the thought of a warm bath or shower. Weird.

2 Acrotomophilia

Amputation fetishism. It should be noted that it's not the actual act of amputation, rather the healed stump of a (whole) missing limb, that gets a sexual reaction.

3 Exhibitionism

The enjoyment of displaying your sexual organs (or sexual behaviour) to the general public. Frequently practised by young married couples on hotel balconies. Keep 'em peeled...

4 Autopederasty

An obsession, formulated primarily during the teenage years, for sticking your pecker into your own brown star.

5 Self Sucking

This perversion does exactly what it says on the tin...

6 Dogging

Also known as Park and Ride, dogging involves driving to a secluded car park and shagging your missus while hordes of blokes stand around watching. A signal (usually a flash of the headlights) is all that's needed to encourage the crowd to take their positions. And leave your car looking like a plasterer's radio...

7 Belonephilia

A potentially dangerous fetish whereby an individual is sexually aroused by the sharp points of pins and needles, or by elaborate piercings.

8 Catagelophilia

Catagelophilics get the horn when someone ridicules them. Perhaps that's what Adam Ant was advocating when he sang, "ridicule is nothing to be scared of". Or maybe not.

9 Milk Racing

The (quite possibly mythical) sport of competitive wanking. Naturally, the winner is the one that whips up a vichyssoise before his rivals.

10 C&B Torture

Good, old-fashioned cock and ball torture. Biting, pinching, slapping, stretching and even Chinese burns down there.

11 Transvestic Fetishism

Kitting yourself up in woman's clothes for reasons other than fancy dress.

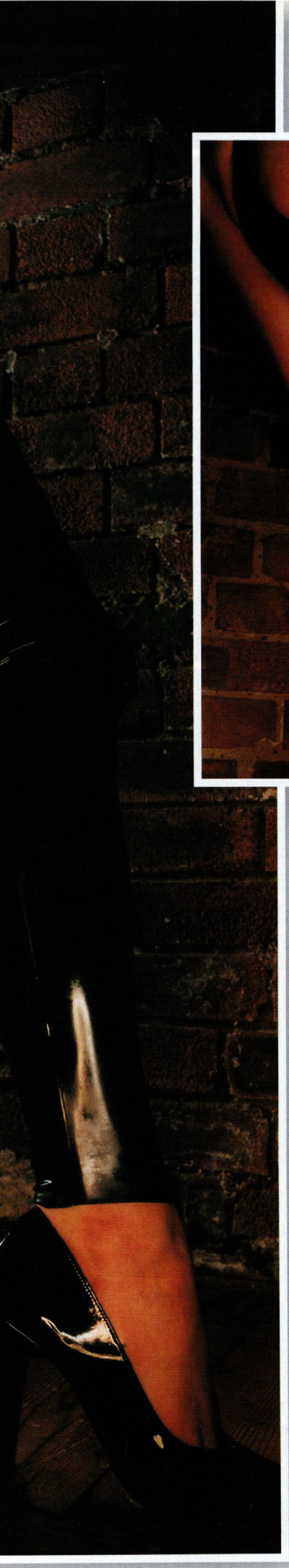
12 Chremas-tistophilia

The sexual enjoyment of being robbed.

13 Censtrocre-phillia

Unhealthy fixation with pressing your scrotal sack against a pane of glass – shopfront or passing car window – to create two hairy pancake-like disks.

SELF SUCKING: THIS PERVERSION DOES EXACTLY WHAT IT SAYS ON THE TIN...



14 Playing The Violin
To take sexual delight from scraping your bow against a woman's G-string.

15 Ken Dodding
To completely drain your spuds over your missus' hair while she is asleep, precipitating a hairstyle reminiscent of the gap-toothed comedian upon waking.

16 Voyeurism
To derive sexual gratification from observing naked bodies or the sexual acts of others, especially from a secret vantage point – such as a smoke detector fitted with a hidden camera.

17 Ripping
To become sexually aroused by tearing a woman's tights or stockings.

18 Ballooning
To get off on watching women riding, bouncing, inflating, popping, stretching and generally having fun with rubber balloons.

DOGGING: SHAGGING YOUR MISSUS WHILE HORDES OF BLOKES STAND WATCHING

19 Autagonisto-philia
Unlike exhibitionism – whereby a person intentionally exposes their genitals to an unsuspecting stranger – this fetishist creates situations in which other people could see them naked by accident. For example, they might leave the curtains open and walk around the house nude. Or accidentally fall out the bedroom window.

20 Backswinging
Yes, it's good old anal intercourse, but the key factor is that it's enjoyed whilst the woman is lying on her stomach.

21 Anaclitism
The act of achieving sexual arousal by activities one was exposed to as an infant. These may include toilet training, wearing baby grows or playing with dolls.

22 Fresh Cream Dip
A speciality of British rent boys in the Fifties, where they'd dip their wick in a pot of cream for the oral delectation of the punter.

23 Amaurophilia
A preference for blind or blindfolded sexual partners.

24 Gyno
A fascination for carrying out amateur internal inspections, usually with the aid of a stainless steel speculum and a pair of suspended stirrups.

25 Candling
To enjoy the sweet, sweet pain of melted wax being dripped upon the body.

26 Hybristophilia
The desire for someone who has committed an outrage, hence the amount of smut that gets sent to the boys languishing on death row.

27 Water Sports
Playing, drinking, splashing or bathing in another person's wee for sexual pleasure.

28 Cutting
A rather apt name for scarring the skin for kinky sexual gratification.

29 Ophidicism
Those who use reptiles (or eels) during sex. As in, "release the gecko!"

30 Autoerotic Asphyxiation
Strangling play – the perversion that reportedly finished off Stephen Milligan, the former Conservative MP for Eastleigh, who was found with a noose tied around his neck, a satsuma in his mouth and wearing a pair stockings. Michael Hutchence was also a fan, apparently... ▷

Catsuit: Skin Two, Bra: Skin Two, Red skirt: Showgirls

31 Necrophilia

Shagging a corpse. It's often said that the ancient Egyptians, some of whom openly appreciated the sexual allure of a dead body, didn't let embalmers near a corpse until several days after death. The mystery of mummification explained?

32 Bukkake

A kink that's inherently Japanese in origin; the mass spunking over a woman. The subject is often buried so that only their head is visible.

33 Utassassino-philia

A person with this perversion is sexually aroused by putting themselves into situations in which they may be killed.

COPROPHILIA: TO GAIN KINKY SEXUAL PLEASURE FROM PLAYING WITH POO

34 Dacryphilia

A disturbing psychosexual disorder that's triggered by the sight of your partner in floods of tears.

35 Urtication

Urtication refers to people who use stinging nettles to stimulate the skin for sexual gratification. However, it has nothing to do with the bullies who called you "a bender" and bunged you in a nettle patch on the way home from school.

36 Daisy Chaining

A group of people (usually those in private boys' schools) who gather in a circle and masturbate each other.

37 Douching

From the French *douche*, this practice involves injecting liquid, usually water, into the vagina, either to get rid of chuff chowder or as a sexual thrill in itself.

38 Klismaphilia

The sexual pleasure of flushing the anal cavity with liquid (administering an enema). The cause of many a baffling brown scuff on hotel shower heads.

39 Scrotal Infusion

To inject the scrotum with (large volumes) of saline solution. It gets massive!

40 Surface Play

A surprisingly effective set of sexual techniques that involve stimulating the surface of the body with abrasive materials such as rough silk, chamois leather, fine sandpaper, brushes or wire wool.

41 Animal Training

Kinky AT games involve one or more partners taking on the role of an animal. The commonest is a dog, though horses are also said to be popular. The "animal" may imitate bestial behaviour, wearing items such as collars, leads, bridles and so on. They do not, however, have right of way on public highways.

42 Bastinado

A form of torture or punishment that involves beating the soles of the feet. A particular favourite of Klaus Barbie, World War II's "Butcher of Lyons".

43 Coprophilia

To gain kinky sexual pleasure and arousal from playing with poo.

44 Coprophagia

Distinct from Coprophilia, this kink is purely for those that like eating poo.

45 Cupping

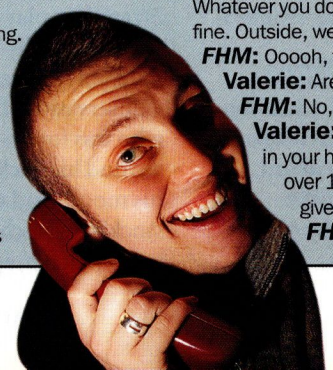
The placing of suction devices on various parts of the body (particularly the nipples) to sensitise the skin. Hard core Cupping fans use the rubber suction cups found in snakebite kits. Ultra hard core fans use powered suction pumps, although this is said to cause unsightly welting.

You're nicked

Will *FHM* get arrested for ridiculing itself?

If you're into Catagelophilia you get off on being ridiculed, don't you, eh, you seedy little man. To discover if it's legal to pleasure oneself in such a way, we phoned lady rozza, Valerie, at her Constabulary in Shaftesbury, Dorset.

FHM: Good morning. I'd like to find out the legality of something.
Valerie: Legality of what, exactly?
FHM: It's called Catagelophilia. It's pigeon-holed as a bit of a sexual perversion, but it's harmless, really. I get sexual pleasure from being ridiculed by people.
Valerie: You're being ridiculed with pigeons? Sex with pigeons?
FHM: No. I get off on being ridiculed by people. Will you arrest me?
Valerie: You might like that, eh? Whatever you do in your own home is fine. Outside, we'd arrest you.
FHM: Ooooh, that's good...
Valerie: Are you taking the piss?
FHM: No, I want to be ridiculed!
Valerie: Make sure you do it in your home and everyone's over 18. Any other queries give me a call. Thanks.
FHM: Hello...?



46 Clot

A fascination with the slightly mucky topic of female menstruation, be it women inserting tampons, removing them or sucking them dry on a live web-cam.

47 Dog In A Bath

The proper name for inserting your nuts into a girl's bum. It is so called because it's just as difficult as keeping a dog in the tub while giving it a bath.

48 Parachuting

This involves passing your knackers through a hole in the top of a shallow leather cone. Hanging from the rim of the cone are chains or cords, from which heavy weights are hung.

49 Petticoat Discipline

Being forced to wear women's undercrackers as a form of humiliation or arousal.

50 Stigmatophilia

Distinct from Clot, this shameful kink is centred on a love of freshly drawn blood.

51 Sitophilia

Using food for sexual purposes; common masturbation aids including cucumbers and corn on the cob. If you want to use a cucumber, remove it from the fridge an hour before use.

DOG IN A BATH: THE PROPER NAME FOR INSERTING YOUR NUTS INTO A GIRL'S BUM

52 Rinding/ Gibbing

A somewhat distasteful and potentially dangerous sexual practice whereby a woman swallows one end of a stringy bacon rind while holding onto the other, before slowly and deliberately drawing it out. This action causes the subject to gag and her vaginal muscles to constrict sympathetically and strongly.

53 Prison Humping

The sort of practice only ever attempted after a gallon of continental lager. Basically, it's anal sex without any lube – save for a bit of spit, perhaps.

54 Re-breathing

A form of self-suffocation that involves breathing into an airtight enclosure until the oxygen is exhausted and supplanted by exhaled carbon dioxide.

55 Flaming Amazon

Rarely witnessed, this perhaps mythical kink involves waiting until you are just about to come before pulling out a lighter and setting your partner's pubes on fire. The goal is to extinguish the flames with your gentleman's relish before your partner is horribly scarred.

56 Goosing

One of the more common kinks that involves inserting a finger between the cheeks of the buttocks – not necessarily up the jacksie itself.

57 Gynotikolobo-massophilia

Some men like tits, others prefer arses. Gynotikolobomassophilics like earlobes. Funny little freaks.

58 Kakorrhaphi-philia

A kink where the devotee derives sexual excitement from failure.

59 Furtling

Make your grot magazines "come alive" by cutting out a cock-sized hole where the model's quim should be and wanking feverishly through the page. Furtling is almost as good as the real thing, but with the added hazard of paper cuts.

60 Keraunophilia

The sexual enjoyment of thunder and lightning.

61 Docking

Another one for the gay folk. Docking involves slipping one partner's foreskin over the helmet of another (end on, naturally).

62 Splosh
Few women would begrudge a man a sexual weakness for wet T-shirts. However, some ladies might get funny if their partner asked them to roll around on a groundsheet covered in mud, paint, jelly, cream or another messy substance.

NASOPHILIA: TO BE SEXUALLY AROUSED BY THE SIGHT OF A WELL-TURNED HOOTER

63 Spanking
The acceptable face of BDSM. For more details, see perversion 70 (above right).

64 Knismo-lagnia
At the very periphery of acceptable sexual kinkery; gaining arousal from being tickled by another person.

65 Knissophilia
To get turned on by strong smelling incense (particularly the stuff used in Roman Catholic masses).

66 Maiesio-philia
A popular sexual kink, well-served by a myriad sites on the internet; gaining pleasure from the sight of pregnant women.

67 Narrato-philia
To get yourself in a froth by having erotic stories read to you by your sexual partner.

68 Electrophilia
To gain sexual arousal from electrical stimulus, such as mild shocks.

69 Nasophilia
To become sexually aroused by the sight of a well-turned hooter. Nasophilia could possibly help explain the ever popular Greek tourist trade…

70 BDSM
Bondage and Discipline, Sadism and Masochism – this term covers the gamut of "pain games". Advocates claim that BDSM is misunderstood and is, in fact, the most natural, liberating lifestyle in the world. Don't listen to their ridiculous lies.

71 Pony Training
A BDSM term for training a submissive partner to be obedient.

72 Fisting
To insert your whole hand into another person's orifice – usually cookie, but hey, use your imagination – for sexual gratification. Simple to explain, but rather more tricky to master.

73 Frottage
A favourite of sex-starved Japanese businessmen on packed commuter trains, Frottage involves rubbing your crotch against any convenient nearby surface – be it an unwitting female commuter or a train door. Actually, forget the train door.

74 Blumpy
A Blumpy simply involves an individual being given a blow-job while they're sitting on a toilet, having a dump. Beats reading the paper.

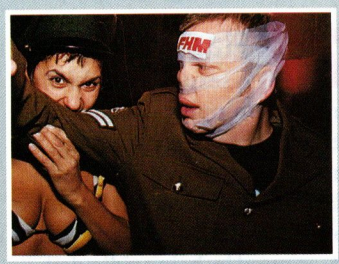
75 Cock Stuffing
Apparently popular on the fringes of gay culture, Cock Stuffing involves inserting thin, cylindrical items (thermometers, wire, pipe cleaners and the like), down your Jap's eye in order to gradually increase the size of the urethra over a period of months. Eventually, your sexual buddy should be able to stick his Johnson down the hole in the end of your todger. ▷

'Sorry, sir. No gimps…'

Will *FHM* gain entry to a fetish club with nothing more than a roll of Sellotape and a stuffed alligator's head?

The plan was simple enough. Send Li'l Lee down to London's Torture Garden on their Sleaze Nation night – armed with a few accessories from the office – to see if he could bluff his way past the notoriously strict doormen. All he had to do was stick various objects to his head and boldly march to the front of the queue, while the entire *FHM* office hid behind a small wall, weeping with laughter. Brilliant stuff, but did it work?

Sellotape



We're on a budget, so we begin with a simple plan. Sellotape only costs £1.41 so we wrap two rolls around Lee's head until he makes little bleating noises. And it's not only us who are enjoying the way it hugs his cheekbones: the bouncer nods, Lee pays the £12 entry fee and he's in.

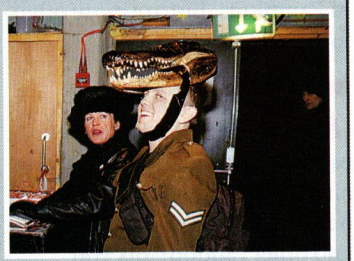
SUCCESS!

Stationery

Nervous about sending Lee back in, we go for a slightly better disguise – a calculator taped to his mouth, a mouse on his forehead, a keyboard on his chest and biros in his ears seems to do the trick. Unbelievable. The bouncer doesn't mind, and we watch in awe as a lady dwarf fiddles with his buttons.

SUCCESS!

Alligator



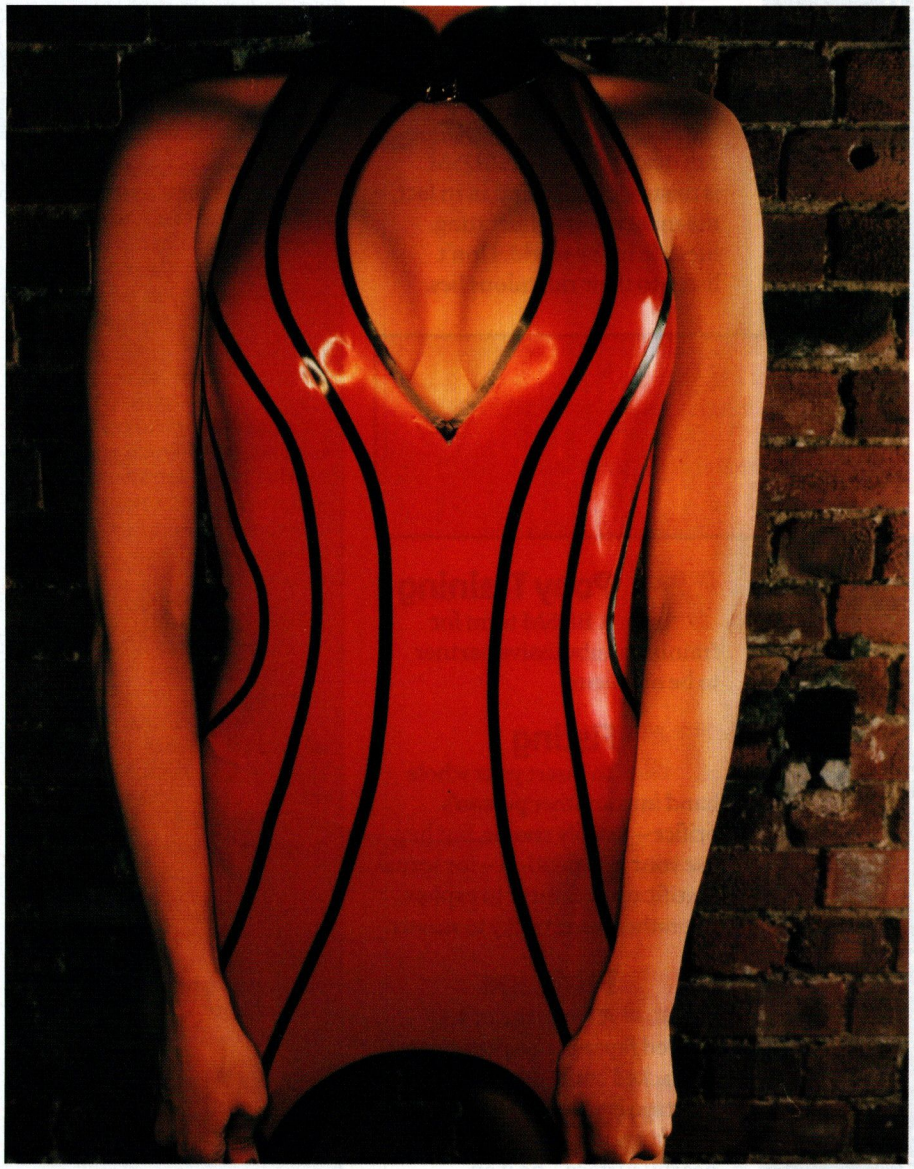
Having found a stuffed alligator head in a darkened nook of *FHM* towers, we tape it to Lee's head. The result is better than we could ever have hoped, "Oooh, I've never seen one of them before," enthuses the bouncer, forcing him in so he can show Lee off to his transvestite mate.

SUCCESS!

Lunch

Determined to get him in trouble with the doorman (plus we're a little pissed by now) we stick an entire Big Mac meal (with strawberry milkshake) to the whimpering fool. He smells like a dead cow and there's suspicious-looking mayonnaise dripping down his chin. The bouncer's not happy, and he can hear us laughing.

FAIL!



76 Plush
If you accidentally stumble across a Plush site while surfing the internet, you'll not know whether to laugh or run screaming to your mother. It's grown men who get off on dressing up as cartoon characters. Plush also covers the pursuit of boning cuddly toys.

77 Flashing
A sexual kink which involves whipping out your joy department to unsuspecting members of the general public. Flashing could possibly be linked to Catagelophilia where people are aroused by being ridiculed.

78 Taurologism
Sexual excitement produced by proximity to bulls – more specifically their musty, animal smell. Addicts will go to any lengths to get near to the horned creatures, typically taking jobs in bullrings and cafés in Pamplona. But are more often found loitering in farms.

79 Hentai
Hentai is Japanese cartoon porn; girls with doe eyes and impossibly large chests being boffed by robots, demons and other random folk you wouldn't want around the house.

PLUSH: GROWN MEN WHO GET OFF ON DRESSING UP AS CARTOON CHARACTERS

80 Humming
This well-known variation of a blow-job requires the gobbler to hum her favourite tune while she sucks away. The vibrations felt (particularly during the deep bass notes) add extra stimulation.

81 Tea Bagging
To perform the Tea Bag, ask your partner to lay flat on her back then crouch over her on your hands and knees, gently dipping your nut sack in and out of her mouth.

82 Chap
To slap your partner in the face with your todger.

83 Oystering
A derivation of Tea Bagging that is accomplished by numbing your gland grenades with ice before having the missus munch on them.

84 Tromboning
Often seen in pornographic films, this involves being rimmed and wanked from behind at the same time.

85 The Screwnicorn
A sexual perversion favoured by the sapphic sisterhood, this is the correct term for strapping a dildo to your forehead and headbutting her beaver like a demented Leeds fan.

86 Shrimping
The term for licking or sucking another person's toes for sexual gratification.

87 Snudgeing
The dubious sexual pursuit of sniffing objects (bicycle seats, the top of washing machines, park benches, office chairs, saddles and so on) that may have come into close contact with a woman's biffer. As in, "lucky, lucky saddle".

88 Crush
A specialist category that caters for those who like to see women in high heels, erm, crushing small rodents to death.

89 Flake
To get sexually aroused by peeling another person's sunburnt skin.

FLAKE: TO GET SEXUALLY AROUSED BY PEELING A PERSON'S SUNBURNT SKIN

90 Double Bassing

To have sex from behind while twiddling your partner's nipples with your left hand and rubbin' her nubbin' with the other. As the name suggests, Double Bassing can produce some extraordinarily deep bass notes.

91 Zoophilia

A disturbing sexual fascination for animals.

92 Bestiality

The next step up from Zoophilia: Bestiality was a common form of entertainment in the Roman arenas, apparently.

93 Toasting

Placing your penis twixt two slices of fresh bread – buttered, obviously – and offering it to the wife.

94 Snowballing

When a lady gobbles your semen and then spits it into your mouth.

95 Boiled Eggs for Four

A visual phenomenon that occurs when two uphill gardeners engage each other in the 69 position. Use your imagination and you'll see what the name means...

96 Glory Holing

Glory Holes are those strange gaps hewn into the sides of toilet cubicles for the sole purpose of facilitating anonymous sexual contact with the person in the adjoining trap.

97 Rimming

An unnatural taste for tonguing your bum hole.

98 Bricing

To engage in sexual kinkery whereby one of the party is tied to a stake.

99 Flagellation

Whipping play. In the 11th Century, guilt-ridden Franciscan monks considered self-flagellation the best form of penance. Dirty old men.

100 Seagulling

The disgusting act of bespangling an unwitting passer-by with a fresh dollop of man muck. As brought to public attention by Miggs, who displayed a textbook technique in *The Silence of The Lambs* when he "Seagulled" an unsuspecting Jodie Foster.

The Mythical Perversions

Were you able to tell the difference between the real perversions and the bogus sex acts? The fakes were: Censtrocrephilia, Playing The Violin, Ken Dodding, Dog In A Bath, Flaming Amazon, Taurologism, Flake, Double Bassing, Toasting and Seagulling. **FHM**

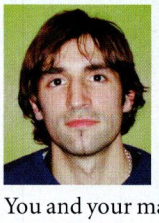
LOOKING GOOD!

Want to be like the fella we've expensively photographed – a headful of gorgeous hair, confident and two hot-to-trot ladies on your arm? Well, Garnier Fructis knows how...

"Confidence is a preference for the habitual voyeur of what is known as Parklife." Or so Blur reckon, but what does that mean? Well *FHM*'s buggered if we know. Not a Scooby. But maybe they're on to something – because isn't that the thing about confidence – it doesn't make *any* sense whatsoever? Take your average megastar – they could be loaded and sickeningly good looking, and yet complain of being crippingly shy. While on the other hand, Nigel from accounts, with his lazy eye and weeping sores can waltz up to any honey without a flicker of self-doubt or shyness. (Of course, Nigel always gets knocked back, while your megastar gets laid more often than re-usable lino, but you get our point.) Maybe what Mr Albarn should have said was, "Confidence is a confusing bugger." More accurate, but perhaps slightly harder to rhyme.

Well a bugger it may be, but fear ye not, because Garnier Fructis are here to help you through your confidence conundrums. As they have with these three. Each has a problem which needs sorting, and we've got TV lifestyle coach, confidence expert and friend of Fructis, Jeremy Milnes on our side – a man so full of belief he'd have Nigel forehead deep in thongs and phone numbers in a week. So be brave. We'll hear their harrowing stories, see what advice Jezza has for them and, in a couple of months, we'll return to our troubled trio to see what a difference we've made.

The Best Man's Speech



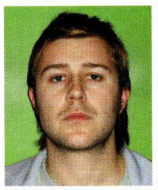
Name: Donald Grant
Age: 24

The wedding day. One of life's truly great moments. You and your mates all suited and booted with plenty of booze, vol-au-vents and tipsy bridesmaids to hand. Who couldn't enjoy a day like that? Two words for you: Best Man. Yup, if you're that one friend or family member rated above all else, things are gonna be a whole lot different. On your mate's day of days you'll be sitting in the corner, hallucinating from lack of sleep, sweating more than Pavarotti in a sauna and concentrating on trying to stop your entire lower intestine from passing through your rapidly puckering bum-hole. While organising the debauchery of the stag weekend, the Best Man's speech seemed a long way off, but now it's here and you can't remember a word of it. "I worry that I'll stand up in front of everyone and nothing will come out. Or worse I'll remember it word-perfect and no-one will laugh, and the ten minutes I'm up there will seem like an eternity," said Donald.

Jeremy advises: The thing to remember when speaking in front of a group of people is that your

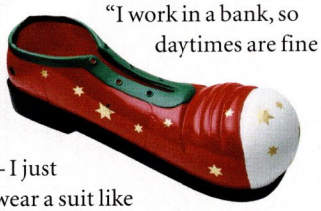
audience are on your side and it would take a lot to change that. So use that, start off with a joke. It doesn't have to get a huge belly laugh, just a ripple is enough to relax your audience, and ultimately you. I'd also suggest watching others doing it, see how they break the ice – you can even steal their jokes if they work! Finally, be fully prepared, by that I don't mean have every word committed to memory, just get some points jotted down. And practise, practise, practise.

The Fashion Faux Pas



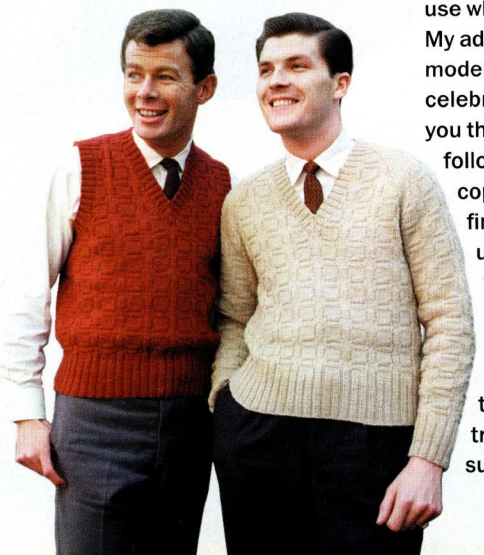
Name: Alex Britain
Age: 23

To say the Fashion Police know who Alex Britain is would be an understatement of epic proportions. It's probably fairer to say he has his own cell, handcuffs and arresting officer. "I've never really had any interest in clothes and would always wear what got handed down to me by my big brother, or what I could pick up in my local shops," Alex told us. "So more often than not I'd end up wearing the wrong thing. But over the years I've managed to get an outfit together that I don't get mocked too badly for, but that means I always wear it. I just don't seem to have the confidence to pick something new in case I get it wrong again." Now while we would no sooner unleash TV's *What Not To Wear* harridans Trinny and Susannah on poor Alex (though we'd happily unleash a pack of starved bears on the smug duo), something has to be done.

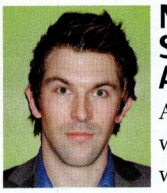


"I work in a bank, so daytimes are fine – I just wear a suit like everyone else, it's going out that causes me the biggest problems. My mates always take the mickey and I've seen girls laughing and pointing at my get-up. I think if I turn up again in the same outfit, my mates are going to disown me."

Jeremy says: "Can I begin by saying I know exactly how he feels. Guys like us can't afford personal stylists so we have to use what's around to get it right. My advice would be to find a role model – it doesn't have to be a celebrity, it can be a mate who you think dresses well – and follow them. Now I don't mean copying them slavishly, just find out where they shop and use them as a guide. This will certainly give you more confidence to buy the right stuff. And don't be afraid to be adventurous – don't think; "I can't wear that!" – try new things and you might surprise yourself.



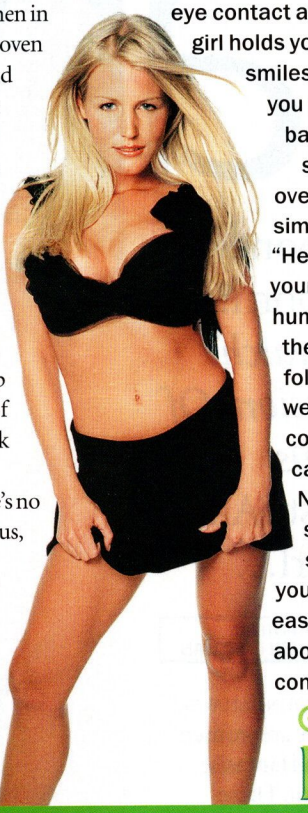
On the pull



Name: Dave Stick
Age: 25

Ah yes, the one area we can all empathise with. Even the very best of us have been there. Out with friends casually chatting about the various merits, or otherwise, of your chosen football teams when in she walks. Hair of pure woven sunshine, eyes so pure and deep you could drown in them and a bosom that would make Kelly Brook weep with jealousy. But what to do? How can you approach such a goddess with the fear that she'll take one look at you and laugh so hard that watermelon alcopop will come shooting out of her nose? "I can easily talk to girls and hold a conversation when there's no pressure on," David told us, "but as soon as I fancy someone, I go to pieces."

Jeremy says: "David, the first thing to remember is strangers aren't three-headed monsters who are going to rip your heart out just because you don't know them. Secondly, while we all harbour a fear of rejection it's much better to approach a girl than continually run the scenario over and over in your head as a lost opportunity. The best way to approach someone is establish eye contact and smile – if the girl holds your gaze and smiles back I guarantee you won't be knocked back. But what to say when you go over? Well keep it simple. Just say, "Hello," introduce yourself and it's human nature to do the same back. Now follow it up with a well meant compliment and they can't fail to respond. Now that's the scary bit over with, so the rest is up to you from there, just easy conversation about whatever comes to mind."

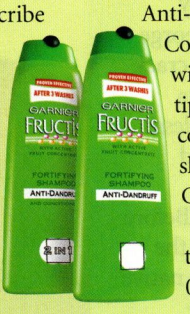


GARNIER
FRUCTIS

Up yours, dandruff!

With over 40 years of barnet-studying expertise, what Garnier don't know about helping you look your best and being confident probably isn't worth knowing.

Bad hair and dandruff. No surer girl-repellents exist chaps, and you need all the help you can get in fighting them off. Enter Garnier Fructis, hopefully to the rescue. In 1998 Garnier launched Fructis – which they confidently describe as the first strengthening hair care range with the power of active fruit ingredients. Brilliant. The newest additions to the range are a brace of Fructis Anti-Dandruff products – with the choice of a Shampoo, or a 2-in-1 Shampoo & Conditioner. Both get to work straight away and Garnier – get them! – confidently assure us that this cunning hair cleaner will rid your hair of the flaky curse of dandruff after just three washes. So your days of staying in with Cilla, take-aways and crying yourself to sleep should be well and truly behind you.



Special packs of the Fructis Anti-Dandruff Shampoo and Fructis Anti-Dandruff 2in1 Shampoo & Conditioner are in stores now with more spot-on confidence tips from Jeremy, and a competition that could see you shooting off to the Monaco Grand Prix – hoorah!

For more information call the Garnier hair advice line 08453 990104.

THE *FHM* PORTFOLIO

Game girl

Bagged Clooney? Done soft porn? Done *Baywatch*? Yep, *Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind*'s Krista Allen is quite a girl...

WORDS: STEVE KOTLER
PHOTOGRAPHY: STEPHEN DANELIAN

AS A YOUNG SHAVER there are women we all fantasise about. These archetypes of formative feminine fancy come in all shapes and sizes, but a few classics include your best friend's mum, a flirty next-door neighbour or a super-hot teacher who keeps, for sake of argument, dropping her chalk and bending over to pick it up in a super-tight skirt. Ahem. This, it seems, is a universal edict crossing boundaries of class, occupation and even geography.

Why else would a wealthy Hollywood celebrity like George Clooney go all out to have a crack at this lovely lady here, Krista Allen – a former teacher no less? Well, her cracking figure and brain-melting good looks probably didn't hurt either. Before her romps with Big George, the 30-year-old Houston, Texas native made the transition from ▷

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classroom to Hollywood with roles on day-time US TV pap (and no-one does pap quite like our colonial cousins) *Baywatch Hawaii* and, dear God no, *Days Of Our Lives*. These led to her first cinematic role, which while being small, was very memorable. As "Busty Girl in Elevator" in *Liar Liar* she got to do what many of us have only dreamed of – clouting Jim Carrey square in the face. And fans of wholesome superhero series *Smallville* can't help but have noticed her awesome turn as a naughty sex education teacher whose charms had poor Clark literally spurting laser vision all over the school. But *FHM* has her here today, in a ready state of undress, for her role in hot new

'Being with celebrities is nice. You get great tables at restaurants'

flick *Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind*. A film role she may, or may not have landed due to her then-fella, Mr George Clooney, being the director and driving force behind the flick. Which raises a very obvious opening gambit...

While shooting *Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind*, you dated George Clooney. What was it like working with your boyfriend?
Being with celebrities is nice. One thing's for certain, you get great tables at restaurants, but the disadvantage is that they might just go home with your waitress!
But hold yer horses there missus, if you were seeing arse-chinned George, what ▷

'On *Baywatch*, jiggling isn't just a talent, it's part of the audition'

were all the Matthew Perry rumours about then?
Basically, I'd been hanging out with George and I'm friends with Matt. I meet Matt for coffee, some photographer takes our picture, and the next week the three of us are in the tabloids. I'm in the middle, and George and Matt are on either side with a big caption saying; "Who's going to win?"
So who did win?
What a dumb question! I mean look at the choices. I'm the winner, of course! Unless there's a cute waitress around.
You slapped Jim Carrey pretty hard in *Liar Liar*. When was the last time you whacked someone in real life?
I'm not much of a whacker.
So was that slapping scene hard to do?
It was hard, but only because I had to act pissed off and he kept cracking me up. Some of that stuff made it into the outtakes at the end of the movie, but you can imagine Jim Carrey making a half-hour of boob jokes.
Indeed we can and we'd have done more than slap his face... Anyway moving on, your new flick, *Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind* is about Chuck Barris, the inventor of many modern-day TV quiz show classics like *Blind Date* and *The Gong Show*. That show saw members of the great unwashed showcase their unique talents on telly before getting gonged off. What would your *Gong Show* talent be?
Does jiggling count?
Only on *Baywatch*...
On *Baywatch*, jiggling isn't just a talent, it's part of the audition. I can run on the beach in slow-motion really well, too.
Nice... What's the worst job you've ever had?
It wasn't a job, but I do a lot of volunteer work. When you volunteer, you don't really get to pick your chore. I was helping out at the RSPCA and was given the lovely task of being the cage cleaner. Two hundred dogs means lots of poop.
Have you ever done anything for money you're ashamed of?
Ha ha! Does *Baywatch Hawaii* count?
It certainly does. So what would you say is the dumbest thing you've ever done for love?
An ex-boyfriend decided to dump me by leaving a message on my answering machine, but after a few drinks, I decided I wasn't having any of it. I went over to his house – in full-on stalker mode – and was waiting outside for him, but I really needed to pee. I didn't want to go in the bushes, because that's not lady-like, so instead, I scaled the fence. Then my "lady-like" ▷

self found an open door and went in. My friends now call me "B&E" – as in "Breaking and Entering".

We imagine there are worse intruders to find on your property. On the topic of criminality, what's the strangest thing you've ever stolen?

Food. When I was much younger, my friends and I went into a grocery store and put frozen entrées in our underwear.

And no-one noticed?

Don't ask me how. I really have no idea how the manager never noticed a big, square box stuffed in my bra.

Especially as that's where his eye would be naturally drawn.

'I've just completed a film in which I play a porn star'

So what's up next after *Confessions*?

I've just completed filming *Anger Management*, in which I play a porn star opposite Adam Sandler and Jack Nicholson. It's kind of ironic, because seven years ago I did this stupid Cinemax series called *Emmanuelle*, and after that, I got pegged as a soft-core porn star. It makes me think that maybe I shouldn't have taken advice from a manager whose claim to fame is a client roster that consists of early-Seventies Playmates Of The Month! **FHM**

Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind is in cinemas right now.

Ikon

Here's the inside tip for a footwear dead-cert: Ikon shoes, easy on the eye and the wallet...

Clockwise, from top left **Campus** light taupe leather (rrp £49.99), also available in brown and black leather. **Italia** white leather (rrp £35). **Marshall 2** light tan leather (rrp £49.99) also available in black leather. **Italia** navy suede (rrp £35).

There is a point at which most normal men start to weep at the thought of paying any more cash for a product than is strictly necessary. Naturally, some fellows will happily throw a hundred grand at a Ferrari – and good luck to the flashy, immodest chancers. But a pair of shoes? Just how much do you like your feet to wrap them in £500-worth of leather?

Luckily, eye-catching footwear doesn't have to leave you destitute and begging for change – Ikon's range of shoes are built to last, look the business and brilliantly, they cause only minor damage to your wallet. No matter what the occasion – a quiet night in the boozer... a suited-'n'-booted black-tie bash... or even a mod-inspired weekend of revelry – there's a shoe that'll do it for you.

Available throughout the UK at leading retailers. For more details, check out www.ikonfootwear.co.uk or call 02476 324670.

IKON

The oil fire fighter

Hose-for-hire Gabe Gibson on roasted man-flesh, smoking dangers and visiting Iraq...

How do you snuff out a raging oil well fire?
Normally we just use water. But if it's a really big fire or we can't get enough water to it, we try to blow the fire out with explosive charges. We pack a 55-gallon drum with extinguisher powder and explosives and put it close to the side of the fire. When it goes off we literally snuff out the fire as we're blowing the oxygen away from it.

Ever seen a fire so intense you crapped yourself?
I'll never forget the feeling when I first saw the fires in Kuwait during the Gulf War. I'd been in and around oil fields almost all my life but, when we flew in and I looked out of the plane at the ground, I wondered what in the world I'd gotten myself into. It wasn't a feeling of being scared – it was just a sense of being overwhelmed. Literally everywhere I looked was fire, smoke and crude oil.

How hot does an oil well fire get?
Extremely hot. The temperature of these fires can be anywhere from 1,500 to 2,000°C.

Have you ever been set ablaze?
No. The best piece of safety equipment is your common sense. You don't ever let yourself get into a situation where you're going to catch fire.

When not ignited deliberately, what causes an oil well to blow?
Blowouts usually happen in the drilling phase of a well and are nearly always down to human error. It's when you have an uncontrolled escape of hydrocarbons at the surface. That can be natural gas, crude oil, salt water or steam. It doesn't necessarily mean it's on fire – it's just blowing material into the atmosphere. A lot of times there'll be an explosion though, and that can be quite a traumatic experience. When people call to dispatch us on a job they're usually quite excited.

You work for a company called Cudd Well Control, a private firm in America. So you're not your typical fireman, then...
No. When I'm in the office I design the equipment we work with. When we're doing the actual firefighting I oversee what's going on and do the work on the well, either removing the damaged components or putting a capping assembly onto it. There are only 50 people in the world proficient at doing that.

How often does the phone ring?
In a year we'd work on about 80 wells. Mainly it's pressure control work, but 25 to 30 of them may be blowouts. We have to rotate the way we go in and out of a country in case of an aeroplane accident, so that there's only ever one crew working at a time. You wouldn't want any more people than that to be lost.

Just how dangerous is it to smoke near an oil well?
If a well's already on fire it can't really get much worse. But if it's not on fire we're certainly not going to be smoking anywhere near the well. I would say that for a 600ft radius around the burning well you don't want to be smoking, and we always confiscate cigarettes, matches, lighters and so on from people before they go anywhere near the danger area.

Have you ever seen a burning body while doing your job?
Yes, I have. It was in South America – if you've ever seen a photograph of a person that's been burnt, then that's exactly what it was like. We covered it up and carried on with our work. I can't tell you any more details because it could get me into lots of trouble.

Kuwait isn't the only dangerous place you've worked, then?
No. I would say South America was much worse. We flew in from our base every day by helicopter and we always took a different route. The pilot said it was because he wanted us to see different parts of the countryside, but the real reason was because there were guerrillas in the mountains and they'd shoot the helicopter down if they got half a chance.

What were the conditions on the ground like in Kuwait?
Soldiers had to go in front of us, clearing the unexploded mines from the ground before we could get to the wells. There were live weapons and all kinds of things just lying in the desert. At night, guys would go out and shoot AK-47s or anything else they'd found during the day. One guy from another Texan fire team found an abandoned Iraqi tank somewhere and he managed to get it started. He got the turret to move up and down but, fortunately, he couldn't blow anything up because he couldn't work out how to drive it. If he'd managed to drive it there's no telling what might have happened.

What did the Iraqis actually do to the oil fields?
Before the Iraqis left they put powerful explosives on many of the wells. That was bad, don't get me wrong, but there were many other places on the well heads where they could have done a lot more damage if they'd wanted to, or if they'd had enough time or knew what they were doing. I still don't know which of those factors was the greatest influence on what they actually did, though.

How many wells did you have to tame over there?
Estimates vary, but I'd say it was around 750. What we could be looking at in Iraq is up to 1,500.

So, you're on standby to go over there?
I'm on standby to go to work every minute of every day, and to go anywhere in the world. If anything happens in Iraq we already know who's going to go. We also have an extensive list of equipment we've prepared, because whatever goes out there has to be replaced back here. We've got enough to send three crews over there right now, for any kind of operation.

How quickly could you get to Iraq if they called you?
We could have people and equipment there within 48 hours. There would be a few logistics to take care of when we got there before we could begin work, though: location, the availability of water and so on would be major factors.

Who would make the call?
It would probably be someone within the US government.

What sort of welcome do you expect from the Iraqis?
Well, that's going to be a difficult situation. It's something we've thought about and discussed amongst ourselves – in Kuwait they were excited to see us, but it may not be that way when we get to Iraq. We may have to depend heavily on the allied forces that are there for support and to give us some help as we go about our business.

And what if the bullets started – would you quickly leg it back to the United States?
Yes. I'd leave in a heartbeat. **FHM**

Q How hot does an oil well fire get?
A Anywhere from 1,500 to 2,000°C

Interview by Mal Alexander.

Neville Elder

Nervous Frank went in to bat

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Fashion

After jetting off to LA to shoot the "gangsta look" for last month's fashion, this time it's their slightly more dapper cousins – **Twenties gangsters**, that is – who get the fashion treatment, with a little bit of help from messrs **Klein**, **Gucci and Armani**.

Sportswear has leapt from the council estate to the catwalk, and this month's **Instant Cool** will show you how to achieve the look of the summer – whether you've got a hundred notes burning a hole in your pocket or four times the amount. Then there's the sportswear staple of **trainers**, and we've got two pages stuffed with them.

We're even giving you a chance to meet the blokes who put together *FHM*'s fashion pages at one of our **Topman events** in London, Newcastle, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester. As well as discounted Topman clobber, the team will also be dispensing essential fashion advice.

Enjoy the section!

Gary Kingsnorth

Gary Kingsnorth
Fashion director

Gangster chic
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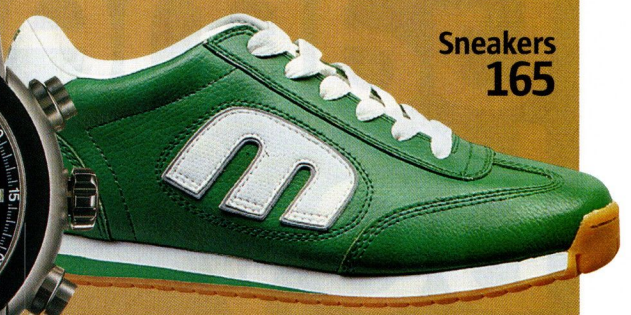

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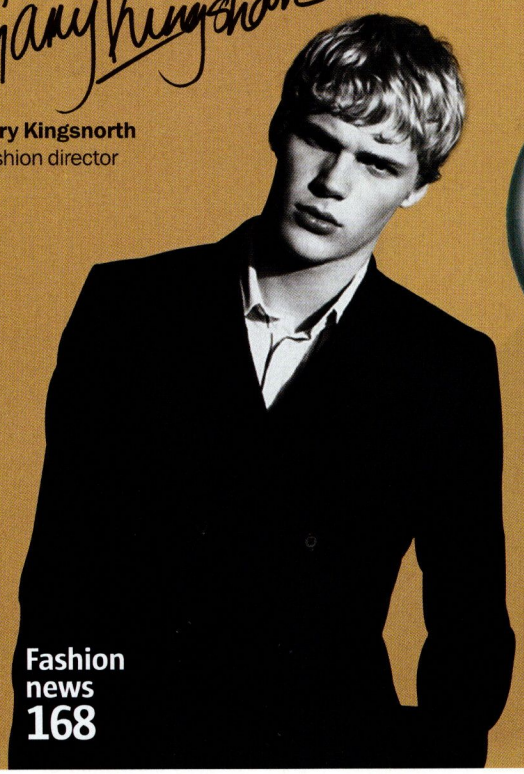

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Game boy

Sports casual isn't about Alan Partridge on a day trip – it's gear that says you're up for it

Red track top £45 by **Adidas**, white polo shirt £60 by **Stüssy**, grey trousers £110 by **Walé Adeyemi**, trainers £80 by **Adidas at Size?**, checked baseball cap £44 by **Lacoste** and white leather "Elite" glove £16 by **Nike**

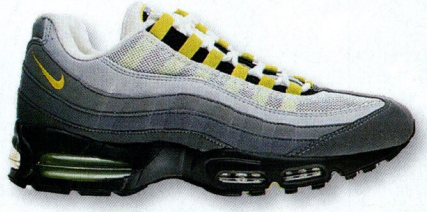
You're minted

Money no object? Spunk away, man...

White zip-front tracksuit top
£99 (sold as part of a set) by **Lacoste**

Navy polo T-shirt
£49 by **Paul Smith**

Green sports trousers with side zip vents
£140 by **Boss Hugo Boss**



Air Max trainers
£110 by **Nike at Size?**

Total = £398

You're sorted

You know the value of a pound

Grey nylon zip-front jacket
£62 by **Alphanumeric**

Sky blue airtext polo T-shirt
£25 by **Nike**

Navy nylon tracksuit trousers with ankle zips
£40 by **Russell Athletic**

Grey trainers
£70 by **Adidas**

Total = £197

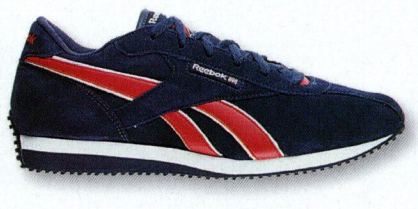
You're sensible

Cool clobber that won't break the bank

Yellow and green zip-through jacket
£40 by **McKenzie**

White polo T-shirt
£15 by **Topman**

Beige three-stripe sports trousers
£20 by **Adidas**



Navy trainers
£45 by **Reebok**

Total = £120

Photography:Paul Farrell. Fashion: Olie Arnold. Model:Daniel Lazaro at Models 1

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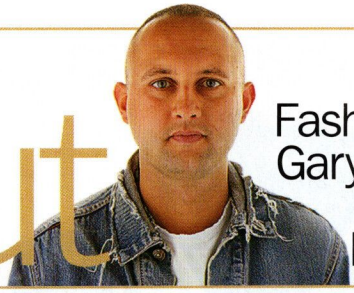
Director's Cut



Fashion Director Gary Kingsnorth picks May's best clobber

adidas
adidas
adidas

5 Oris watch
£745

Oris have teamed up with the BMW Formula One team to create this knob-laden, chunky chronograph. Who knows what all those things do? Who cares! (01204 704144)

6 Duchamp shirt and tie
£89/£65

If your office looks like *The Office*, wake up fashion-challenged co-workers with a splash of colour. This Brit-designed cotton combo will certainly get you noticed. Or sacked. (020 8743 5999)

7 French Connection 'Woodstock' boots £85

Down at Clarks they call them Desert Boots. At French Connection, however, they're known as Woodstock – daft name, but just as sturdy. (020 7935 4880)

8 Vertu mobile
£3,750

The mobie of choice for the world's celebrities. This stainless steel version might be cheaper than the gold and platinum models, but you'd still be gutted if you left it in a taxi. (020 7318 3557)

9 Peter Werth shirt £50

In his youth, your grandad would have pranced around in full Teddy Boy regalia, so this is more like a great-great-grandad shirt. But that doesn't fit on the label, so "grandad shirt" it is. (020 8805 9111)

10 G-Star combats £69

As the military look takes over the world, denim experts G-Star are bringing all their cutting experience to the world of the combat pant. Expect – nay, demand – one heap of well-fitted cotton. (020 7371 9890)

Photography: Robert Decelis

Phil Gray is an expert on
harassment in the work place.
He's a shark diver.
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HUMAN COLLECTION.

GAS
Keep it simple.

Silver "Vandal" basketball boots
£60 by **Nike**

Green leather trainers
£65 by **Etnies**

Brown leather "Milano" trainers
£80 by **Mitre**

Walk, don't run

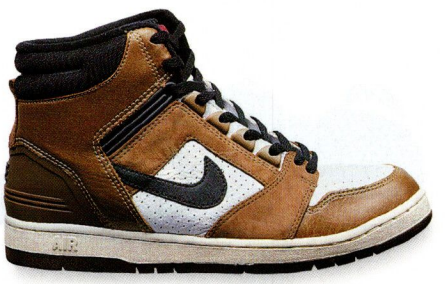
Pull on a pair of these and do everything except run around a muddy field like an idiot

Blue canvas trainers with skull illustration
£25 by **Dunlop at Schuh**

Yellow and red leather basketball boots
£65 by **Fila**

Black and neon pink leather trainers
£55 by **Vans**

White and blue leather "Gold Medallist" trainers
£60 by **Reebok**

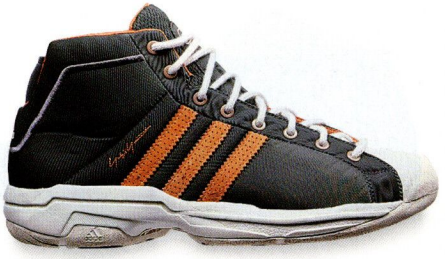


White and brown "Air Force II" basketball boots
£80 by **Nike**

Cream canvas basketball boots
£45 by **PF Flyer**

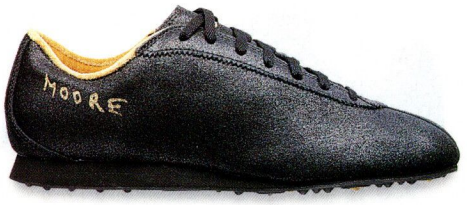
Cream canvas trainers with brown leather detail
£185 by **Neil Barrett for Puma**

White leather trainers
£60 by **Royal Elastics**



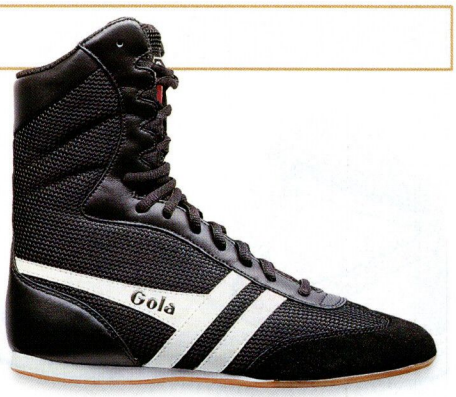
Khaki and orange basketball boots
£250 by **Yohji Yamamoto for Adidas**

Fashion Trainers



Black leather "Moore" trainers
£65 by **Nike at Office**

White and green leather trainers
£120 by **Hugo Boss**



Black and white "Bantam" boxing boots
£50 by **Gola**

White canvas trainers with cream leather detail
£80 by **Diesel**

Black canvas basketball boots
£40 by **Fred Perry**

White perforated leather "Classic LX" trainers
£60 by **K-Swiss**

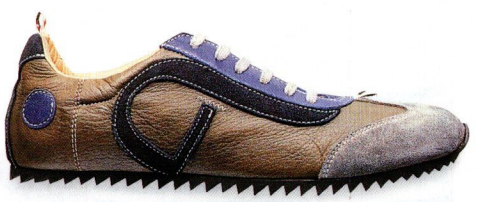
Blue "Goodyear" racing boots
£110 by **Adidas at Size?**

Yellow and purple leather trainers
£50 by **Converse**

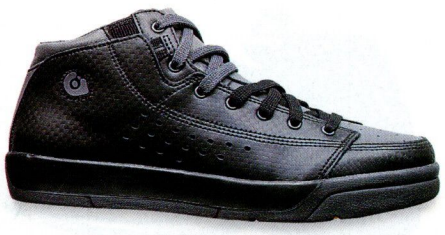
Black leather trainers
£50 by **Pro-Keds**

White and blue leather trainers
£60 by **Diadora**

Black and white trainers
£150 by **Y-3 Yohji Yamamoto for Adidas**



Brown leather trainers with blue suede detail
£100 by **Byblos**



Black leather high-top basketball boots
£70 by **Gravis**

White leather trainers
£60 by **Lacoste**

Blue canvas slip-on trainers
£40 by **Vans at Office**

Photography: Robert Decelis. Compiled by: Angie Smith

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For further information about the Menswear collection please call 0870 739 9000. www.hm.com
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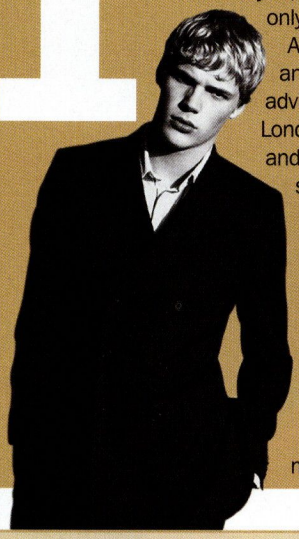
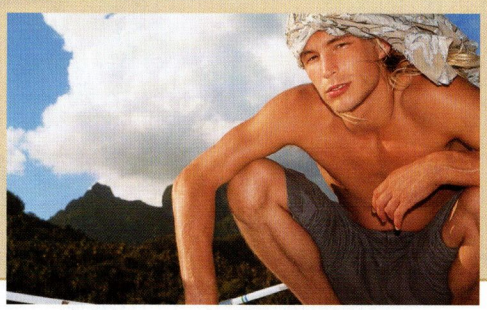
1 Topman exclusive!



The trailblazing trendsetters at Topman are set to throw open their doors to you, dear customer, with a string of exclusive, *FHM*-reader-only events around the country. Kicking off in London on April 30, *FHM* readers can visit the Oxford Street store and view the new season's styles, get *FHM*'s expert advice, drool over Nell McAndrew (though alas only in London, Liverpool on May 8 and Manchester on May 9) and weasel a whopping 20 per cent off every bit of kit on show. As if that wasn't incentive enough, Heineken are going to ply you with lager, you'll receive a goody bag worth £20, and two lucky fellas will stagger off with La-Z-Boy chairs worth £1,000, courtesy of Boys Stuff. To find the closest event to you and get your hands on a free ticket, e-mail FHMTopmanLondon@emap.com, FHMTopmanLiverpool@emap.com, FHMTopmanManchester@emap.com, FHMTopmanNewcastle@emap.com or FHMTopmanGlasgow@emap.com Be warned, however, that you must be 18 or over and apply by April 20.

2 Paul & Joe hit Covent Garden



French designers Paul & Joe have risen to the top of the fashion ladder in little more than six years, with their quirky-yet-wearable styles. No, they're not an "alternative lifestyle" couple, but a husband and wife partnership. Those crazy Gauls. Now they're opening their third UK store, in Covent Garden's Floral Street at the end of March. **Stockists:** 020 7836 3388

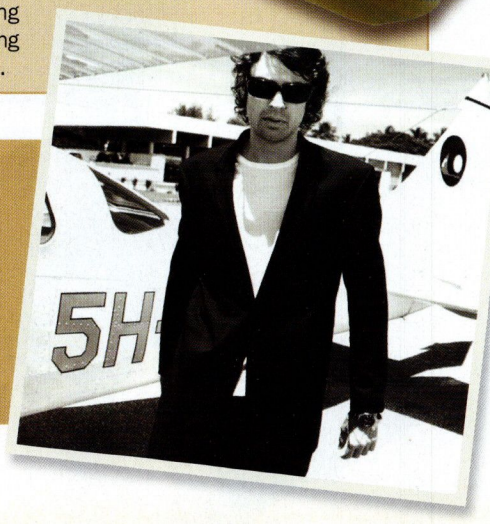
3 Mitre Milanos

Mitre, the scourge of greenhouse owners, have expanded from making footballs into the retro trainers market. Made from antique leather and limited to 1,000 pairs, the Milano is inspired by such sporting legends as Muhammad Ali and Denis Law. They even let pug-faced crooner Robbie Williams customise his own pair. **Stockists:** 01625 538410.

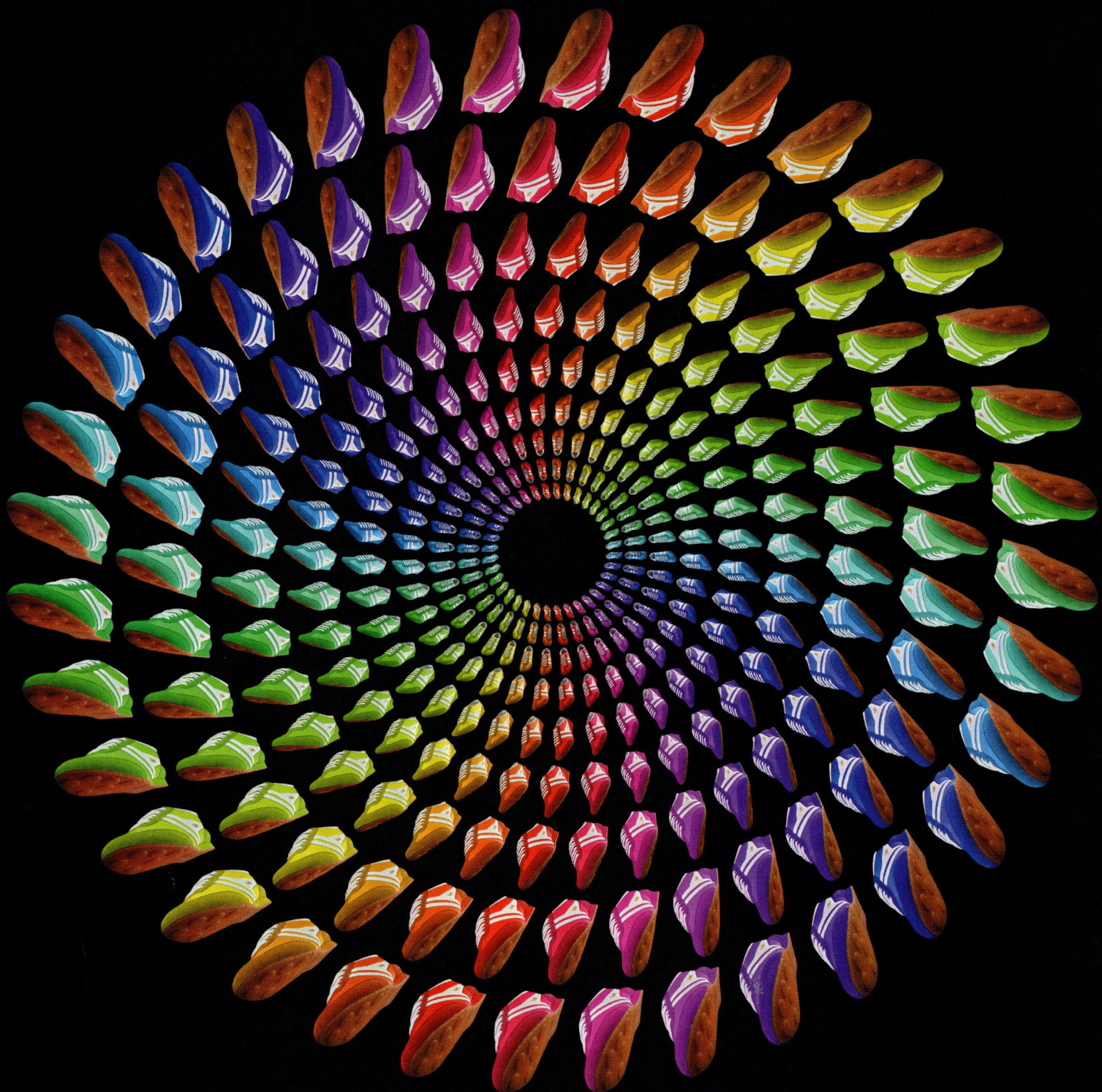
4 Adidas remix

The rise of "street" sportswear means the Euros are pouring into Adidas's bank account. Their new collection, Colours, should bloat the balance sheet again, and aims to "bridge the gap between sport and lifestyle fashion". That basically means jazzing up old ranges with hip seasonal colours and mixing them with new styles. **Stockists:** 0870 2404204.

5 Reiss targets City



Reiss are aiming to make Britain's merchant bankers better dressed by opening a new menswear-only store in the City of London. The Broadgate Circle shop – doing business now – is the first of three Reiss menswear stores to open this year, with Leeds and Manchester set to follow. **Stockists:** 020 7225 4900.



Gola

CLASSICS

Black cotton suit jacket £299 by Nicole Farhi, white cotton shirt £125 by Jil Sander, cream woven scarf £95 by Budd, black wool "Chelsea" hat £135 by James Lock & Co and gold necklace with pendant £1,400 by Garrard

WISE GUYS

The sharpest tailor-made cuts to help you look a lot slicker than the average

PHOTOGRAPHY: PAUL FARRELL
STYLING: OLIE ARNOLD

Black belted coat £745 by Prada, black single-breasted woollen suit £708 by Calvin Klein, black cotton shirt £99 by Nicole Farhi, black and gold silk tie by TM Lewin £55, tan leather shoes with buckle £253 by Cesare Paciotti and gold signet ring £650 by Aspray

Navy double-breasted pinstriped suit £1,195 by Tom Ford for YSL Rive Gauche, white cotton shirt £100 by Calvin Klein, beige silk tie £68 by Tom Ford for Gucci, watch £5,850 by Cartier and cream and brown leather shoes £725 by Tom Ford for Gucci

Grey single-breasted suit £810 by Paul Smith, black cotton shirt £190 by Jil Sander, black silk tie £100 by Tom Ford for YSL Rive Gauche, black leather belt £113 by Dolce & Gabbana, gold cross chain £300 by Shaun Leane and gold signet ring £650 by Aspray

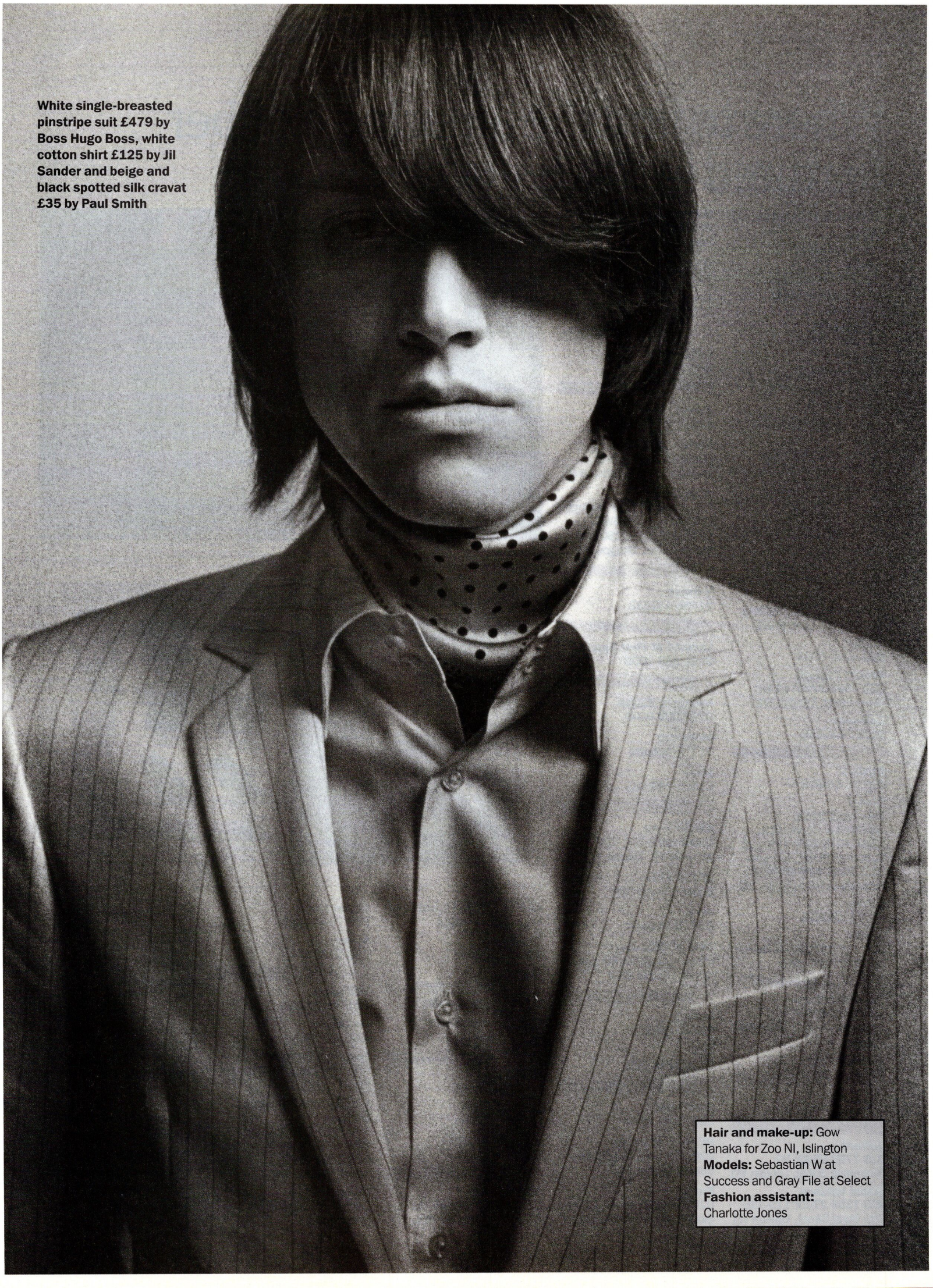
This page: Grey herringbone shirt £65 by Jaeger, black crepe trousers £169 by Emporio Armani, black leather belt £125 by Dunhill and black leather loafers £255 by Tom Ford for YSL Rive Gauche

Opposite: Black pinstripe waistcoat and trousers £930 (part of suit) by Dolce & Gabbana, white cotton shirt £89 by Gieves & Hawkes, black leather belt £113 by Dolce & Gabbana, silver cuff-links £100 by Dunhill and black suede shoes £235 by Dolce & Gabbana

Black single-breasted pinstripe suit £1,096 by Gianni Versace, grey silk shirt £290 by Tom Ford for Gucci, brown "fedora" hat £85 by Tom Ford for Gucci, black linen tie £50 by Margaret Howell and brown and beige leather shoes £240 by Sergio Rossi

White single-breasted suit £1,270 by Tom Ford for Gucci, black cotton shirt £110 by Dolce & Gabbana, gold cross pendant £330 by Shaun Leane and black leather gloves £85 by Budd

Brown single-breasted pinstripe suit £700 by Canali, white and brown striped shirt £170 by Paul Smith, brown belt £29 by Austin Reed, gold cross pendant and chain £330 by Shaun Leane and gold chain £1,350 by Asprey



White single-breasted pinstripe suit £479 by Boss Hugo Boss, white cotton shirt £125 by Jil Sander and beige and black spotted silk cravat £35 by Paul Smith

Hair and make-up: Gow Tanaka for Zoo NI, Islington
Models: Sebastian W at Success and Gray File at Select
Fashion assistant: Charlotte Jones

Where to find the amazing clobber featured in this issue...

A

Adidas
0161 419 2839

Adidas
020 7287 4016; Size? 33-34 Carnaby Street London W1

Alphanumeric
020 8997 4378

Asprey
020 7493 6769

Austin Reed
08005 85479

B

Budd
020 7493 0139; 1A-3 Piccadilly Arcade, London SW1

Byblos at Selfridges
0870 8377377, 400 Oxford Street, London W1

C

Calvin Klein
020 7491 9696; 53-55 New Bond Street, London W1

Canali
020 7499 5605; 122 New Bond Street, London W1

Cartier
020 8080 0330

Cesare Paciotti
020 7493 3766; 11 Old Bond Street, London W1

Converse
01727 883555

D

Diadora
01625 421212

Diesel
020 7833 2255; 43 Earlham Street WC2, 0141 2215 255; 116-120 Buchanan Street, Glasgow G12, 0161 839 8868; 74 King Street, Manchester M2

Dunlop
01785 286333

Dunhill
020 7290 8720; 48 Jermyn Street, London SW1

E

Emporio Armani
020 7823 8818; 191 Brompton Road, London SW3

Etnies
01925 288900

F

Fila
0191 495 4900

G

Garrard
020 7758 8520; 24 Albermarle Street, London W1

Gianni Versace
020 7355 2700; 113-115 New Bond Street, London W1

Gieves and Hawkes
020 7434 2001; 1 Savile Row, London W1

Gola
01706 212512

Gravis
020 7684 7699

H

Hugo Boss
020 7534 2700

J

Jaeger
020 7200 2990

James Lock & Co
020 7930 8874; 6 St James's Street, London SW1

Jil Sander
020 7758 1000; 7 Burlington Gardens, London SW5. 0141 572 3200; 180-188 Ingram Street, Glasgow G1

K

K-Swiss
01458 449333

L

Lacoste at First Sport
0191 518 2002

M

Margaret Howell
020 7009 9000

McKenzie
01706 626400

Mitre
01625 538410

N

Nicole Farhi
020 7499 8368; 158 New Bond Street, London W1

08708 377377; 1 Exchange Square, Manchester

Nike
020 7404 8264

Nike at Offspring
020 7566 3070; 60 Neal Street, London WC2

O

Omega
02380 646800

Oris
0161 9279 525

P

Paul Smith
020 7379 7133

PF Flyer at Office
020 7566 3070; 57 Neal Street, London WC2

Prada
020 7235 0008; 43-45 Sloane Street, London SW1.

0870 8377377; 1 Exchange Square, Manchester

Pro-Ked
020 7242 5483

Puma
020 7287 4016; Size? 33-34 Carnaby Street, London W1

Puma at First Sport
0191 518 2002

R

Reebok
020 7471 6666

Royal Elastics
020 7427 2455

Russell Athletic
01506 502000

S

Sergio Rossi
020 7629 5598; 15 Old Bond Street, London W1

Shaun Leane
020 7586 8656

Stüssy
020 7251 3334

T

TAG Heuer
020 7016 5555

TM Lewin
020 7930 4291

Tom Ford for Gucci
020 7235 6707, 11 Sloane Street, London SW1

Tom Ford for YSL Rive Gauche
020 7235 6706; 171-172 Sloane Street, London SW1. 020 7493 1800; 137 Bond Street, London W1

Topman
0800 7318284; stores nationwide

V

Vans
020 8877 9907

W

Walé Adeyemi
020 7375 2322

Y

Y-3 for Yohji Yamamoto at Selfridges
0870 8377377; 400 Oxford Street, London W1

For a comprehensive online guide to the best stockists nationwide, check out:
www.fhm.com/collections/stockists

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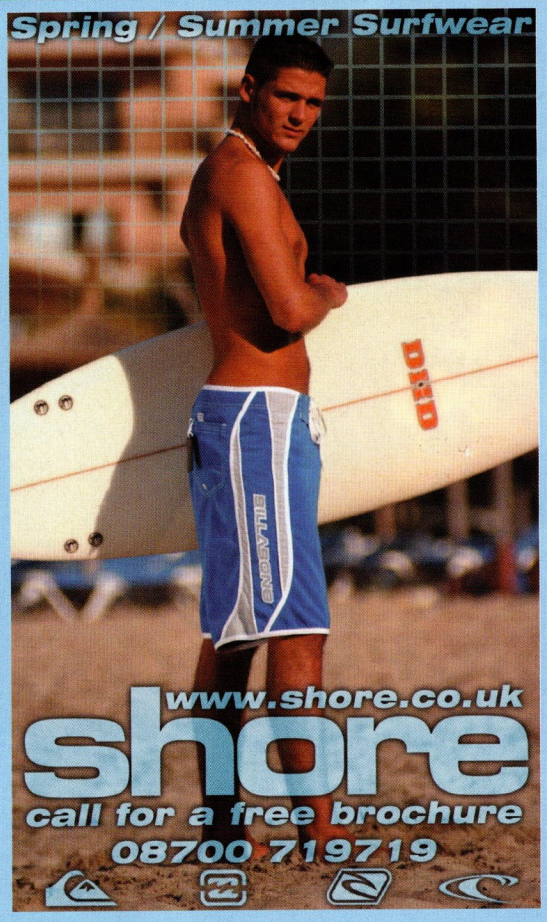

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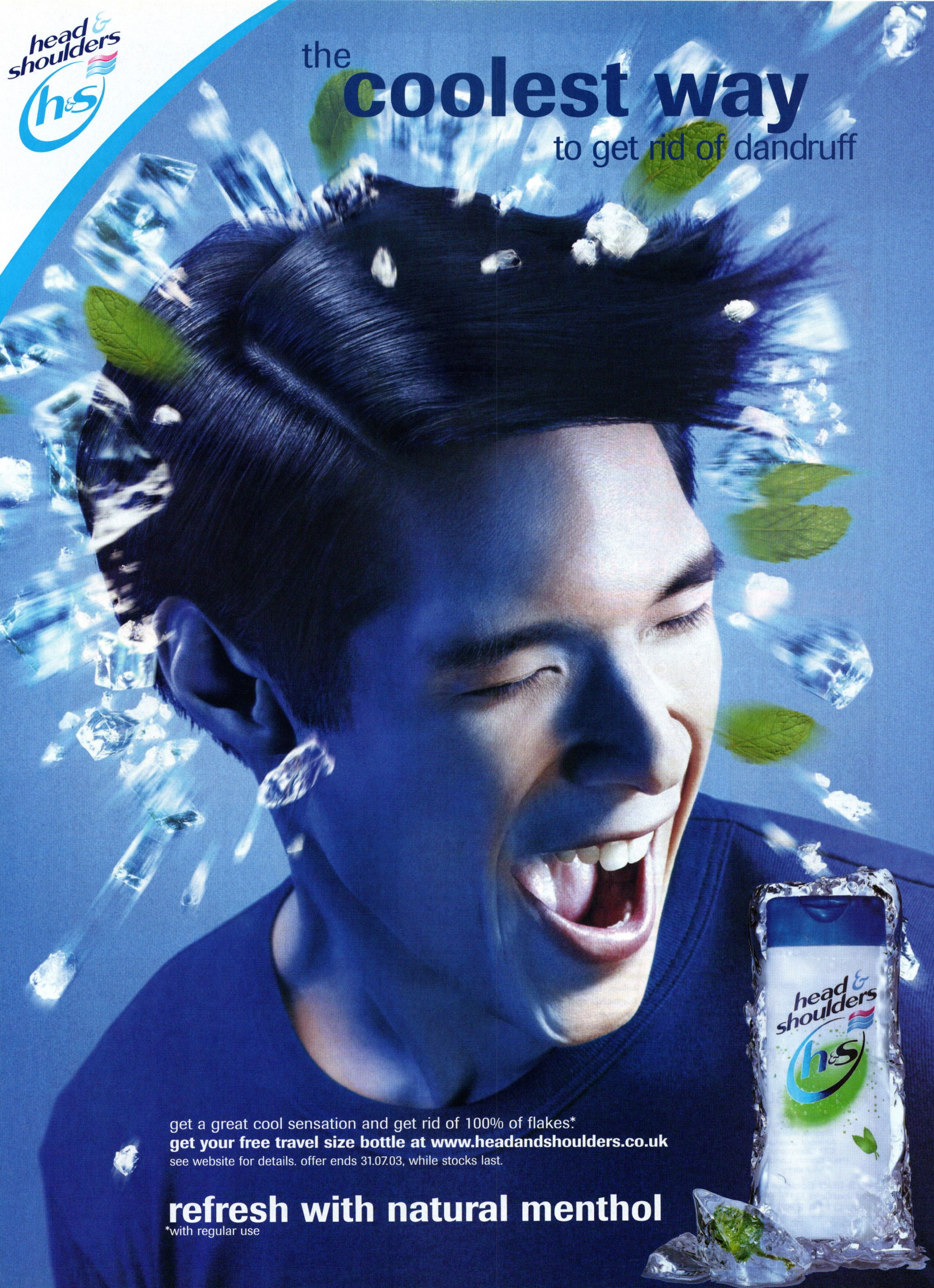
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Grooming

Because women won't sleep with you if you're all stinky

Sorted!

You can't change the face or body the Lord gave you – but you can tune them up a bit with these

ZIRH Shower Gel

250ml, £14

A new shower gel from US smell meisters to complement their eau de toilette. A posh and pricey product that still does the business.

Stockists: 020 8840 1994

Pur:phuel Conditioning Shaving Cream

150ml, £13.50

As bearded air travel becomes increasingly difficult, try this new offering from pur:phuel (pronounced pure fuel) before jetting off this summer. Leaves the face nice and smooth while letting you breeze by airport security.

Stockists: 01483 810123

Scoop Sensitive Man Shaving Soufflé

200ml £17.95

Okay, so the name sounds like some bizarre gay porn movie. But this organic, colourless, almost virginal shaving gloop is very kind on rash-prone visages.

Stockists: 07050 056680

Clinique Repairwear Intensive Night Cream And Extra Help Serum

30ml, £45

Promises – like some crazed bionics professor – to recharge, repair, rebuild, and rejuvenate your fissog. You won't be able to leap tall buildings but you will be well and truly moisturised.

Stockists: 01730 232566

Lab Series Ab Rescue Body Sculpting Gel

200ml, £24

Calling all gutbuckets! A product to rein in your Johnny Vegas waistline. Okay, you may have to do the odd sit-up or thousand (there's even a handy diagram enclosed) but this weird blue gel will improve tone, definition and firmness.

Stockists: 01730 232566

Bed Head Boy Toys

100ml, £12.50

Soft enough to apply without ripping your hair out, it still gives great hold. But with a weird pineapple cocktail smell, it may attract wasps as well as ladies.

Stockists: 08703 300955

Andy Barter

Noses... ready!

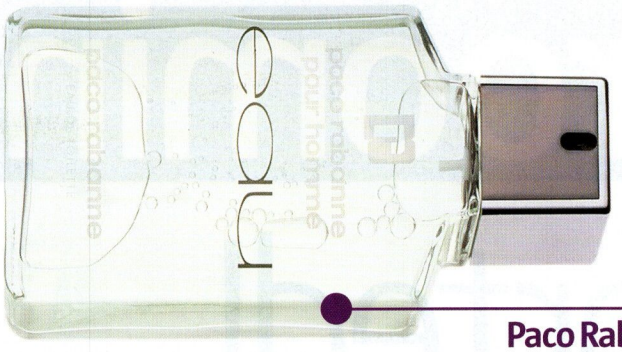
All the latest whiffs, sniffed by our office-based chaps, then by Tanya – *FHM*'s very own High Street Honey!

Polo Ralph Lauren Blue

75ml, £29

Smells like posh New Yorkers' retreat The Hamptons. Clean, distinctive and rich. Perfect for a chino and shirt combo.

Stockists: 020 8481 7890

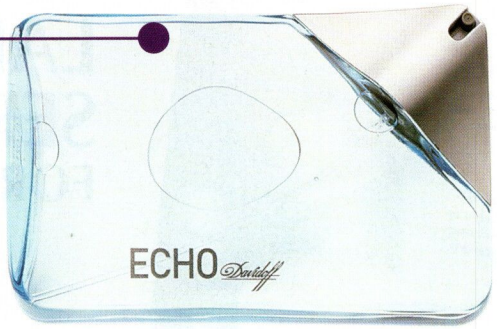


Paco Rabanne Eau

100ml, £33

Like a Dimmock/Titchmarsh cocktail, Eau is packed with lavender, patchouli, clove and coriander. Pleasant enough, but may remind you of your nan's garden.

Stockists: 020 7499 4420

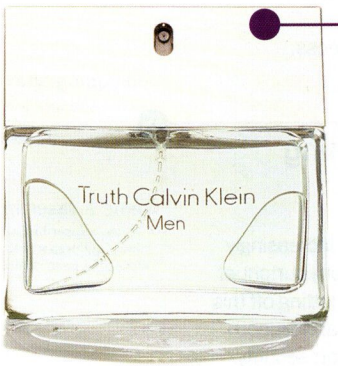


Davidoff Echo

50ml, £29

The best container we've seen in ages hides pimento, black pepper and cardamom. A culinary treat that's as at home in Jamie's kitchen as in his bathroom cabinet.

Stockists: 0800 3760688

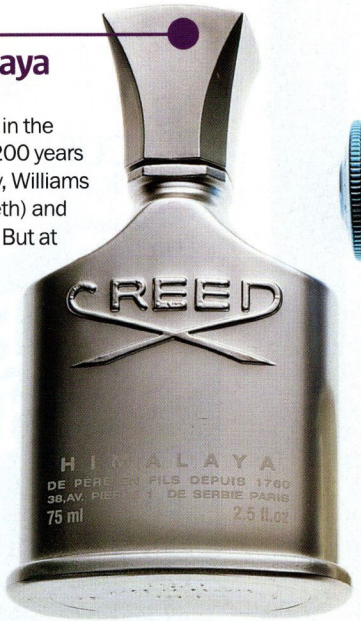


Calvin Klein Truth For Men

50ml, £28

"You can't handle the truth!" barked Jack Nicholson in *A Few Good Men*. Obviously he'd never come across Calvin Klein's latest, a green, airy, natural affair which is very easy to handle and really rather nice.

Stockists: 020 7361 4400

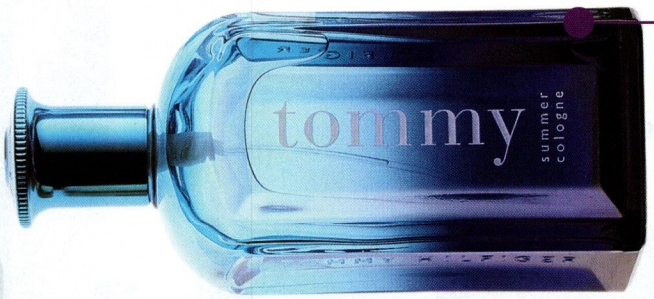


Creed Himalaya

75ml, £72

Mr Creed has been in the pong business for 200 years and claims Clooney, Williams (Robbie, not Kenneth) and Beckham are fans. But at this price, perhaps they're the only ones to afford this musky, manly offering.

Stockists: 020 7630 9400

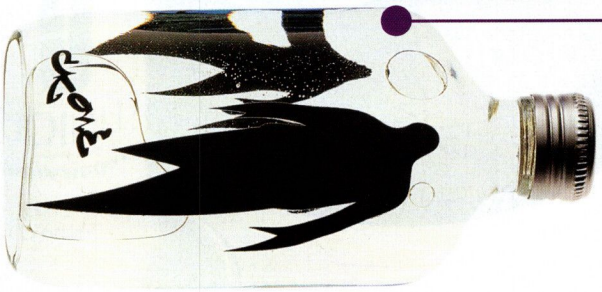


Tommy Hilfiger Summer Cologne

100ml, £27

If the image of shiny college kids running through sprinklers on campus doesn't make you gag, this is for you. Smells nice and fresh.

Stockists: 01730 232566

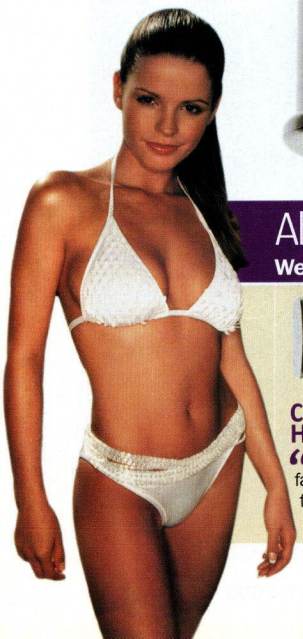


CK One Graffiti limited edition

100ml, £28.75

Klein's gone mad and let "street artists" loose on his perennial classic. The scent's the same but you also get a cool, collectable bottle.

Stockists: 020 7361 4400



Ah... but does our Tanya like 'em?

Well packaged and whiffy they may be, but will they get past the tiny nose of our High Street Honey?

Creed Himalaya:
"Smells a bit like fake tan. Not my favourite, really."

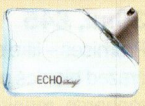
Calvin Klein Truth:
"You'd definitely get lucky in this one. Really fresh."

CK One Graffiti:
"I'd be dead impressed if you pulled this bottle out on me."

Polo Ralph Lauren Blue:
"I like this fragrance. Spritz it on and see what happens!"

Tommy Summer Cologne:
"Wicked bottle, and smells like clean air!"

Paco Rabanne:
"A bit weird this one. Very green and fresh though."



Echo Davidoff:
"This is a really cool bottle with a sexy scent. I like it a lot."

Andy Barter

POWERFUL BUT GENTLE ON YOUR SKIN.
New Sure for Men Sensitive is alcohol-free, and contains an ingredient called Pro-Dermasil, which is very gentle on irritable skin. So you still get powerful protection against sweat and odour, without the sting. New Sensitive for Men.
SURE
MEN
SURE
Sensitive

Adrenaline dreams

Board master Johno Verity on rocks, powder and Greenland...

Okay, let's cut straight to the chase, how badly have you hurt yourself?
I've compressed my spine, which was pretty horrible. I was trying to snowboard through a corridor of rocks, and realised that I couldn't make a turn, as there was a big boulder in the way, so I went straight over it. Unfortunately, I landed right in front of another rock, and in order to save my face, I leant back and hit it feet first. That's when my spine went. It's an incredible pain – you can't bend your back much after that.

You're a master of the adrenaline-fuelled "Big Air" competitions. Just how dangerous does that lunacy get?
Well, if you board in the summer, the snow changes speed throughout the day – it's icy in the morning and then, as the snow melts, it gets slower. Unfortunately, if a cloud goes overhead it can ice up again in five minutes, so you think you know where to approach a jump from, only to find you're going so fast, you overshoot it. When that happened to me I spun 360°, looked down and watched the landing shoot straight past me. I landed on my arse, which really bruised my coccyx. I was winded, couldn't sit down for five days and was out of action for two months.

Full marks for bravery. Do you always leap about the place, or do you ever take time out and just snowboard for the sheer hell of it?
All the time. We've just been to Greenland on the Right Guard Xtreme Sport Arctic Adventure and I rate that as the best place on the planet. We were getting up to mountains that no other human being had ever been on, and that was a real privilege. It's difficult to describe how good it was – the view was unbelievable, looking out over the sea and those great, big fjords.

So what gives you the most amount of pleasure – views, or adrenaline?
The big jumps. There's nothing like building your own ramp and pulling off a really hard trick that's captured on camera. Just that feeling of touching down on soft powder – it's the best.

How do you prepare for this full-on madness?
A boarder is nothing without his equipment – his board, goggles, avalanche monitor and liberal coating of Right Guard Xtreme Sport to keep any signs of fear well-hidden when the pressure's on.

'I couldn't make a turn, as there was a big boulder in the way, so I went straight over it'

Wipeout heaven!

Think that football-related sprained ankle hurt? Hah! That's child's play!

Arapaho Basin, Colorado

The famed Palivacinni run is a double-fall-line run that hammers any daring rider straight down the entire mountain at break-neck speed. You don't need a helicopter to get to the top, but if you get things wrong on the way down, your face is going to know all about it. Oh, and there's a ten-foot drop-in, just to get the ball rolling.

Bec De Rosses, Verbier

Just looking over the edge of the North face is enough to make the average man break into a sweat, but for the more extreme snowboarders, the near-vertical drop provides a perfect opportunity to separate the wheat from the chaff. Keeping a cool head, they simply lob themselves over the edge, and do everything they can to avoid a good battering on the rocks. Utter madness.

Squaw Valley, Colorado

The true home of extreme skiing when, back in the Eighties, a certain Scott Schmidt began diving down 100-foot cliffs. These days the KT-22 and the brilliantly named Headwall Express claim most wipeouts, as young, brave snowboarders find out the hard way what happens if you stop concentrating for even a second.

And don't forget the essentials

- A shovel to dig yourself out of any deep powder.
- A transceiver – ideal for calling the helicopter when you've broken both wrists.
- Sunscreen – it can get hot up there.
- A big can of Right Guard Xtreme Sport – no-one likes a sweaty man, no matter how crazy he is on the slopes.

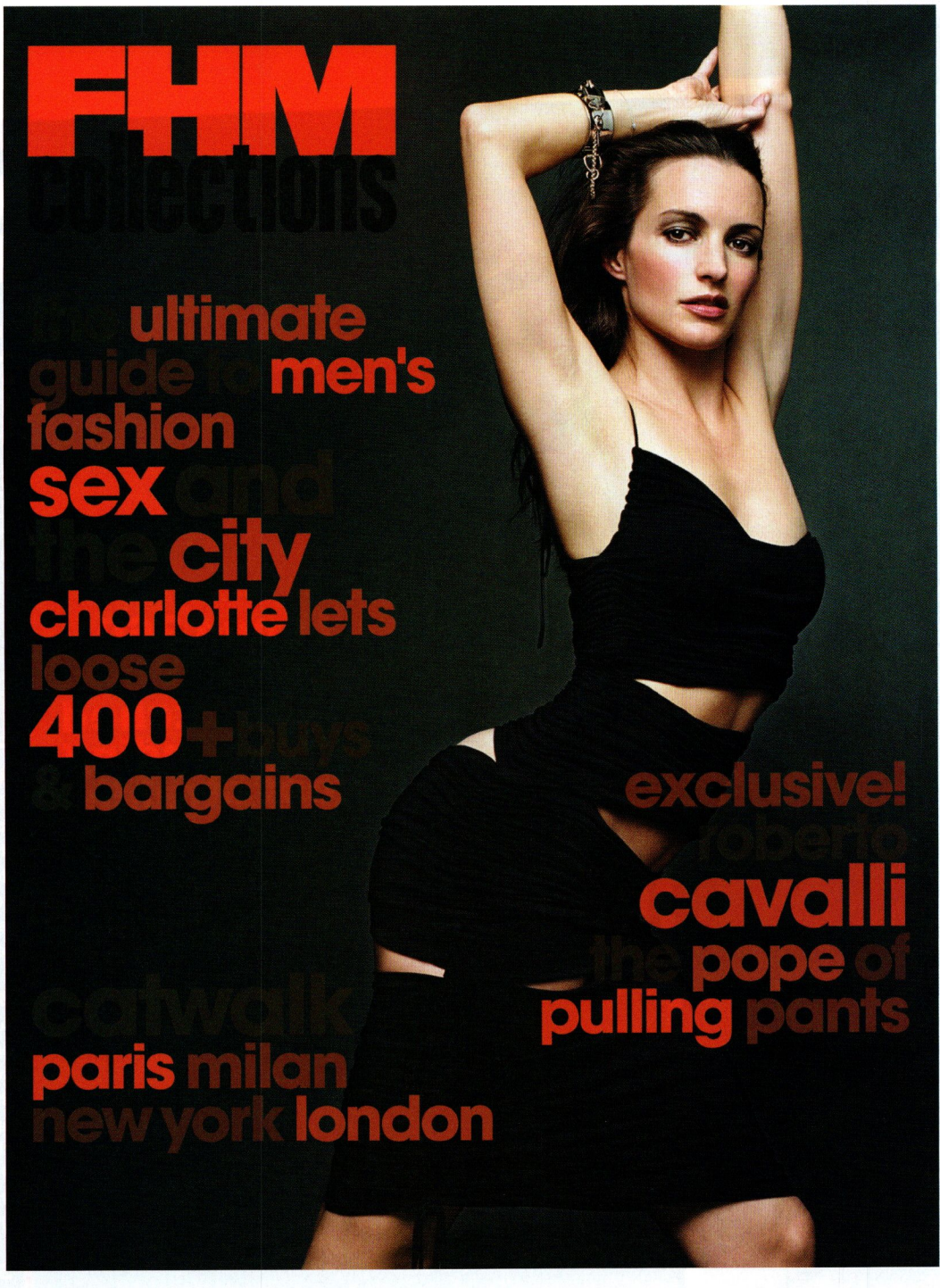
Right Guard Xtreme Sport provides extreme protection against odour and wetness that doesn't quit even under the most extreme conditions and is now available in a new fragrance – Pure Adrenaline.

Beats & Boards!

Got a board? A toasty warm jacket and some woolly ear muffs? Great, now get boarding...

The Right Guard Xtreme Sport Snowbombing festival takes over the alpine resort of Villars, Switzerland from March 29 to April 4. As well as 45 of the world's top boarders battling it out on a specially-built course, 29 live bands and 50 top DJs will feature.

RIGHT GUARD XTREME sport SNOWBOMBING



the ultimate guide to men's fashion on sale now!

Hardware

Praise the humble British pound! It can buy you this stuff!

PP rotary hammer

As one of the cheapest SDS hammer drills on the market, this powerful (710W), lightweight (2.1kg) B&Q special is extremely safe and simple to use. Lock the trigger to get your spare hand on the beefy handle for extra grip. PP's cordless alternative costs about £30 more – equally great value. ★★★★☆

Expect to pay: £49.98
Stockists: 02380 256256

Driller killers

Until they decriminalise guns, this is the nearest you're going to get – power drills!

De Walt XR2 985

"Avoid!" screeched the old boy in B&Q. "Thieves see the yellow, know it's expensive and nick it from your van!" In which case, insure this sleek, steel-trimmed 14.4V beauty before enjoying 340W of cordless power, easily controlled through three gears. So well designed, our hands barely rattled when we made Swiss cheese of a chunk of MDF. ★★★★★

Expect to pay: £290
Stockists: 02380 256256

Black & Decker HP188F2K

Light enough to hang off your tool belt, this cordless handyman's wet dream packs 18V of power, adjustable torque, auto brake and two gears (screwing and hammer drilling). Gently caress its variable trigger like a lover would, for full fingertip control. Nice. ★★★★★

Expect to pay: £99.99
Stockists: 01753 511234

PP SDS rotary hammer

Don't be put off by this giant steel drill not being cordless, for its thick cable sucks up 240V and 850W of brute drilling power. With three functions – screw, hammer drill and hammer – it's so powerful it even makes reinforced concrete flooring its bitch. Weighs as much as a small baby, and comes with easy-to-use SDS chuck, safety clutch and a free tub of grease. ★★★★★

Expect to pay: £49.98
Stockists: 02380 256256

BEST BUY!

Words: Lee Coan. Photography: Andy Barter

Bosch PBH 240 RE hammer

If holes aren't destructive enough for you, switch this oversized 650W noisemaker to hammer mode and it'll chisel and gauge with such force it becomes hard to control. An array of interchangeable heads mean you can change from chisel to drill simply and quickly.

★★★☆☆

Expect to pay: £199
Stockists: 01895 838791

Bosch Heavy Duty GSB 24 VE-2 Pro

Its 3.1kg feel great in the hand. Lacks SDS but has an auto-locking system, making it simple to use. Cordless, but comes with two rechargeable batteries.

★★★☆☆

Expect to pay: £299
Stockists: 01895 838791

Black & Decker HP9096T

Like John Holmes, this weird, five-position, bendy thing is capable of drilling in awkward positions – ideal for mutilating flatpack furniture. It can only squeeze 9.6V of juice from its non-removable battery pack, so in truth it's a reversible, multi-speed electronic screwdriver. ★★☆☆☆

Expect to pay: £29.99
Stockists: 01753 511234

Black & Decker Esprit HP122K

Want to make holes in stuff, but failed woodwork at school? This drill is moron-proof. Flashing lights tell you when you're running out of power or drilling wonky; and there are big dials with big pictures for changing the torque or letting rip with the hammer function. Only 12V of power, mind.

★★★☆☆

Expect to pay: £69.99
Stockists: 01753 511234

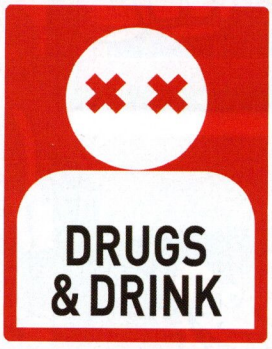
Makita BHR200

As powerful as cordless hammer drills get. Its 24V produces 4,700 hammer blows and 11,000 rotations every minute. Nevertheless, it's awkward to hold and extremely shaky when at full throttle on the variable speed trigger.

★★★☆☆

Expect to pay: £399.99
Stockists: 02380 256256

RECOGNISE ANYONE?



The party animal

If it wasn't for the stimulant effect of alcohol and the occasional prohibited substance, there'd be a population crisis facing this country – as no-one would be losing their cherry. But if you can't get through the day without masking your thoughts and actions thanks to an offie's worth of booze sloshing around your veins, you've got a problem.

'The voices!'

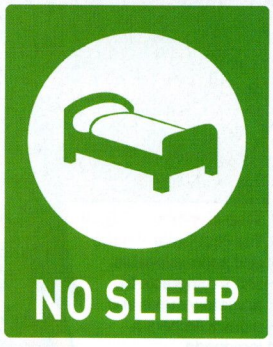
Having an imaginary friend called Giles who told you not to bother bringing your sports kit in to school might have been fun when you were aged seven. It's not so much fun, aged 25. Hearing voices in your head or seeing stuff no-one else notices, like that little kid in *The Sixth Sense* did, is a real wake-up call to get some help.

The loner

Hard-boiled maverick Dirty Harry might have frozen friends and colleagues out of his life, but he's a tough San Francisco cop just trying to make a difference. And he's made up. Shying away from company, and feeling you can't talk to people is not a good thing for anyone outside hard-boiled detectives in the SFPD.

The miseryguts

He used to be up for everything, the life and soul of the party – now he just mopes about in his room all day, listening to Coldplay. Yes, some people are simply born plain miserable, but if a mate's ducking out of everything he used to enjoy and not finding anything to replace the fun in his life, there could be something wrong...

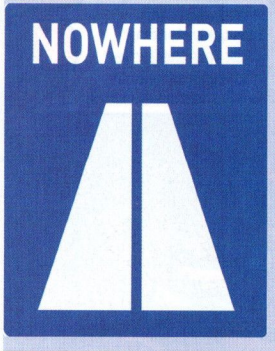


The insomniac

If losing the occasional night's sleep was cause for concern, club bouncers would heave you out onto the streets before midnight's chimes. Not being able to sleep night after night however, even when you desperately want to, will leave you with all the energy of a Benidorm cab driver – and might be a symptom of something seriously amiss.

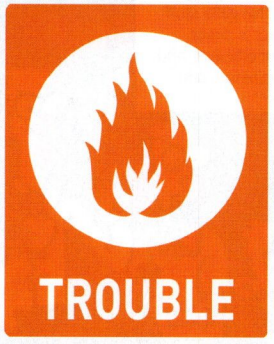
'I'm big-boned...'

Eating disorders don't only happen to teenage girls. Whether you've started cramming your face with carton after carton of junk food, making yourself puke after eating or skipping meals for no good reason, changes in what you eat and when you eat it could be a sign of deeper anxiety. Or it could just be that you're a picky swine.



'I'm a maggot...'

We've all behaved like an arse at times, and if we've got any conscience at all felt justifiably guilty afterwards. But to let that feeling of worthlessness hang over you like a black cloud for weeks, months – even for years? It's plain wrong, there's no two ways about it. No-one deserves to believe they're that hopeless – so talk to someone about it.

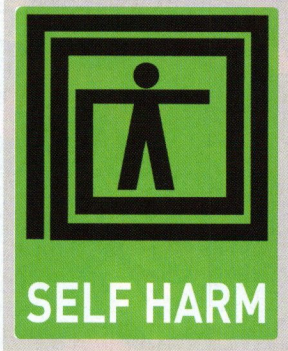


The brooder

You might as well face up to the fact that you're going to go through some bad shit in your life, if you haven't done so already. Letting the troubled feelings that result take over your mind, however – whether it's because of something that's happening now or from way back in the past – is not inevitable. It's tough to deal with – but help is available.

Mr Anxious

Many a man has felt the turtle's head make an unwelcome appearance while barrelling down the log flume at Chessington World of Adventures or standing atop a ludicrous bungee jump – that's only natural. But repeated anxiety attacks over exams, or a girl, or boarding a Tube train are no laughing matter. It doesn't have to be like that.



The harmer

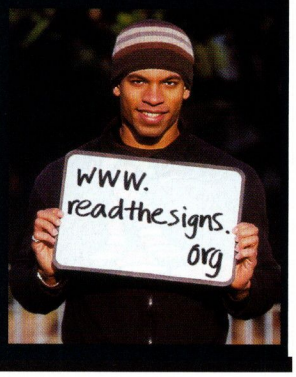
Richie off the Manic Street Preachers cut himself up in front of a music hack. It was a cry for help, because he then went and disappeared off the face of the planet. Harming yourself, or just thinking about doing it, isn't in any way healthy. Dwelling on death and dying didn't do Richie any good, and it won't do you any either. But unlike for him, it's not too late.

How to spot the tell-tale signs that all might not be right up top...

IT MUST BE EASY IN Seattle. The first pang of anxiety, the slightest hint of depression and you can call up chrome-domed radio shrink Dr Frasier Crane to get a cheery message of hope.

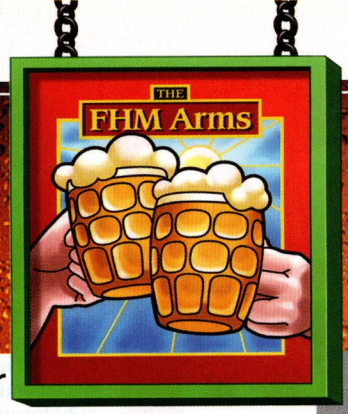
It's not so easy in real life, however. Mental health problems could be affecting you, or a mate, right now. One in four Britons will experience some form of anxiety, panic or depression this year, and it's not simply the sort of thing that only affects the old, or the stupid, or the weak. Yet most people struggle on in silence, too worried about what other people will think, or – just as bad – being unhelpfully told to "snap out of it".

It doesn't have to be like that. Mental health problems can be treated – it's recognising the fact that you, or someone you know, is going through a crisis that's the hard part. Or at least it was, because now you can go to www.readthesigns.org. If you're worried about yourself or a friend, go there to gen up on the signs, read real-life stories and find where to get help. Now.



The FHM Arms

Regulars, boozing celebrities, quizzes – it's all in our papery boozer



Know your patron

For any pub newcomer, the bar is a minefield of shady reprobates. So learn their danger signs, with psychologist Susan Quilliam…

The Letch
With hands like an octopus, this sleaze will be leering all over your lady in minutes.
The signs: "He signals his intentions by the way he presses up against any woman he's near," says psychologist Susan Quilliam. "Plus, he loves 'excuse touches', patting and stroking as he passes her glass."

The Bore
Don't get sucked in by his airy chit-chat – unless you're desperate to know about his broken marriage/model railway collection.
The signs: "Watch as he hems you in, quite literally – arm on the bar, angling himself between you and the rest of the room. He leans in, grabbing your attention with fixed eye contact and a droning voice."

The Hardnut
Your basic troglodyte psychopath – perpetually teetering on the brink of violence if you look at him "wrong". Or even if you don't, frankly. Avoid.
The signs: "He's ready for action," says Susan, "feet spread, fists loosely clenched, eyes scouring the room looking for a worthy opponent. His jutted jaw and lowered eyebrows signal bubbling anger."

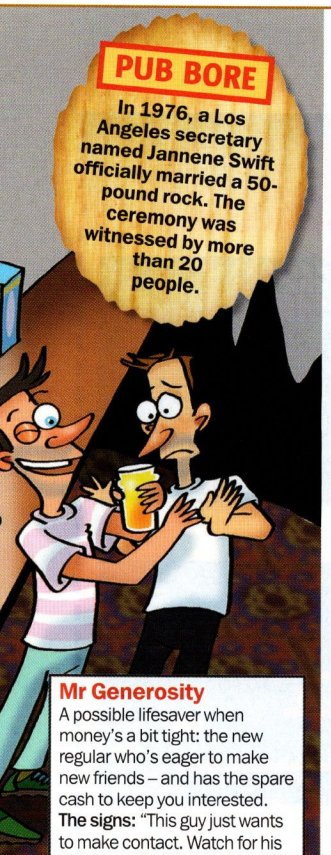
Ms Business
No chance of any action here: more trouser-suit-clad machine than woman, she'll only be interested if you're dressed as a giant mobile phone.
The signs: "She'll signal her intentions with business suit, briefcase and BMW key tag," says our shrink. "No girlie stuff here – eye contact is direct, gestures swift but efficient, and you'll have to beg before she gives you a smile!"

The Temptress
Suspiciously open to offers of drinks and conversation, she'll down anything you buy her; just don't expect anything in return…
The signs: "She'll promise the earth: fluttering her eyelashes, standing close, letting her fingers do the talking – sometimes all the way up your crotch. But if you reciprocate, she'll flinch and back off fast, hitting you with an outraged intake of breath."

The Sweet 'N' Shy
The First Timer – naïve and impressionable, she's vulnerable to predatory males and a quick Archers & lemonade.
The signs: "She'll gaze round wide-eyed, nervously standing back from the bar as she wonders what on earth she's meant to do."

The Cheapskate
All social groups have one: the tightwad who hasn't got a round in since the Tories were in power. Maybe even Thatcher.
The signs: "He acts as everyone's downing their last dregs," says the head doc, "avoiding pressure to buy by using body language to disassociate himself from the group. Note the turn away, the vacant gaze, the shoulders hunched to protect him from accusing stares."

The Someone's Girlfriend
Good-looking and saucily dressed, but still a no-go area for amorous males – unless you fancy a "word" with her other half in the car park.
The signs: "Watch out for her 'possession' signs," says our lady. "She'll keep her gaze focussed on her man, her hand on his arm or knee. She'll be the one who delivers passionate kisses, even if she's only going off to the loo."



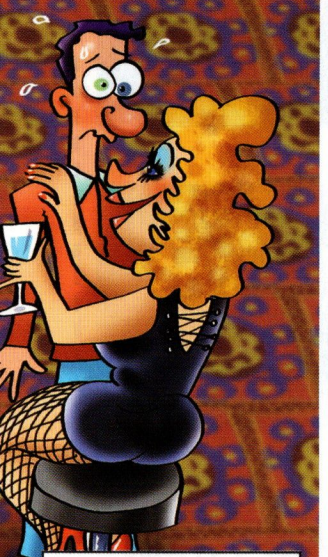
PUB BORE

In 1976, a Los Angeles secretary named Jannene Swift officially married a 50-pound rock. The ceremony was witnessed by more than 20 people.

Mr Generosity

A possible lifesaver when money's a bit tight: the new regular who's eager to make new friends – and has the spare cash to keep you interested.

The signs: "This guy just wants to make contact. Watch for his open body language, arms-wide gesture, easy eye contact and ready smile, suggesting that you've known each other years – even if you've only just met."



The Old Lush

Gin-soaked and acid-breathed, with at least two inches of make-up to hide her leathery hide: simply, the Woman That Dignity Forgot.

The signs: "Acting as if she owns the pub, she's physically affectionate, arm round your shoulders and hand on your knee. But the lack of focus in the eyes shows you that it's not you she's after, it's the next round..."

PUB BORE

From just the glue on the back of a postage stamp, you could feed 10 cockroaches for a week. It contains exactly one calorie.

"Great Scott, Marty! This IS pee!"

Biggles refuelled the microlight

MEET MY PUB

Terry Gilliam

Raising a wee dram with Python stalwart and director Terry Gilliam...

Dog & Duck, Frith Street, London

The decor: Cramped or "intimate", depending on your point of view, with original timbers from 1734 and Victorian wall tiles.

Terry says: "When I started out doing Python, I got friendly with a lot of people in the animation business – and this is where they congregated."

First things first – what are you drinking?

Any single malt whisky, basically: Glenfiddich or Laphroaig. I discovered it at a little party while we were making *Holy Grail*. It gave me the illusion that I had some talent. It fired me up. I was working like a mad man.

Have you tried anything stronger?

Johnny Depp introduced me to the joys of absinth. When he was filming *From Hell* in Prague, he became quite the connossieur. And it's a killer. One of the ugliest drinks I've ever had. It takes about two seconds before it hits your brain like a steel vice. And you go, "Fuck! It's awful!"

Did absinth help when filming *Fear And Loathing in Las Vegas*?

People thought we were on stuff, but it was generally a drug-free zone. You can paint on drugs, but filmmaking is just too rigorous and boring, frankly.

Yet during the filming of *Brazil*, your legs stopped working for a week...

I was catatonic with stress – that's what I was. About eight months into the shoot, I just couldn't move. The doctor checked me out, and said there's nothing wrong. Er... so why can't I move? I was totally mental, my brain just said, "That's it – fuck you." It lasted four days at least, and I was just gasping the whole time.

Moving onto the Pythons, when's the last time you were all together?

We haven't all been together in a long time. But I was at a funeral yesterday with Mike (Palin) and Terry (Jones). It was for Ian MacNaughton, director of the Python TV shows, so the three of us enjoyed a little road trip across Scotland.

A Python road trip? What, drinking beer and mooning OAP coaches?

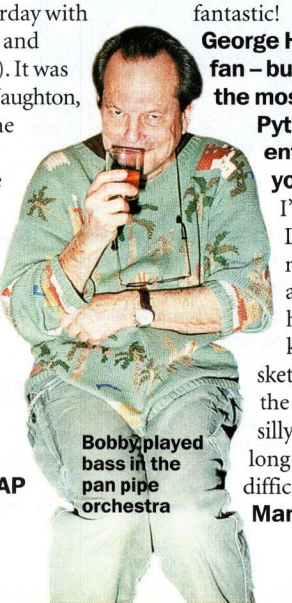
Ha! We just did that at the George Harrison memorial concert. Ravi Shankar had performed in the first half – which was all very beautiful – but then we opened the second half as the French waiters, singing, "Sit on my face and tell me that you love me." And then we turned and bowed to a portrait of George on the wall behind us – and we were all naked under the aprons. Our 60-year-old arses mooning the Albert Hall – fantastic!

PUB BORE

For the opening of Parliament, the Queen sits atop the Royal Throne. At other times, it's also where cleaners at the Commons keep the hoovers...

George Harrison was a fan – but who's been the most unexpected Python enthusiast you've met?

I'd have to say the Dalai Lama. I've never met him, and I don't know him, but he knows all the sketches and does the silly walks. And silly walks in those long robes is very difficult.



Bobby played bass in the pan pipe orchestra

Many of your films begin and end with the same shot. What would that be in a film of your life?

Jesus! Er... Okay... it'd be a shot of a gravestone. And on it is written: "He giggled in awe." A guy said that when I appeared on a Texas radio show to promote *Baron Munchausen*. He called in and said: "Misturr Gilly-Ham? I jerst saw your latest fulm and I luurved it! The fact is, I giggled in *awe*!" And for me, that's a sublime statement. I'm continually in awe of the world, and all the shit out there, so I want that on my gravestone.

So finally – would you ever direct a porn version of any of your films? For example: *Jab-a-cocky*?

Ha ha! Classy. What a classy magazine yours is.

What about *Arse Bandits? The Felcher King*? Or even *The Twelve Spunkies*?

Oh Jesus! I don't think I have the talent, frankly. I guess with porn you have to keep a straight face don't you. Which I couldn't. I'd just sit there giggling.

In awe?

Maybe. I suppose it depends on the... equipment involved. Probably giggling in envy. Ha ha!

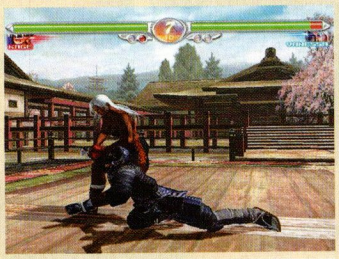
Jabberwocky, plus a new Python boxset, is out now on DVD. The full interview is at www.fhm.com/fhmarms

Patron illustration: Bill Greenhead. Gilliam words: Chris Bell. Photography: Richard Ansett

The Pub Quiz No 8 Arcade Games

All those hours spent gazing at misty screens in pubs haven't been wasted after all...

Gentlemen: let us salute our local arcade game emporium. God bless their flashing screens... their whirling sounds... the pervading smell of sick near the sit-down driving game. Mmmm. And now, thanks to our corrugated chums at McCoy's, we can replicate that *joie de vivre*: this month's quiz winner will get a £1,000 *Chase HQ* game! All you need to do is identify which change-gobblers the following screens come from. Some are indeed old – but if you've been playing arcade games that long, the cataracts on your eyes should even things out. As usual, the reader with the most correct wins. Good luck!



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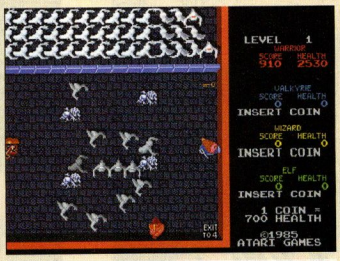

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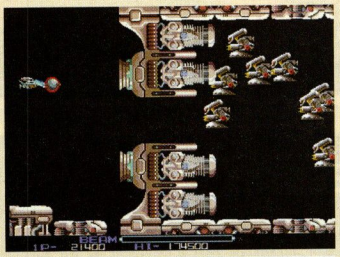

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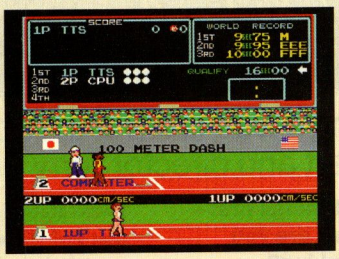

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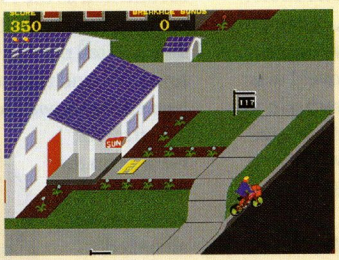

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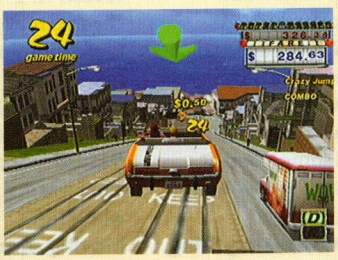

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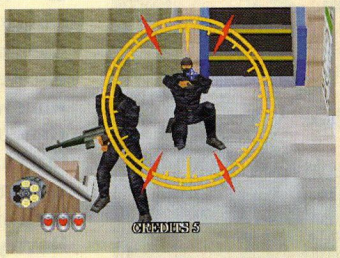

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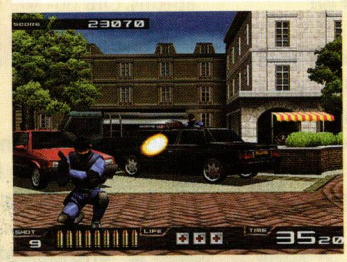

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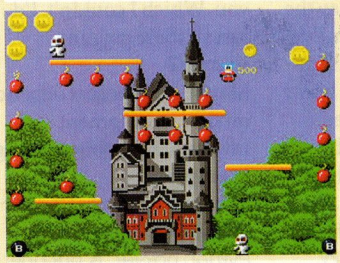


GAME

So – fancy an arcade machine in your house? Well, ask your flatmates/girlfriend/mum first; it's huge. Then fill in the following and send in your forms to: The May Pub Arcade Quiz, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1W 8HF. But hear ye: the closing date is April 31.

Name:

Telephone number:

E-mail address:

I am over 18 ☐

THE REAL McCOY'S ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS

WEB BOOZERY

Still thirsty for more pub action? Worry not, *FHM* wordaholics: just wander to the online *FHM* Arms – sponsored by McCoy's – where last orders are never called! Unless the server goes down, of course. But for interviews, games and the answers to previous pub quizzes, check out: www.fhm.com/fhmarms

Manchester
(Jus up de road)
Edinburgh
(Jus a likkle furder)
Red Stripe®
JAMAICA
LAGER BEER

Reviews Music

The ratings:

This month in the order of our favourite sexual perversions. One: crap, five: fantastic.

★☆☆☆☆ **Docking**
★★☆☆☆ **Blumpy**
★★★☆☆ **Furtling**
★★★★☆ **Tea Bagging**
★★★★★ **Ken Dodding**

Wednesday was line dancing night at Castle Dracula

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

Like the Eighties never happened

The White Stripes return, and damn it if their retro inspired guitar chicanery isn't as good as ever

The White Stripes

Elephant (THIRD MAN RECORDS)

The story: It's easy not to like Detroiters Jack and Meg White. She's a wailer, he wears red leather trousers and they're adored by annoying people who think they're cool in a retro way. It was with a wry cringe then when we realised that their brilliantly-titled fourth album was going to be corker from the very first bars. Opening track *Seven Nation Army* is the kind of beautiful music WWE wrestlers stomp into the ring to, before whoopin' some ass. And from there on in, it doesn't disappoint. Recorded here in the UK in a mere two weeks – it's not really surprising that 90 per cent of *Elephant* sounds like an early Stones record – they used no recording equipment dating past the mid-Sixties. And you probably won't hear a more perfect new rock 'n' roll song than *Girl, You Have Faith In Medicine* in 2003. In fact, only the self-indulgent moments where they sing about squirrels with *Little Acorns* and lovingly cover Dusty Springfield's *I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself* ruin the fun. Even then, Jack's pumped the tracks full of enough tasty Zeppelin riffs for them to surprisingly kick butt.

Listen to when: Rocking out like dad probably did – back in the days he was wooing fitter birds than your fat old mum.

Verdict: Hardcore fans will probably be too cool to let themselves enjoy the new White Stripes sound – but *Elephant* is a definite winner.

★★★★☆ LC

This month's reviewers ...and in honour of *Phone Booth* (reviewed on page 199), their all-time favourite thriller movie...

Chris Bell: *The Game*, **Matthew Bingham:** *Three Days Of The Condor*, **Gavin Brett:** *Chinatown*, **Ross Brown:** *Dirty Harry*, **Rory Buckeridge:** *The Silence Of The Lambs*, **Nick DeCosemo:** *Michael Jackson's*, **Andy Jacobs:** *Fight Club*, **Russell Lewin:** *Almost any Hitchcock, but probably Psycho*, **Marcus Mays:** *Night Of The Hunter*, **Elton McAleer:** *The Usual Suspects*, **Chris Mooney:** *North By Northwest*, **David Moynihan:** *Jaws*, **Simon Munk:** *Memento*, **Mike Peake:** *The Star Chamber*

3 Doors Down

Away From The Sun (UNIVERSAL)

The story: One of those grungy/noisy/earnest American bands that the Yankees inexplicably love, but don't sound too clever over here. Still, you might see some black-clad youths at a train station in Cheshire wearing a T-shirt with their name on…
Listen to when: You've worn your Bush records down. You sad get.
Verdict: Annoyingly loud and suffers from inexcusable sameyness. ★★☆☆☆ RL

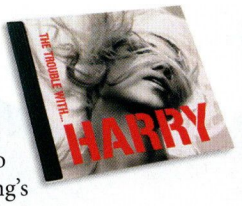
Mis-Teeq

Eye Candy (TELSTAR)

The story: Mis-Teeq are back with more chirpy garage, and a new, slower sound – banging enough not to anger the kids on the street, while being poppy enough to make sure Dr Fox keeps spinning their "phat" tunes.
Listen to when: Wanting to be into garage but hating the annoying racket of two-step.
Verdict: More Blazin' Squad than So Solid, but still lickin' on both sides (whatever that means). Bo! ★★★☆☆ LC

Harry

The Trouble With… Harry (TELSTAR)



The story: Harry is the latest popstrel to catch James Gooding's eye, but you won't find Kylie-style simpering here. Instead it's amps up to 11 and power-chords ahoy, taking in Salt'n'Pepa's *Push It* (bad) and Eighties anthem *Imagination* (good) along the way.
Listen to when: You want to ROCK! (But not too hard.)
Verdict: The trouble is… three good songs do not a great album make. ★★★☆☆ CM

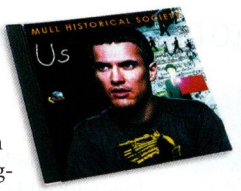
Future Shock

Phantom Theory (PARLOPHONE)

The story: Master re-mixers Andy and Phil turn their hand to dark floor stompers and crazed hip-hop, ensuring a far worthier purchase than your average knob-twiddling drivel.
Listen to when: You're in a BMW and there's a fit girl at the bus stop.
Verdict: No inane strumming here, just good old blow-your-bollocks-off tunes. ★★★☆☆ RB

Mull Historical Society

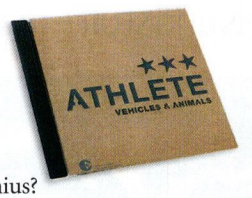
Us (BLANCO Y NEGRO)



The story: An album from the most boring-named outfit in rock that contains a shipping forecast, but Colin MacIntyre's second album is full of surprises. A sparkly feelgood affair, glimpses of the Beach Boys and Weezer ensure a package rife with surf harmonies and piano tinkerings.
Listen to when: Badly Drawn Boy is, like, so 2002.
Verdict: Ambrosial rock that'll have guitar geeks creaming their cords. ★★★★☆ CM

Athlete

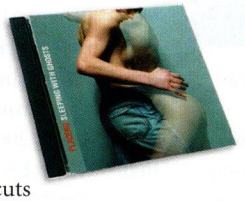
Vehicles And Mammals (PARLOPHONE)



The story: Is South London a new epicentre of pop genius? Balham produces Turin Brakes, now Deptford's Athlete pitch in with *Vehicles And Mammals*: a supremely catchy selection of guitars and bleeps, all sung in impeccable gorblimey Cockney accents.
Listen to when: Doin' the Lambeth Walk. Oi!
Verdict: More tunes like these and we'll have to excitedly start talking about "Britpop" again. ★★★★☆ CM

Placebo

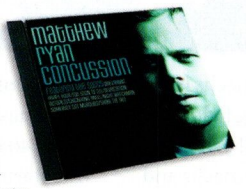
Sleeping With Ghosts (HUT RECORDINGS)



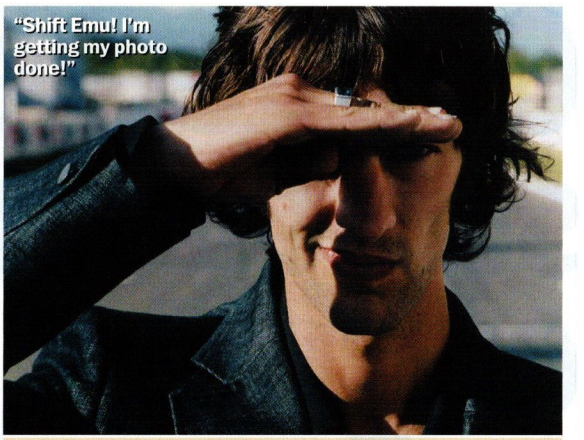
The story: Perv-rockers Placebo are back with new haircuts and a fourth album. After 18 months away the trio have merged their dirty rock with the world of beats and electronics through the conduit of ace producer Jim Abbiss.
Listen to when: You feel "a little different".
Verdict: A brave move by the band, who haven't rested on their laurels and pushed their own particular envelope for a pleasantly surprising result. ★★★☆☆ JM

Matthew Ryan

Concussion (ONE LITTLE INDIAN)



The story: Gravel-throated singer from somewhere in the dusty recesses of America spins yarns of doom and despair to his acoustic guitar. While overdosing on cigarettes and whiskey.
Listen to when: Tom Waits and Leonard Cohen begin to sound like party-starters.
Verdict: Frequently like drinking a pint of sand, but saved from oblivion by *Drift, Devastation* and a cover of The Clash classic *Somebody Got Murdered*. ★★☆☆☆ RL


"Shift Emu! I'm getting my photo done!"

Q&A Richard Ashcroft

Wigan's favourite son chats about pies, going bald and scrapping with Liam Gallagher…

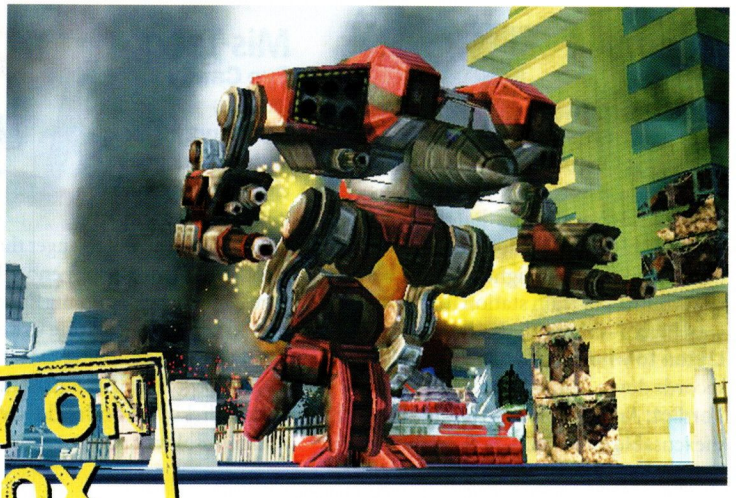
You've got a reputation as a miserable bloke, tell us a funny joke…
That's just the context that I've been put in. People think I'm so serious, in reality I could be a clown.
We don't get it. Anyway, people from Wigan are known as pie eaters, surely a bony bloke like you can't munch many steak and kidneys?
I do! My favourite pie is a Greenhall's meat and potato. On tour, I used to crave pies! It's okay now, I can cope because I've been through pie cold turkey – if you're out touring Japan, you just can't get a proper pie. My favourite at the moment is chicken chow mein and chips.
Is it true you were left as a slap head after the stress of The Verve split?
I was left with a massive bald spot on the back of my head. It's totally grown back now, I was lucky that the rest of my hair was so long I could carefully cover it up without the need for a hat.
Classy. What do you think about Simon Tong joining Blur?
I thought it was really funny, yeah. Ha, ha! I couldn't stop laughing when I heard. It's just hilarious when you hear about someone you know really well doing something strange. Can't imagine it, but best of luck to him, you know.
Who would win in a scrap between you and your scrawny buddy Liam Gallagher?
Uh… probably Liam. I've got more in me than the physique suggests, but Liam's got a bit of power there.
What's your drug of choice these days?
I am a massive tea drinker, I like a little drink of Becks and I have been known to dally in the odd marijuana.

'On tour I used to crave pies! I can cope now – I've been through pie cold turkey'

Do people still whack into you when you walk down Wigan High Street to try and recreate that *Bittersweet Symphony* video?
No, but it's funny, when we filmed the video I just wore my usual clothes. Then when it went huge, I didn't have MTV so I didn't realise they were playing it pretty much constantly. I was walking up and down the High Street wearing the same clothes as in the video, thinking why are they all stopping and staring? I freaked people out. LC

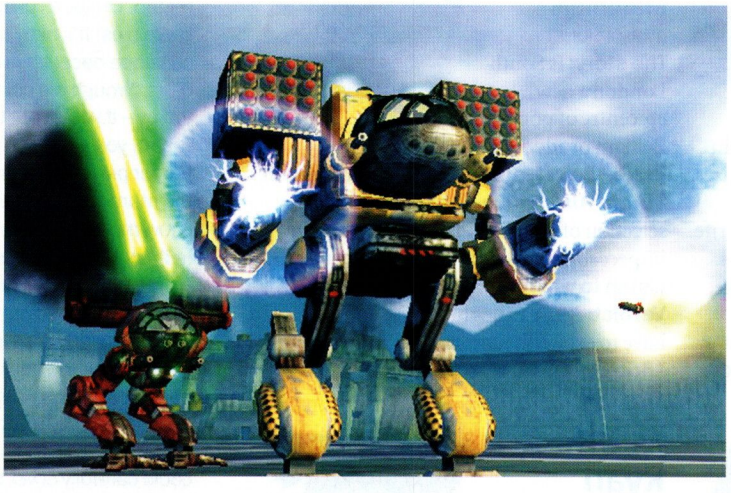
Richard's new single *Buy It In Bottles* is out now.

Gentlemen, start your engines!



ONLY ON XBOX

Bugger machines with doors and wheels and stuff – real men want to burn it up in a mech!



"Captain! Blow those World Of Blake fanatics off the planet!" screams the blurb on the back of the box, and you know immediately that *MechAssault* (a) is the usual fanatical plot hokum and (b) there are going to be big, big guns. And sweet lordy, it doesn't disappoint. You get to go to bat behind the wheel and double weapons turret of 100-odd tonnes of high-tech killing machine on legs, blasting javelin missiles into buildings, chain-gunning enemy mechs and trampling fleeing soldiers like so many wee ants. There are nine shiny machines in your big mech garage – from Uller, a speedy little bugger best suited to reconnaissance; to Atlas, a ridiculously tooled up monster of a machine – to take for destructive spins across 20 levels of bullet-ridden mayhem.

Then when you've finished the single player missions (or taking a well earned break in between levels), from March 14 you can fire up Xbox Live and take on other mechs in a ludicrously large playing field – the rest of the bloody world! (You can also download two new mechs and two new multiplayer arenas from Live.) A broadband connection, a modem with an ethernet "in" and the Xbox Live kit – and some cash, obviously – are all you need to take on the flimsy mechs of Sven in Sweden or Brad, the like, surfer dude in California, and with the headset included you can question the validity of his mum's parentage as you squash him into the dirt.

A £40 investment in the Xbox Live starter pack will get you dicing with the entire gaming world online, and this includes the headset and voice communicator – which allows you to scream at your opponents in your own hincty regional accent, or a host of comedy voices – and a year's subscription to the service. Plus there are three games thrown in gratis: *MechAssault*, the tarmac-melting superbike title *MotoGP* and the game show with added armaments, *Whacked!* to ease you sweetly into the world of online gaming.

And that's not all. Already on the shelves are a host of already broadband enabled games. Like *Splinter Cell* (extra levels), *Unreal Championship* (frantically brilliant eight-player games) and *ToeJam & Earl III* (bonus levels) are all games no doubt already in your collection which all have Xbox Live content you can access when the service goes live. And those high foreheaded boffins at Microsoft have been busy – they reckon 2003 will see no less than 50 Xbox Live enabled games cramming the shelves of your local friendly games store. Cool…

XBOX LIVE

FILM OF THE MONTH

Pick up the damn phone!

Bad boy of the moment Colin Farrell won't forget his mobile again...

Phone Booth

Stars: Colin Farrell, Kiefer Sutherland, Forest Whitaker

They say: PR man Stu Shepard (Farrell) regrets not using his mobile when he stops to make a call from a New York public phone. That's because a gravel-voiced sniper has tapped the line, and he's got the tramp's lav in his sights. Stu's a selfish, pushy philanderer, so our unseen assassin decides now's the time to turn him into a better person – and if Stu dare hang up, he gets a third eye drilled in his skull. A taut, claustrophobic cat-and-mouse game ensues.

We say: Director Joel Schumacher shot this in 12 days on a budget that wouldn't cover the cost of the catering on the average Hollywood movie. You won't see a more tense film this year – and it all comes in at under 90 minutes. Result!

Best bit: The charismatic Farrell himself, sweating into a cheap Italian suit as he fends off a parade of Manhattan low-lives, all of whom need to make a call like, *right now*.

★★★★☆ MB

The FHM Multiplex

On a sliding scale from good to rotten

1 Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind
Stars: Sam Rockwell
Game show man moonlights as CIA assassin. ★★★★☆

2 Intacto
Stars: Max von Sydow
Gamblers steal each other's luck during macabre tournaments. ★★★★☆

3 Equilibrium
Stars: Christian Bale
Cheerful *Matrix* rip-off, set in a world where emotion is banned. Damn them all! ★★★☆☆

4 Shanghai Knights
Stars: Jackie Chan
Dumb but fun follow-up to *Shanghai Noon*. ★★★☆☆

5 Cradle 2 The Grave
Stars: Jet Li, DMX
Cop and robber foil weapon smugglers. ★★★☆☆

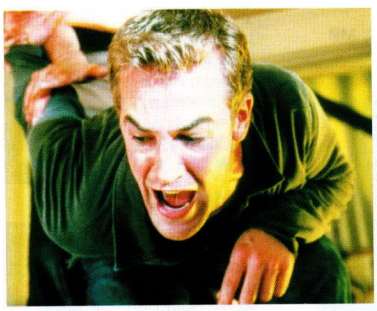
6 Barber Shop
Stars: Ice Cube
Hairy sorts waste time in Cube's chop-shop. ★★★☆☆

7 Johnny English
Stars: Rowan Atkinson
Dull film featuring that bank-ad secret agent. ★★☆☆☆

8 National Security
Stars: Martin Lawrence
Mismatched heroes play security guards out to foil a crime syndicate. ★★☆☆☆

9 Puckoon
Stars: Sean Hughes
Lame adaptation of Spike Milligan's satire. ★★☆☆☆

10 The Life Of David Gale
Stars: Kevin Spacey
Boring, pointless schlock from Alan Parker. ★☆☆☆☆



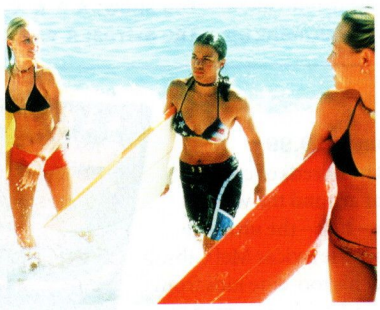
The Rules Of Attraction

Stars: James Van Der Beek, Shannyn Sossamon

They say: Tarantino's buddy Roger Avary delivers a searing campus satire. Behind a cavalcade of sex, drugs and partying at an affluent New England college lie much darker goings-on...

We say: A blackly comic masterpiece built on remarkable performances – *Dawson's* Van Der Beek is blinding.

Best bit: Avary's "tinkering with time" storytelling. It's a bit like *Bullet Time* but in reverse and, er, not quite as exciting. ★★★★☆ DM



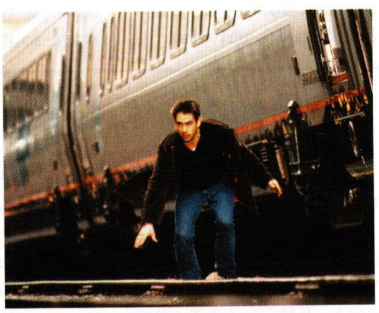
Blue Crush

Stars: Kate Bosworth, Michelle Rodriguez, Sanoe Lake

They say: Torn between the man of her dreams and riding the world's deadliest waves, can surf babe Kate Bosworth overcome the contest within her heart before handling the man-sized tubes of Hawaii's Pipe Masters?

We say: The plot will wash over your head as you revel in the endless stream of wet ladyflesh. Take the missus: she'll weep, you'll drool, everyone's a winner!

Best bit: Bosworth's improbably skimpy bikini. ★★★☆☆ LC



The Recruit

Stars: Colin Farrell, Al Pacino, Bridget Moynahan

They say: Computer whiz kid James Clayton (Farrell) is recruited by a CIA veteran (Pacino) to learn to creep and kill for his country at school-for-spies The Farm. But nothing is as it seems...

We say: The script is so-so but Farrell makes this *Spy Game* clone watchable enough. They should cast him in every thriller. Oh wait, they already do!

Best bit: Clayton using a lie detector to discover whether Bridget Moynahan wants to boff him. ★★★☆☆ AJ

Why can't we see it?

A disaster movie in more ways than one?

The Core

Stars: Hilary Swank, Stanley Tucci

What we know: The Earth's core stops spinning, with catastrophic results.

What we hope for: Best bits of *Armageddon*.

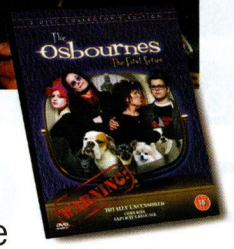
What we fear: Worst bits of *Armageddon*.

***FHM's* prediction:** ★★★☆☆

Old and senile, Ozzy needed his food chewing for him

DVD OF THE MONTH

The family jewels



Chortle at ol' Ozzy – and make him even richer at the same time

The Osbournes: The First Series

Expect to pay: £19.99

The show: Old people either whiff of nostalgia, or of wee. Luckily for Ozzy Osbourne – technically not that ancient, but you'd give him your seat on a bus – the former Black Sabbath singer has been embraced like an SS-slaying war hero since MTV glued a camera to his mantelpiece and let us take a peek at his dogs, his wife and his comically rotund offspring.

Bumbling around like a confused Albert Steptoe, Ozzy steals the show in every episode of this first series of *The Osbournes*, swearing his way through daily life as a slightly infirm dad/heavy metal legend. Loosely following the story of the family's arrival at their new LA mansion, the cameras treat us to such joys as Ozzy's lad Jack in full combat gear, sex tips for crabby daughter Kelly and puerile spats with the neighbours.

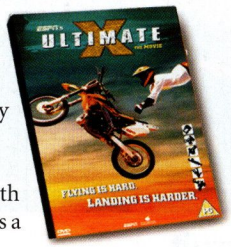
It's all as funny as hell, of course – especially Ozzy's dour one-liners – but you can't help feeling sorry for the near-pensionable rock icon, parading around like a scarecrow while cleaning up dog-shit, fumbling perplexedly with anything that requires a plug and flashing his arse repeatedly for any fool with a camera.

The extras: Slightly embarrassing audio commentary, rubbishy unseen footage, watchable cast interviews, "edit your own scene" thing and silly Name That Dookie game.

The show: ★★★★☆

The extras: ★★☆☆☆ MP

ESPN's Ultimate X

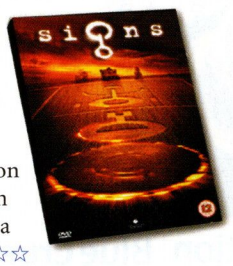


Expect to pay: £15.99

The film: Adrenalin-fuelled X Games documentary. Immaculately filmed for the big-screen Imax format but suffering not a jot in its shrinkage to DVD, it's crammed with unbelievable stunts – one chap does a speeding backflip with a 250lb motorbike, for God's sake. ★★★☆☆

The extras: A "Making Of" is sorely missing. ★★☆☆☆ DM

Signs

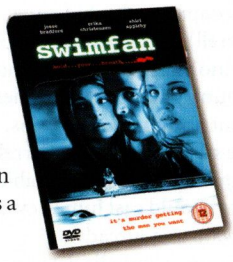


Expect to pay: £19.99

The film: As hundreds of crop circles appear around the world (making this – heh – the ultimate cereal killer movie), vicar Mel Gibson has to protect his too-cute kids from aliens. Scary indeed, but marred by a limp "coincidence" ending. ★★☆☆☆

The extras: Screenwriting diary, deleted scenes and M Night Shyamalan's cheapo first alien movie. ★★★★☆ CB

Swimfan

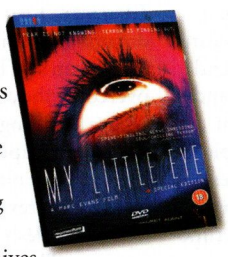


Expect to pay: £19.99

The film: Effectively creepy *Fatal Attraction* remake, cast with teens. *Traffic*'s Erika Christensen seduces half-man, half-fish Jesse Bradford in the school pool, in what he thinks is a one-night stand. Or float. She's got other ideas, however… ★★★☆☆

The extras: So-so: featurette, commentaries and loads of deleted scenes. ★★☆☆☆ MB

My Little Eye



Expect to pay: £19.99

The film: Five US twentysomethings hole up in a house for six months, watched by webcams. Unlucky! One of them is a killer! ★★★☆☆

The extras: The interactive viewing mode rocks: rewatch the film like a website subscriber and dip into archives and auditions, or tap the files of the sinister Company behind the broadcast. Landmark stuff. ★★★★★ MB

PA Photos

Take aways

In your video store this month…

1 Insomnia

Al Pacino stars in this 24-hour daylight crime shout-a-thon. Warning: Robin Williams in nasty coat. ★★★★☆

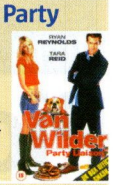
2 One Hour Photo

Slow-burning chiller: photo guy worms his way into a customer's family. Warning: Robin Williams in bald wig. ★★★☆☆

3 Lava

Weirdos with guns hole up in a Notting Hill flat. Impressively shot, albeit with a nasty streak. ★★★☆☆

4 Van Wilder: Party Liaison



Lovely Tara Reid is the best thing in this predictable, gormless gross-out campus comedy. ★★★☆☆

5 High Crimes

It's hard to go wrong with military courtroom dramas, but unfortunately this one's no *A Few Good Men*… ★★★☆☆

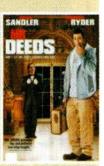
6 Baise-Moi

Gratuitously violent/hardcore/badly made French *Thelma & Louise*-type revenge thing. ★★☆☆☆

7 Sniper 2

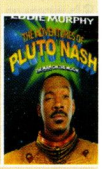
Lame sequel. A lardy Tom Berenger breaks out of the sharpshooter retirement home for One Last Job. ★★☆☆☆

8 Mr Deeds



Deeply irritating Adam Sandler vehicle, who pushes his strangle-voiced charm too damn far this time. ★★☆☆☆

9 Pluto Nash



Deeply irritating Eddie Murphy vehicle, who pushes his… well, you get the general idea. ★☆☆☆☆

10 My Big Fat Greek Wedding

If your girl comes back from the video shop with this, poke your own eyes out. You'll thank us. ★☆☆☆☆

THE FASTEST GROWING MEN'S MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD IS

ARENA

Find out why on April 4

The May issue features

Estella Warren – the world's sexiest model returns; Hawaiian shirts; *The Rules Of Attraction* director **Roger Avary** on becoming a sex voyeur; **Burberry's** design director **Christopher Bailey**; actress **Romola Garai** justifies her *al fresco* streak; *Shanghai Knights'* **Owen Wilson**; Olivier Martinez – the new face of **Armani**; the grisly true tale of New York murderer **Michael Alig**; **Spike Lee**; plus **La Fura Dels Baus** – the most explicit, controversial night you'll ever have in a theatre

for you, for your mobile!

new logos

Problem Adult! 720082	cereal killer! 720077
male lesbian! 720081	Rockport 103552
HELP! 720080	BURBERRY 103541

ringtones

CHART BUSTERS

CHRISTINA AG...	Beautiful	720134
DJ SAMMY	The Boys Of Summer	720135
TATU	All The Things She Said	720066
JUNIOR SENIOR	Move Your Feet	720137
AINSLIE	Keep Me A Secret	720132
JUSTIN TIMBER...	Cry Me A River	720072
MELANIE C	Here It Comes Again	720139
SINEAD QUINN	I Can't Break Down	720118
KELLY ROWLAND	Stole	720060
EMINEM	Lose Yourself	103417
BUSTED	Year 2003	103570
GOOD CHARLOTTE	Lifestyles Of The Rich...	720071
SODA CLUB	Heaven Is A Place	720141
DANIEL BEDIN...	If You Are Not The One	103388
MASSIVE ATTACK	Special Cases	720138
ROYKSOPP	Eple	720140
KIRA	I'll Be Your Angel	720124
APPLETON	Don't Worry	720107
JAY Z	Bonnie & Clyde	103598
TURIN BRAKES	Pain Killer	720130

new new new new

THE DATSUNS	Harmonic Generator	720120
SUM 41	The Hell Song	720119
BLACKSTREET	Wizzy Wow	720055
EASYWORLD	Junkies	720058
DJ SNEAK	Fix My Sink	103592
DRIFTWOOD	Freeloader	103594
INME	Crushed Like Fruit	103504
AMERIE	Why Don't We Fall In...	102903
JOHN SILVER	Come On Over	103577
MINT ROYALE	Blue Song	720061
SYNTAX	Pray	720065
NUCKLEUZ DJS	DJ	720062
2PAC	Thugz Mansion	720105
IDLEWILD	A Modern Way Of Letting	720110
JODY LEI	Showdown	720111
PAUL OAKEN...	The Harder They Come	720114
VIOLENT DELIGHTS	I Wish I Was A Girl	720131

POLYPHONIC
THE NEW BREED OF RINGTONE

APPLETON	Don't Worry	10286
ASHANTI	Happy	10200
ATOMIC KITTEN	Last Goodbye	10229
AVRIL LAVIGNE	Sk8er Boi	10245
AUDIO BULLYS	We Dont Care	10251
BADLY DRAWN BOY	Born Again	10252
BIG BRUVA	Nu Flow	10120
BLAZIN SQUAD	Reminisce	10287
BLUE	Sorry	10236
BUSTED	Year 3000	10253
BUSTED	What I Go To School...	10072
CHEEKY GIRLS	Cheeky Girls	10223
CHRISTINA AG...	Dirrty	10202
COLDPLAY	Scientist	10203
COUNTING CROWS	Big Yellow Taxi	10291
CRAIG DAVID	What's Your Flava	10137
DANIEL BEDDING...	If You Are Not The O...	10230
DARREN HAYES	I Miss You	10170
DAVID GRAY	Babylon	10182
DAVID SNEDDON	Stop Living The Lie	10254
DIRTY VEGAS	Days Go By	10085
DIVINE INSPIRATION	The Way	10255
ELECTRIC SIX	Danger! High Voltage	10256
EMINEM	Lose Yourself	10224
EMINEM	Cleaning Out My C...	10074
FEEDER	Just The Way I'm...	10258
FLIP & FILL	I Wanna Dance With...	10259
GOOD CHARLOTTE	Lifestyles Of The Rich...	10292
JENNIFER LOPEZ	Jenny From The Block	10215
JAN WAYNE	Because The Night	10139
JUSTIN TIMBER...	Like I Love You	10127
KELLY LORENNA	Heart Of Gold	10216
LL COOL J	Paradise	10288
SARAH WHATMORE	Automatic	10289
SINEAD QUINN	I Can't Break Down	10290

vmail
Fun voicemail greetings or insults for your mobile

ANY MOBILE ANY NETWORK!

HIPPY — "Hello. This is the marijuana hotline! We're not in right now but if you want to order some gear then..." CODE 7044

GOLLUM — "Step into my world Hobbit and leave a message, otherwise I will be forced to kill you with my bare hands..." CODE 7084

ALFIE MOON — "Hello, Alfie Moon here, if that's you Duchess I'm not in at the moment, I'll be back in a second..." CODE 7083

AVRIL LAVIGNE — "You come over unannounced, dressed up like your're something else, that's why I'm pretending I'm not in and why I sing. Please leave a message after the tone, your're hearing me..." CODE 7087

CHRISTINA — "Leave a message.. oh oh..for Christina's pho-one...leave it, leave it why...come on baby don't be shy." CODE 7086

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE — "I'm Justin Timberlake. I JUST WANNA LOVE YOU BABY. Leave a message will you... I JUST WANNA LOVE YOU BABY after the tone... I JUST..." CODE 7085

MS DYNAMITE — "Please leave a message after the tone, for Ms Dynamite cos she's on the phone. It's Miss Dy na mi tee ee!" CODE 7077

OZZY OSBOURNE — "Hello there! You've reached the phone of Ozzy Osbourne. Unfortunately I cant actually get to the phone at the momant coz I'm too busy..." CODE 7034

EMINEM — "I'm not home coz I'm on the phone. I'm chilling with my bitch while she sucks my ****. If u wanna speak soon..." CODE 7037

BEAVIS & BUTT... — "Hehehe, Hey Butthead, check it out, someone's on the phone. Hehehe, leave a message buttdumpling". CODE 7079

CHIEF WIGGUM — "Hello, and welcome to the Springfield police dept rescue phone, if you know the name of the felony being committed press 1..." CODE 0317

ROCKY — "Hello! Just a minute it's me and I'm talking to myself. Hello me. Oh it's you, hey, leave a message. What am I doing? Adrienne!!!!!!" CODE 0198

FAMOUS

Ali G	0501
Alan Partridge	0509
Alan Hansen	0508
Banzai	7000
Barney	0254
Borat	0502
Britney Spears	0351
Dale Winton	7036
Dame Edna Everage	7020
Dom Jolly	0520
Dr Evil	7031
Delboy	0179
Flintstones	0414
Friends	0116
Geri Halliwell	0523
Harry Hill	0513
Jamie Oliver	0507
John Wayne	0084
Julia Roberts	7049
Liza Minelli	7051
Marilyn Manson	7032
Mick Jagger	0266
Michael Pane	7005
Ricky Martin	0138
Simon Cowell	7011

CELEBRITIES

Anne N Smith	7045
Austin Powers	0252
Brian Potter	7063
Johnny Vegas	7015
Jonathon Ross	7003
Julian Clary	7004
Gareth Gates	7023
Kermit The Frog	0819
Madonna	0516
Mary J Blidge	7056
Mike Tyson	7041
Michael Owen	7018
Michael Bolton	0085
Nasty Trevor	7065
Phil Mitchell	7013
Ricky Gervais	7061
Ren & Stimpy	0195
Rocky	0198
Scooby Doo	7024
Singing Hamster	7028
Shaggy	7021
Simon Cowell	7011
Spiderman	7042
Springfield Police	0317
Tennis	0343

HOTLINES

Basil Fawlty	0181
Burns & Smithers	7078
Beavis & Butthead	7079
Dial An Asshole	0000
Dial A Confession	0307
Dr Spock	0199
Elvis Presley	0083
Hannibal Lecter	0190
Humphrey Bogart	0096
Homer Simpson	0187
James Bond	7067
Jack Nicholson	0159
Johnny Vaughan	7073
Kitty	0005
Learning Japanese	0049
Mission Impossible	0192
Mark Owen	7080
Monty Python	0055
Ned Flanders	0183
Psychiatric Hotline	0318
Queen	0134
Rap	0136
Suicide Hotline	0324
Spaceman	0380
Terminator	0200

If you do not know your vmail pin number you will need to follow these simple steps:

VODAFONE
Dial 121 - key 1 to take you to the main menu. At the main menu select option 4 - 'mail box settings'. Then select option 2 - 'to change code' now enter your own unique pin number.

O2
Dial 901 - key * to take you to the main menu. At the main menu select option 6 to change your pin code. Now enter your own unique pin number.

ORANGE
Dial 123 - go to the menu, choose option 3 - 'change personal options'. Then go to option 2 - 'change pin number'. You can now enter your unique pin number.

VIRGIN & T MOBILE
Hold down the number 1 key for a couple of secs. At menu, select option 2 - 'change mailbox features'. Select option 2 'change personal options'. Select option 1 'change pin number'. Now enter your own personal pin number.

pics

FAVOURITES

720103 | 102752 | 102583 | 720090 | 720086 | 103377
102758 | 102746 | 720099 | 720087 | 720085 | 103356
103546 | 102743 | 102085 | 101964 | 102678 | 102214
720098 | 102740 | 720088 | 101963 | 720084 | 102588
720102 | 720101 | 102020 | 101865 | 102669 | 101824
102738 | 102654 | 103479 | 101864 | 102668 | 103324
102548 | 102557 | 102506 | 101934 | 102652 | 103325
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103480 | 102576 | 102571 | 103478 | 102203 | 102516

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30072 | 30118 | 30118 | 30117 | 30068 | 30099
30067 | 30062 | 30063 | 30079 | 30092 | 30081

ordering instructions

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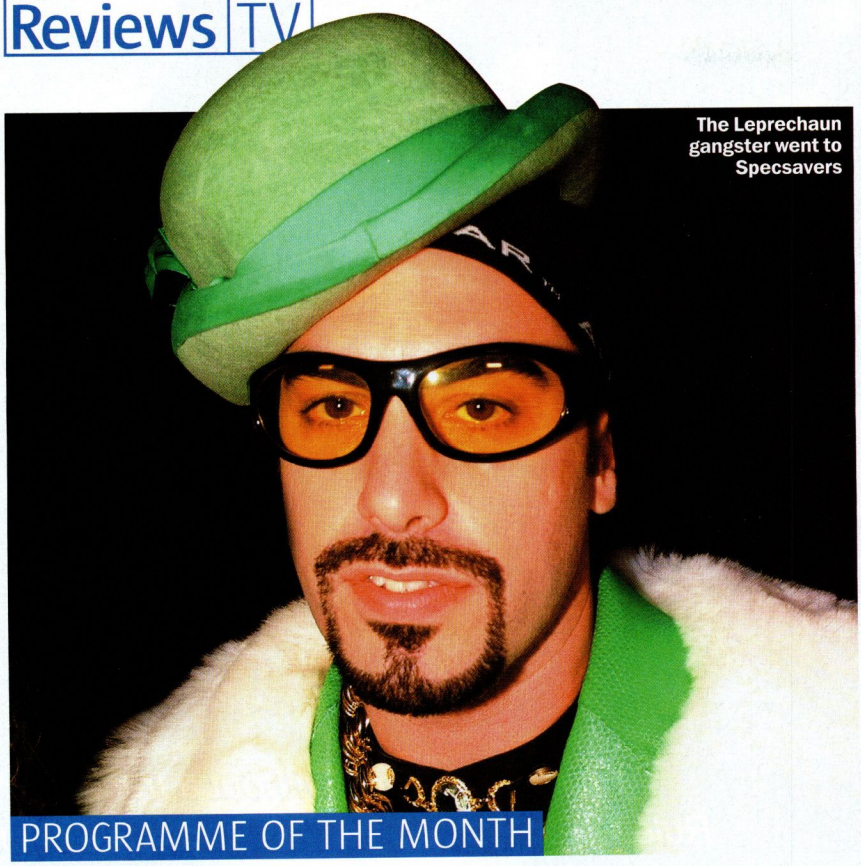


The Leprechaun gangster went to Specsavers

PROGRAMME OF THE MONTH

Stateside!

Staines' blinging one is now ripping it out of the Yanks

Da Ali G Show

Channel 4, April 6

What is it? Yep, the legendary Mr G returns to our screens this month and frankly *FHM* can't wait. So what's new with the show this time around? Well the difference is that it's been produced in conjunction with risk-taking American TV cable channel HBO, (the makers of *The Sopranos*, no less), meaning Sacha Baron Cohen's transplanted his comedic gold and celeb-baiting across the pond to the land of Uncle Sam. Bit of a shame then that our Yank cousins didn't seem to quite get it, if reaction to the first couple of episodes is anything to go by. We're not worried though, as alongside the leader of the Staines Massive and the "confused" TV reporter Borat from Kazakhstan, we get a new character – Bruno, a camp Austrian fashion reporter – who has already made the British tabloids with his catwalk hi-jacking actions.

Reasons to watch: Cohen's characters are brilliantly observed and hilariously performed anyway – but mix in a perplexed American public and a load of pompous US celebrities and you have comedy gold on your hands. ★★★★☆

FHM Bikini Heaven

Sky One, April 21

What is it? Like a proud father, we shed a wee tear as our baby takes her next steps in front of an expectant audience. Remember our High Street Honeys competition that ran across two Sky One shows, several magazines and bought us the gorgeous Tanya Robinson? Course you do. Well our Tanya is now pitted against 15 other girls, elected by *FHM* readerships in the likes of America, Australia and South Africa. Carmen Electra is your host, while a panel of celebrity judges make up 50 per cent of the vote. But you, yes you, decide the ultimate winner by voting through your Sky One red button.

Reasons to watch: To ensure our girl Tanya wins, naturally. But if that wasn't enough, there are 16 girls in bikinis plus Carmen Electra, oh and a little pop star called Holly Valance playing a live set. ★★★★☆

Lady press-ups: easy

Words: James Mannion, Nick DeCosemo. LFI

...the best of the rest

This month's most worthwhile time-killers

300th Simpsons episode

Sky One, April 20

What is it? Consistently the funniest show on telly, the Simpsons hit their 300th episode, showing no signs of middle-age spread.

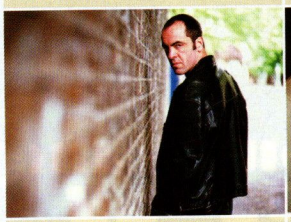
Reasons to watch: Bart sues Homer, leaves home and moves in with Blink-182 and skateboarder Tony Hawks. You don't get those storylines on *Corrie*. ★★★★☆

The Woman Who Dives Deepest

Channel 5, April 9

What is it? No, not a *Red Shoe Diaries* tale, but a documentary about Brit babe Tanya Streeter, trying to dive 160 metres into Poseidon's realm.

Reasons to watch: A fascinating study of the extremes endured by the human body. Plus she's quite fit and gets wet a lot. ★★★☆☆

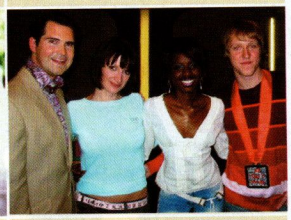


Murphy's Law

BBC1, late April

What is it? James Nesbitt returns as the embittered undercover cop Tommy Murphy. Barely staying on the right side of the thin blue line, this series Murphy gets a new female boss – sexual tension ahoy!

Reasons to watch: Nesbitt's likeable but dishevelled cop is always good to watch. ★★★☆☆

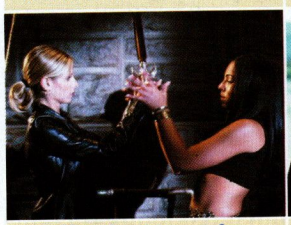


Your Face Or Mine?

Channel 4, late April

What is it? It's the return of the TV game show not for the ego-challenged. A couple rate themselves in terms of how attractive they think they are compared to the public.

Reasons to watch: To check out what two of the *FHM* staffers look like when our Jim and our Angie get on the box. ★★★★☆

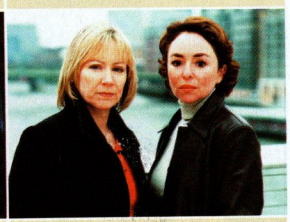


Buffy The Vampire Slayer

Sky One, April

What is it? The gorgeous Sarah Michelle Gellar is all that stands between Earth and another painful apocalypse at the hands of demon-kind.

Reasons to watch: It's great anyway, but April 17's episode sees the fabulously gorgeous R&B star Ashanti make a guest appearance. Nurse! ★★★☆☆



M.I.T: Murder Investigation Team

ITV1, April 26

What is it? A gory new crime series by the bloke who invented *Footballers' Wives*. Stars Carol Jackson from *'Enders* and yummy mummy Samantha Spiro as a detective duo solving murder cases for the Met.

Reasons to watch: Hopefully it'll be Reg Hollis who gets "offed". ★★★☆☆

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GAME OF THE MONTH

Twisted metal

It's the game with the best controller ever!

Steel Battalion

Xbox, £129.99

The beef: Your eyes do not deceive you, this baby does indeed cost £130 for a controller which only actually works with one – mech based – game, but God damn, this truly is one hell of a controller! There are forty-one buttons (we counted them, twice) and three pedals, all of which come to some arcane use during your battle campaigns. And the battles rule! You shamble your mech out across ten levels, taking on armies of enemy tanks on legs, watching missiles boom and scream across the landscape before connecting with enemy metal. Which is all, of course very, very cool.

Best bit: Just starting the damn thing up, which requires pushing or flipping seven individual buttons, and smears a dumb-ass grin across your face every single time you do it.

Will you still be playing it in six months? You may be – your missus will have packed up and left long ago.

Verdict: Of course it's ridiculous, but it's the closest you'll get to arcade gaming in your home, and the most involving title for ages. It's the best man toy out there. ★★★★☆ RBK

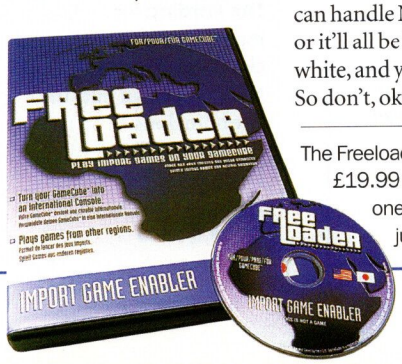
GAMECUBE CODE CRACKED

Play games early

Clever little bugger, this. The Freeloader is a wee disc which uses complicated mathematics (probably) to basically crack your GameCube's regional coding. Extremely naughty, of course, but it means that you can then play imported American and Japanese games months before they hit Europe.

Where do you get the games? Look on the internet, man! The last time we told you where to buy import titles, Nintendo sued the company we mentioned. Bless them. Oh, and make sure your TV can handle NTSC signals, or it'll all be in black and white, and you'll blame us. So don't, okay?

The Freeloader costs £19.99 and you can get one at www.codejunkies.com



...the best of the rest

Further ways of blowing your green this month

Kung Fu Chaos

Xbox, £44.99

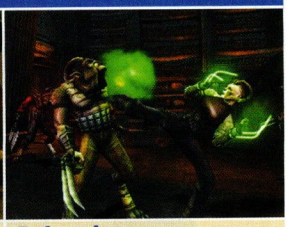
The beef: This Seventies chock sockey-inspired fighting game kicks off on the set of a cheesy kung fu flick, complete with dodgy dialogue and pubes on the camera lens. You need to impress the director by pummelling ninjas as you scramble your way through the rickety sets, or just get your mates round for some communal ass kicking.

Best bit: Taunting your opponents with *Banzai*-style shouty rubbish.

Will you still be playing it in six months? Maybe not on your own, but it's a true multiplay winner.

Verdict: Clever, knowing kung fu spoof, with killer four player action.

★★★★☆ EM



Primal

PlayStation2, £39.99

The beef: Jen Tate's day would make even Jack Bauer weep. Her man's vanished, a gargoyle's following her and she's apparently responsible for saving the universe. Time to bash enemies and solve puzzles in this gothic action adventure. Swapping between Jen and stony-boy Scree to get around adds brain-work, but this is *Tomb Raider* with added eyeliner.

Best bit: The brooding visuals – like an interactive Marilyn Manson video.

Will you still be playing it in six months? You'll have long finished.

Verdict: Not bad, but slick style does not a killer title make. ★★★☆☆ SM

Devil May Cry 2

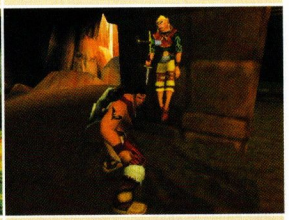
PlayStation2, £39.99

The beef: It seems that Dante, the PS2's coolest half-demon antihero, is stuck in something of a mid-life crisis. He and his girlfriend Lucia (who lives on disc two) are faced with more demons to battle, worlds to save and, um... did we mention demons to battle? Expect the same, repetitious button-bashing action as before, only this time, strangely, they seem to have amputated most of the cool.

Best bit: Running up walls like *The Matrix*'s Neo.

Will you still be playing it in six months? Simply, no.

Verdict: Suffers from sequelitis – looks great, plays okay, but offers little new stuff. ★★☆☆☆ EM



The Mark Of Kri

PlayStation2, £39.99

The beef: Back to basics muscle-bound-barbarian-with-big-sword action adventure, but with two twists. Firstly you've got a handy, *The Crow*-style, er, crow, which you can use to scout ahead and see where enemies are. Then there's the attack system, which maps enemies to individual controller buttons. Oh, and it's viscerally, brilliantly gory. You'll like that.

Best bit: Hugely satisfying stealth kills.

Will you still be playing it in six months? It's long and enjoyable, but not sixth months long.

Verdict: Looks nice, plays well and is satisfyingly violent. A winner.

★★★☆☆ RBK

BEST FOR STARGAZING

Telescopic sights

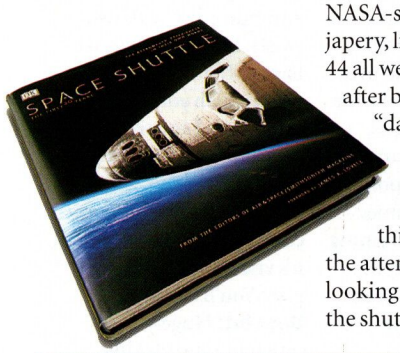
Authoritative shuttle biog featuring glorious photography

Space Shuttle: The First 20 Years

Edited by Tony Reichhardt

(DK Publishing, £25. Weight: in space, nothing)

The blurb: What was doubtless originally conceived as a public relations blow-job now reads like a memorial for lost confidence, following the Columbia disaster. Seventy-seven astronauts (two of them killed on February 1) supply the text, and it's familiar stuff – how frail the Earth looks; how you eat, drink and take a dump in space – alongside NASA-sanitised examples of japery, like the crew of STS-44 all wearing bald wigs after being warned of the "dangers" of unkempt hair. But the stunning photography is the thing that really grabs the attention, whether it's looking down at the planet, the shuttle seen against the darkness of the universe, or the weightless chaos in the crew quarters. Then there are all those smiling astronauts…



The verdict: Future shuttle flights won't look anything like these – expect grim-faced professionals fully aware they're piloting a billion-dollar spaceplane with all the aerodynamic properties of a widescreen TV set. That's if the bureaucrats ever let the thing off the ground again, of course – in which case this magnificent volume will be retitled *Space Shuttle: The Only 20 Years.*

Try it if you like: Gawping at engineering.

★★★★☆ MB

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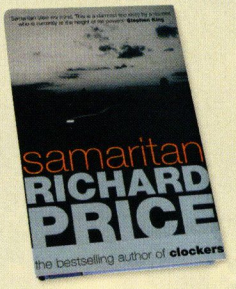
Other pages we've turned this month



Samaritan

Richard Price

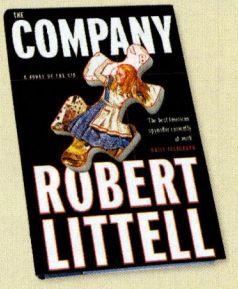
(Bloomsbury, £9.99. Weight: a Noo Joisey steak dinner)

The blurb: Sickeningly successful screenwriter returns to his New Jersey 'hood and starts dishing out cash to help his old muckers. Rather unsportingly, he ends up battered half to death. He knows who did it, but why isn't he saying?

The verdict: Price wrote the excellent *Clockers*, and *Samaritan* is a compulsive crime classic which is every bit its equal.

Try if you like: Seeing nice guys finishing last.

★★★★☆ CM



The Company

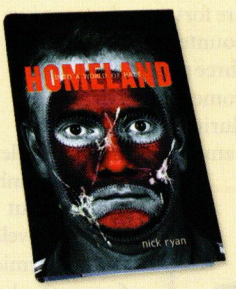
Robert Littell

(Pan, £7.99. Weight: large chunk of Berlin Wall)

The blurb: Well-timed novel charting the history of the CIA, from Checkpoint Charlie to Bin Laden in 900 pages.

The verdict: If you find James Ellroy's current "Underworld USA" trilogy hard going, retread much of the same ground with the more readable Littell. Added to the mix is some familiar conspiracy theory guff and a *Godfather*-style family saga. The result is an engaging tale.

Try it if you like: Le Carré lite. ★★★☆☆ MB



Homeland

Nick Ryan

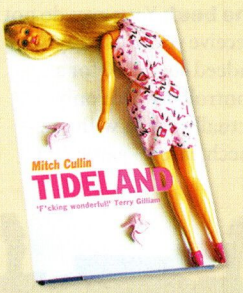
(Mainstream, £15.99. Weight: severed head of authority)

The blurb: A perilous six-year journey into the bloody arena of white nationalism sees Ryan palling up to one neo-Nazi group after another, learning their secrets, then ratting them out in print.

The verdict: First-class reportage from a man who clearly has a deathwish. Not to mention nuts the size of melons.

Try it if you like: *MacIntyre Undercover*, played for keeps.

★★★★☆ GB



Tideland

Mitch Cullin

(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £9.99. Weight: two Barbies)

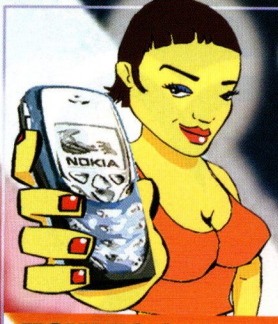
The blurb: Junkie guitarist takes his eight-year-old daughter back to Texas, following the death of her mother. Father dies. Girl entertains herself by creating a surreal landscape with broken doll parts for company. Weirdness draws in.

The verdict: *Alice In Wonderland* relocated to a world of bizarre characters, set against a sinister rural landscape.

Try it if you like: Taxidermy; dynamite.

★★★★☆ MM

PSC



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BRAND NEW

6571 - Tatu - All The Things She Said
6569 - Kelly Rowland - Stole
6552 - David Sneddon - Stop Living the Lie
6560 - Jay Z - Bonnie and Clyde
6561 - Jurgen Vries - The Opera Song
6509 - Busted - Year 3000
6481 - Eminem - Lose Yourself
6565 - Camron - Hey Ma
6500 - Girls Aloud - Sound of the Underground
6551 - Punjabi MC - Mundian To Bach Ke
6453 - Daniel Bedingfield - If Youre Not the One
6568 - Kelly Osbourne - Shut Up
6570 - Beanie Man - Street Life
6555 - Jaimeson - TRUE
6514 - Electric Six - Danger High Voltage
6567 - Busta Rymes - Make it Clap
6566 - 3rd Edge - Know You Wanna
6510 - Love Inc - Superstar
6557 - Craig David - Hidden Agenda
6463 - The Cheeky Girls - The Cheeky Girls
6488 - G Gates - What my Heart Wants to Say
6486 - Blue - Sorry is the Hardest Word
6465 - Jennifer Lopez - Jenny from the Block
6505 - AvrilLavigne - Sk8ter Boi
6308 - Nelly - Dilemma
6307 - AvrilLavigne - Complicated
6323 - LasKetchup - The Ketchup Song
6275 - Eminem - Cleanin Out My Closet
6490 - RobbieWilliams - Feel
6481 - Eminem - Lose Yourself
6454 - ChristinaAguilera - Dirty
6573 - Justin Timberlake - Cry Me A River

60'S & 70'S CLASSICS

0841 - Barry Mannilow - Copa Cobanna
1226 - Elvis Presley - Suspicious Minds
1219 - Frank Sinatra - New York, New York
1214 - Frank Sinatra - I've Got You Under
0876 - Jerry Lee Lewis - Great Balls Of Fire
0844 - The Beatles - Come Together
1220 - The Beatles - Nowhere Man
1218 - The Beatles - Love Me Do
0842 - The Beatles - Help
0848 - The Beatles - Yellow Submarine
1213 - The Beatles - Hey Jude
0846 - The Beatles - Ob La Di, Ob La Da
0914 - The Temptations - My Girl
0884 - Big Bopper - Lets Twist Again
1222 - Doris Day - Que Sera Sera
0113 - Yakety Yak
0216 - Lionel Richie - Easy
0859 - Carl Douglas - Kung Fu Fighting
0856 - Bob Marley - No Woman No Cry
0905 - Rod Stewart - Do You Think I'm Sexy
0906 - Rod Stewart - Sailing

80'S & 90'S CLASSICS

0212 - Dire Straits - Walk Of Life
0370 - Lionel Richie - Don't Stop The Music
0450 - Soft Cell - Tainted Love
0113 - Yakety Yak
0232 - Aha - Take On Me
0840 - Bangles - Walk Like An Egyptian
0859 - Carl Douglas - Kung Fu Fighting
0090 - Cher - Shoop Shoop Song
0013 - Eddy Grant - Electric Avenue

IRISH RINGTONES

Monaghan Gig - 5620
Rose of Tralee - 3875
Foggy Dew - 5619
Galway Bay - 5615
Derry Hornpipe - 5612
Molly Malone - 5610
Mountains of Mourne - 3873
The Sunday Game Theme - 5861
The National Anthem - 0875
Danny Boy - 3868
Limerick You're a Lady - 5880
The Town I loved so Well - 5643
Spancill Hill - 5642
Come back Paddy Reilly - 5636
Banks of the Lee - 5635
Flower of Strabane - 5623

ROCK CLASSICS

0296 - Bonjovi - Living On A Prayer
0295 - Bonjovi - It's My Life
1272 - Deep Purple - Smoke On The Water
0036 - Europe - The Final Countdown
1275 - Guns N Roses - Sweet Child of Mine
0544 - Guns N Roses - Paradise City
1277 - Jimmy Hendrix - Foxy Lady
0550 - Zeppelin - Kashmir
1279 - Lynard Skynard - Sweet Home Alabama
0898 - Queen - Bohemian Rhapsody
0900 - Queen - We Will Rock You
0899 - Queen - We Are The Champions
0065 - The Doors - Light My Fire
1470 - The Doors - Light My Fire
0866 - The Eagles - Hotel California
0472 - The Stone Roses - Fools Gold
0268 - The Verve - Bitter Sweet Symphony
0706 - U2 - Sunday, Bloody Sunday
0707 - U2 - With Or Without You
0926 - Van Morrison - Brown Eyed Girl
0502 - Yes - Owner Of A Lonely Heart
0889 - Meatloaf - Bat Out Of Hell
0598 - Aerosmith - Walk This Way

FOOTBALL CHANTS

1465 - Celtic FC
2987 - Pig Bag
2981 - Newcastle Anthem
1269 - Glory Glory
2870 - Everton FC
2906 - Hot Stuff
0101 - Delilah
1281 - Molly Malone
1464 - Chelsea FC
1560 - ManCity
0883 - Marching On Together
3015 - Valley Floyd Road
3020 - Z Cars
2907 - Im Forever Blowing Bubbles
2900 - Glory Glory Spurs
2893 - Fog on the Tyne
2887 - City Til I Die
0496 - Big Ben Alike
2994 - Robin Hood Theme
3004 - Sven Goran
1559 - Everton Pride
2999 - Singing the Blues
2881 - Allys Army
2905 - Hi Ho Silver Lining
3008 - The Hearts
3019 - Youll Never Walk Alone
1259 - Sven Sven Sven

DANCE CLASSICS

0125 - Artful Dodger - Rewind
0744 - ATB - 9 pm (Till I Come)
0317 - Daft Punk - Da Funk
0754 - Darude - Sandstorm
0621 - Faithless - Insomnia
0758 - Faithless - God Is A DJ
0346 - Gorillaz - Clint Eastwood
1068 - Ian Van Dahl - Castles In The Sky
0208 - Robert Miles - Children
1201 - Rodger Sanchez - Another Chance
0218 - Sash - Equador
0930 - So Solid Crew - 21 Seconds

HIP HOP AND R N B

0138 - Aaliyah - Try Again
2962 - Alicia Keys - Fallin
0140 - Blackstreet - No Diggity
0142 - Brandy - That Boy Is Mine
0146 - Destinys Child - Survivor
0319 - Destinys Child - Bootylicious
0505 - Destinys Child - Jumping
0517 - Destinys Child - Independent
0567 - Eve - Let Me Blow Ya Mind
1255 - Mary J. Blige - Family Affair
0153 - Mystikal - Shake Ya Ass
0582 - Nelly - Country Grammar
0589 - Sisqo - Thong Song
3347 - So Solid Crew - Dont Know
4454 - So Solid Crew - Ride Wid Us
3800 - So Solid Crew - Haterz

TV & FILMS THEMES

0786 - Coronation Street
1481 - Eastenders
5858 - Brookside
2875 - Emmerdale
5859 - Casualty
5860 - Neighbours
1571 - Home and Away
1288 - Muppets Manamana
1483 - James Bond
1284 - Fraggle Rock
4064 - Harry Potter
0783 - Big Brother
0094 - Star Trek
1461 - Batman
1286 - Mission Impossible
1564 - Friends
1566 - Grange Hill
1573 - Itchy and Scratchy
0076 - The Muppets
1577 - The Simpsons
1261 - The A Team
1569 - Hill Street Blues
1573 - Itchy and Scratchy
0076 - The Muppets
1575 - Only Fools and Horses
1577 - The Simpsons
1578 - Star Wars
0108 - X Files
0803 - Mash
1263 - Battlestar Gallactica
1463 - Dallas Theme
0029 - Beverly Hills Cop
1486 - Knight Rider
0267 - Imperial March
1285 - Happy Days
0890 - Dawsons Creek
3224 - Buffy
3213 - Spiderman
5979 - Camberwick Green
5980 - Captain Pugwash
5981 - Chorton Wheelies
5982 - The Flumps
5983 - Futurama
5984 - Inspector Gadget
5985 - The Magic Roundabout
5986 - Mickey Mouse
5987 - Mr Benn
5988 - Mr Men
5989 - Popeye
5990 - Roger Ramjet
5991 - Rugrats
5992 - The Smurfs
5993 - The Sorcerers Apprentice
5994 - Thomas the Tank Engine
5995 - Wallace and Grommit
5998 - The Wombles
5999 - BOD
6000 - Cagney and Lacey
6001 - Dads Army
6002 - Dr Who
6004 - Dukes of Hazard
6005 - The Professionals
6006 - Terry and June
6007 - Top Gear
6092 - Blind Date
0113 - Yakety Yak
0023 - The Birdy Song
6090 - Fraiser
6088 - Monkees
6086 - I dream of Jeannie
6089 - Bewitched
0022 - Benny Hill
1202 - Black Adder
5763 - The Great Escape
0941 - Jaws
6108 - The Lone Ranger
0814 - Pulp Fction
6112 - Minder
6106 - Hong Kong Phooey
0087 - Scooby Doo
0083 - Rhubarb and Custard
4128 - Always look on the Bright Si
0274 - The Exorcist - Mike Oldfield
0042 - Dualling Banjos

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6362 - The Logical Song
6363 - The Muppets
6361 - Mission Impossible
6377 - Avril Lavigne - Complicated
6368 - Atomic Kitten - Tide is High
6366 - SugarBabes - Round Round
6379 - Linkin Park - In The End
6378 - Abba - Dancing Queen
6382 - Las Ketchup - Ketchup Song
6364 - Suspicious Minds
6367 - The Simpsons
6365 - Harry Potter
6369 - Star Wars
6392 - The X Files
6380 - James Bond
6369 - Star Wars
6392 - The X Files
6380 - James Bond
6378 - Dancing Queen

THE WORLDS MOST ANNOYING RINGTONES

These ringtones will make anyone in listening distance want to destroy your phone!

5557 - I cant go on
5565 - kill all phones
5561 - screecher
5562 - eeeeeeeeeeeekkkkk
5563 - torture tone
5564 - pleaze stop

OPERATOR LOGOS

5935 | 3213 | 3176
3024 | 3638 | 3217
1638 | 4489 | 1623
1324 | 2841 | 6066
3841 | 6062 | 6072
1404 | 6077 | 6080
1400 | 1403 | 1382
1393 | 1401 | 3612
3661 | 2951 | 1308

PIX AND SCREENSAVERS

STAR FACES

Beyonce 6022 | Ali G 6018 | Austin 6020
Becks 6029 | Bob 6027 | Britney 6028
Eminem 6033 | Dr Dre 6030 | Dr Evil 6031
Megaman 6044 | J Lo 6039 | Kylie 6041
Oxide 6047 | Missy 6045 | Neutrino 6046
Romeo 6049 | MegaMan 6043 | Owen 5802
Becks 5798 | Shaggy 6050 | Shaggy 6042
Becks 5939 | Holly 5947 | Gorillaz 6038
Yoda 5960 | Lennon 6040 | Smiley 4900
Tim 6059 | Paul/Ringo 6048 | Aalya 6017

FUN PIX AND SCREENSAVERS

5953 | 4839 | 5956
5348 | 6100 | 4891
6101 | 5025 | 4536
5950 | 4918 | 4825
4588 | 4612 | 4610
5943 | 4557 | 4899

XXX- RATED SCREENSAVERS

4600 | 4599 | 4594
4573 | 4606 | 4527
4589 | 4593 | 4595
4566 | 4569 | 4585
4560 | 5609 | 4565
4553 | 4554 | 4555
4546 | 4548 | 4550
4535 | 4542 | 4545

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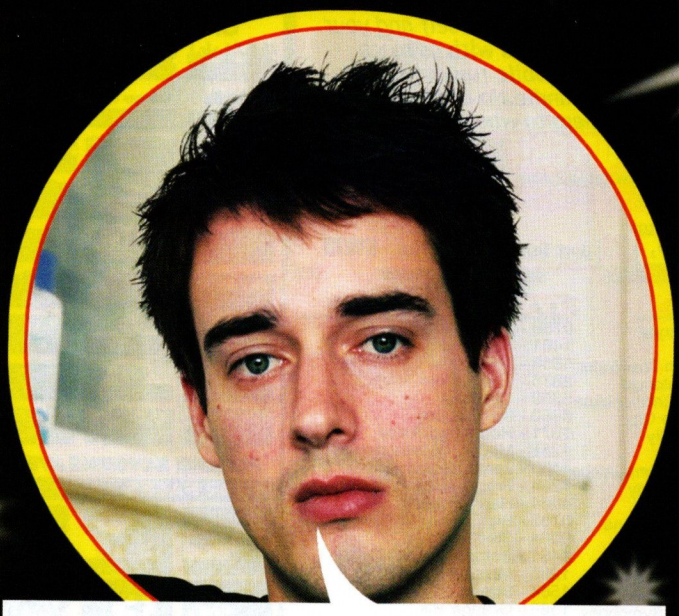


"I played the Sex Lottery once and got Genital Herpes for ever!"

Mr X, Ovesbury

LOOK WHAT I PICKED UP IN THE SEX LOTTERY!

If you have sex without using a condom, you're playing a dangerous game. Because you could end up with any one of 25 different sexually transmitted infections (STIs).

Four of them, including Genital Herpes, are incurable. Genital Herpes causes painful sores on and around the genitals and mouth. It is spread by direct contact with sores but can also be passed when there are no obvious sores.

It's not just full sex that can land you with an STI. You can catch one from other kinds of contact - like with your mouth or from anal sex. And it's not just one night stands that put you at risk. Even people in a steady relationship can, and do, catch STIs.

In fact, an amazing one in nine people has had an STI.

So the only way to make sure you're not playing the Sex Lottery is to use a condom. That way you can get on with the real fun.

GENITAL HERPES

DON'T PLAY THE SEX LOTTERY. USE A CONDOM.

NHS

Worried you've picked up something? Visit www.playingsafely.co.uk or call, free and confidentially, 0800 567 123.

Problems

Because doctors just prescribe antibiotics and kick you back out on the streets...

My mouth's a mangled mess

Q I can't seem to go for more than a month without my mouth breaking out in ulcers. The larger ones take weeks to clear up. My GP just fobs me off with short-term solutions, like antibiotics and mouthwash.
CF, SUNDERLAND

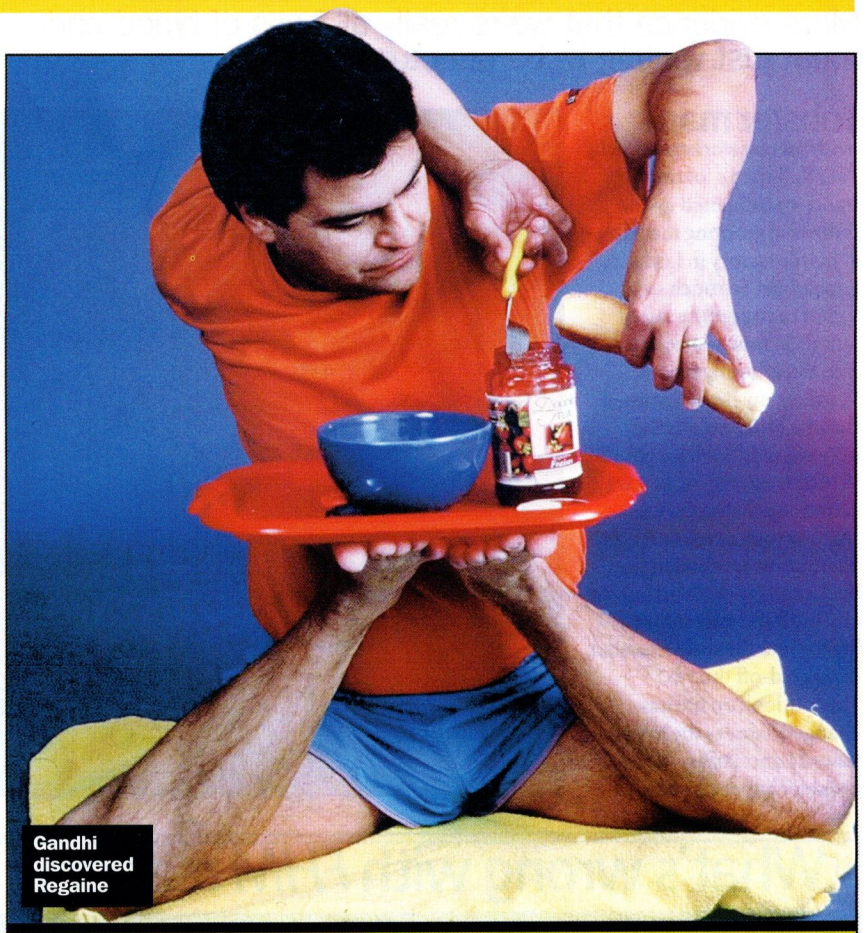
A The exact cause of mouth ulcers is unknown, but one of the most common factors is damage to the lining of the mouth caused by abrasion from chewing food, so avoid hard, acidic or spicy grub. Be careful when drinking hot drinks, too. Bacterial, viral and yeast infections may cause larger, more painful ulcers to form, so blitz the bugs by gargling with salty water after meals. Foods such as pineapple and shellfish, or certain preservatives, can also trigger mouth ulcers, so try to establish any pattern by eliminating suspected food or drink from your diet. Some toothpastes contain sodium lauryl sulphate (SLS), which can induce mouth ulcers, so make sure you're using an SLS-free brand. If this all fails, tell your GP – continual mouth ulcers can be a symptom of other medical problems. AW

Magnetic Bob should never have joined cookery school

Split hood nightmare

Q I've got a problem with my Johnson: my foreskin is continually drying out and flaking. I'm using E45 cream but the little lad still splits, causing cuts which lead to scabbing. Help!
MW, VIA E-MAIL

A This problem afflicts many men and can be tricky to remedy. The foreskin needs to be stretchy to accommodate an erection and cope with being yanked back and forth during sex, but if it splits, the place where it heals can become extra-fragile. It's also less stretchy and more liable to tear again. A combination of giving the tears time to fully heal and making the foreskin a bit more stretchy should sort it out. Try leaving the old fella alone for a few days – no masturbation! – and if the skin is broken keep it clean by washing twice daily with just warm water. Practice slowly moving the foreskin over the penis when you have an erection to slowly make it stretchier, ideally while soaking in a warm bath. If you manage this, you should be able to break the cycle. PF



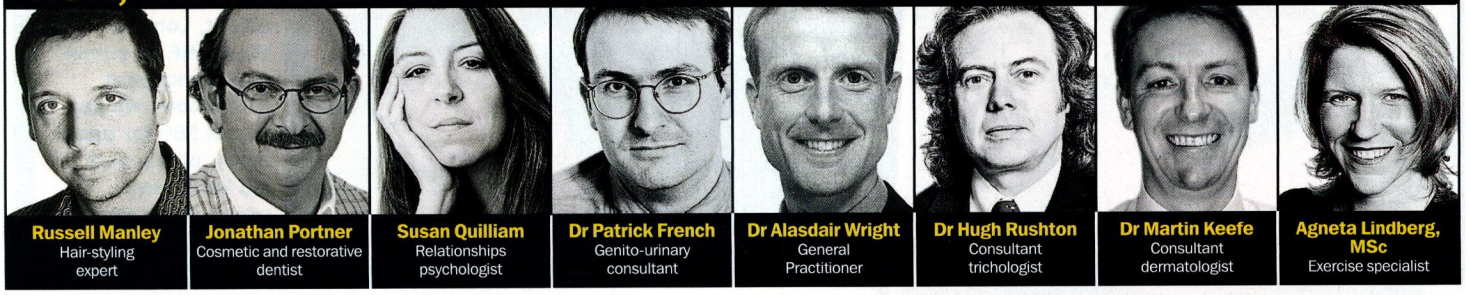
Gandhi discovered Regaine

What's with my crazy legs?

Q Whether I'm sitting or lying down, my legs feel uncomfortable unless they're moving. I have to keep bouncing them up and down. I've heard that something called Restless Leg Syndrome gets to the point that it hurts if you don't move your legs. If I have RLS, what can I do about it?
JF, VIA E-MAIL

A Restless Leg Syndrome is often due to a problem with the nervous system. The condition isn't life-threatening, but the resulting sleep deprivation causes considerable disruption. Symptoms include an agitating, pulling, burning and tingling sensation, and occasionally pain deep within the muscles – resulting in an almost uncontrollable urge to keep moving your legs. It can be helped by massage and the application of cold compresses to the legs, or by getting up and walking around. Excessive caffeine, alcohol and stress heighten the symptoms. There is no cure, but your GP or hospital specialist can prescribe drugs to help reduce the urge to jiggle. AW

'NOW, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?'



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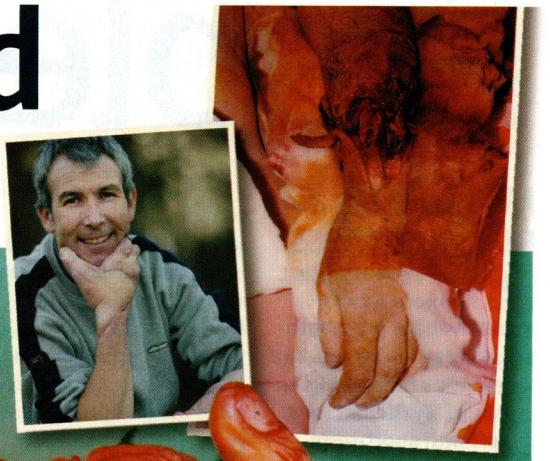
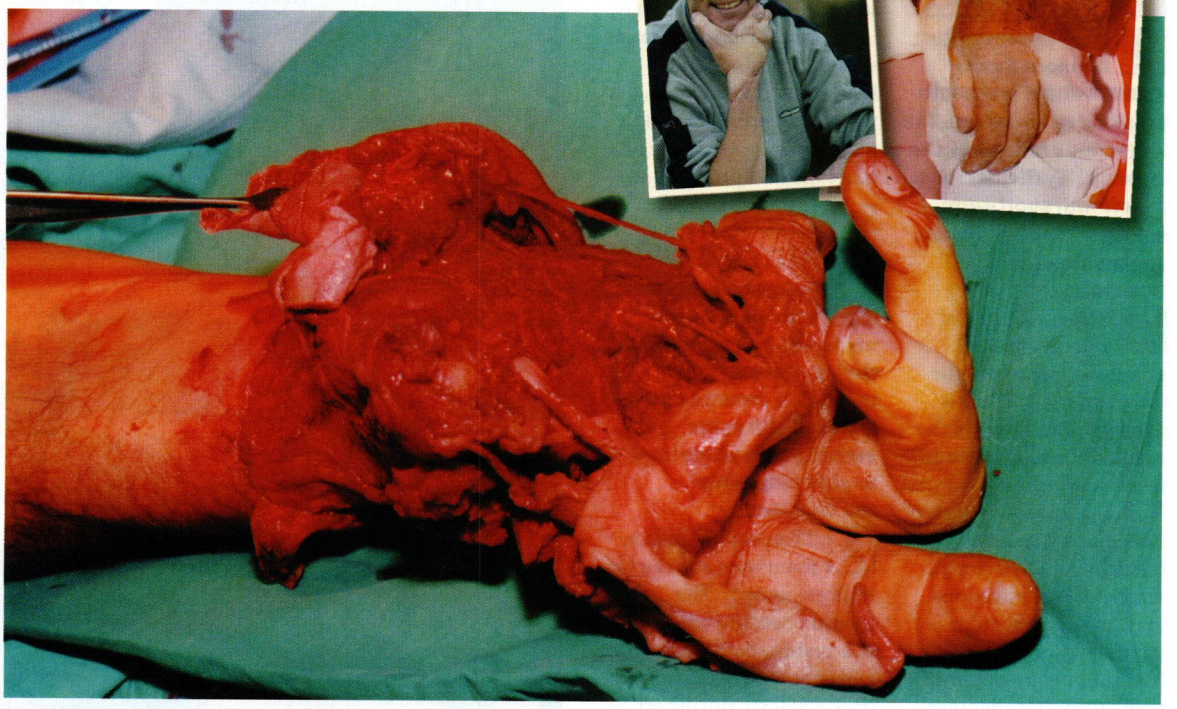
Emergency Ward

More evidence that we're really all bags of blood and meat just waiting to be punctured...



Lobster man!

With his two workers off sick, Paul Kelly had a lot on his mind when he fired up the industrial grouting machine at his tile factory in Leyland, Lancashire. So much so he forgot to engage the safety guard. So much so he tripped into the spinning blades. "Luckily, my limbs jammed the machine," recalls the 48-year-old. "I felt no pain." Which is a surprise, as it was 40 minutes before he was freed. It took seven surgeons 12 hours to sew his left arm back on, amputate his left leg and graft the now unneeded big toe into the socket vacated by a sliced-off thumb. "My outlook on life has changed," smiles the lobster-pawed Lancastrian. "My accident has enriched me."



What's wrong with *FHM* readers?

Flipper attacks!

Dolphins seem happy enough jumping through hoops... but do they harbour more murderous intentions? Paul Wilkinson thinks so – especially after his nightmare in Thailand. "The evil fish hit me at 20mph," moans Paul, mistaking the aquatic mammal for a big cod. "Its beak went straight into my groin, then into my back." After three days in hospital, Paul is still counting his blessings: "I honestly thought I was going to drown." Asphyxiation in huge tuna nets is too good for 'em.

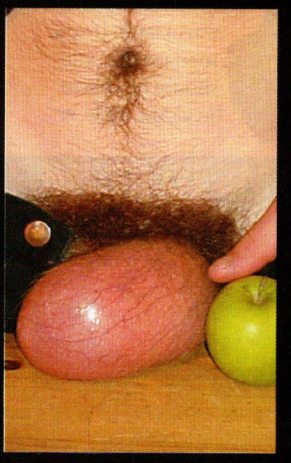
WOUND OF THE MONTH

Buttock furrow

Behold the consequences of extreme skiing – as braved by Llew James on the slopes of Chamonix. "I was doing 'big air'," he reveals cryptically, "but there was 30ft of drop I didn't anticipate." Two days in *l'hopital* followed. "It's still painful now," Llew says with a wince.

Rugger nugget

A public appeal: are you "Hodgey", the unlucky owner of this mutant pant lychee? The anonymous e-mail only revealed the cause – a rough game of rugby union. "His doctor says only surgery can restore his plum to its original dimensions," divulges best mate Nick, "but he's having far too much fun showing it off and refuses any treatment."



Think you can you top these – without actually topping yourself? Send your horror snaps to *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London W1W 8HF, or e-mail emergencyward @fhm.com. We pay a cool £50 for each injury, plus a first aid kit for the worst. Or do we mean best?

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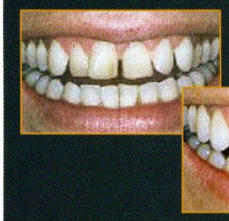

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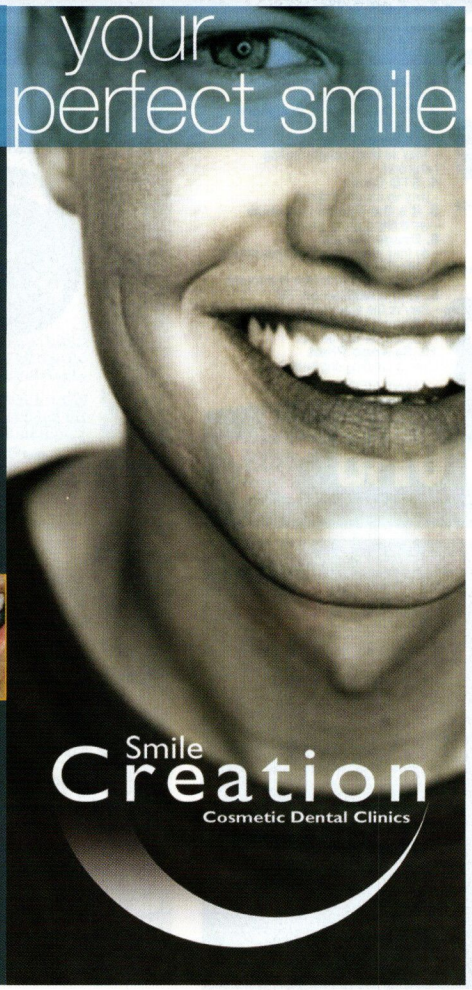

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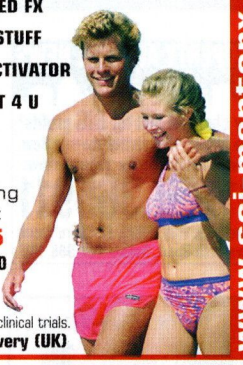

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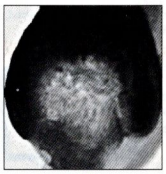

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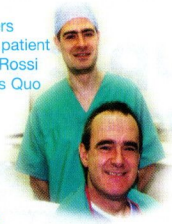

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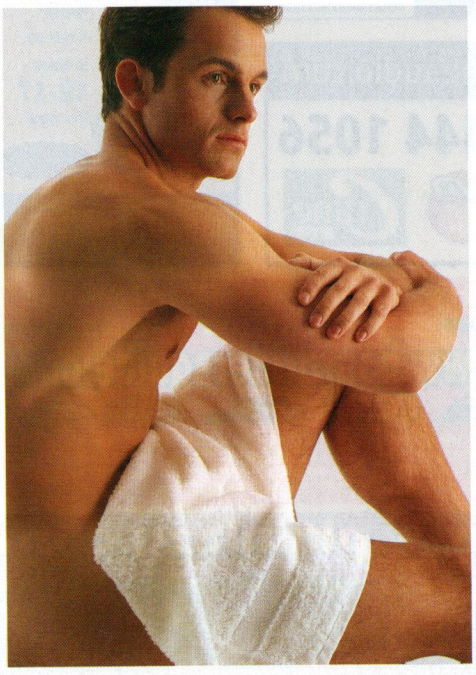

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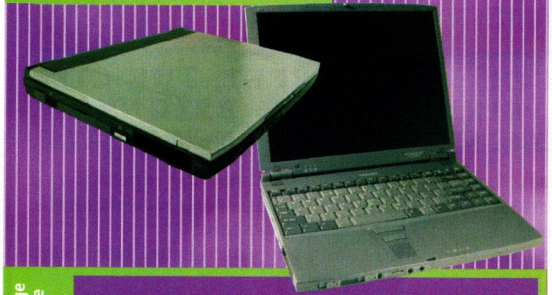
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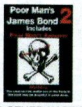
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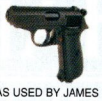
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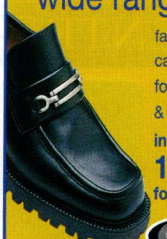
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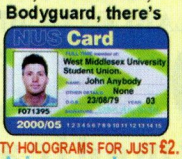
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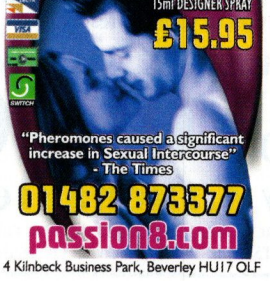
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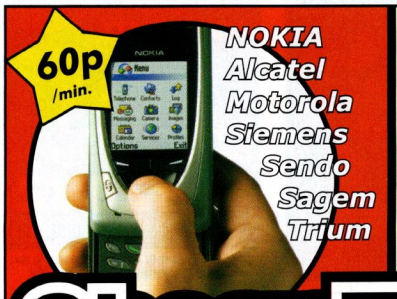

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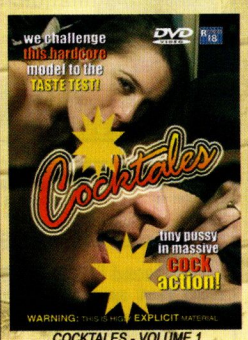
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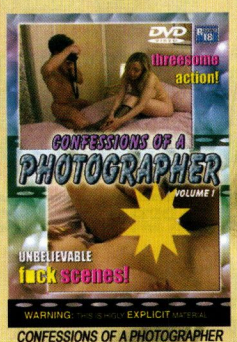

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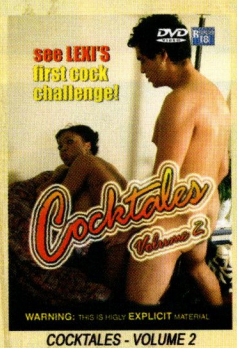

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		CODE
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2	JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE - CRY ME A RIVER	11318
3	SINEAD QUINN - I CAN'T BREAK DOWN	11919
4	KELLY ROWLAND - STOLE	11353
5	TURIN BRAKES - PAIN KILLER	11950
6	EMINEM - LOSE YOURSELF	11065
7	BUSTED - YEAR 3000	11362
8	GOOD CHARLOTTE - LIFESTYLES OF RICH & FAMOUS	11497
9	KIRA - I'LL BE YOUR ANGEL	12048
10	MOLOKO - FAMILIAR FEELING	12047
11	BIG BROVAZ - OK	11387
12	JAY-Z & BEYONCE KNOWLES - '03 BONNIE & CLYDE	11201
13	APPLETON - DON'T WORRY	11380
14	DANIEL BEDDINGFIELD - IF YOU'RE NOT THE ONE	11063
15	CAM'RON - HEY MA	11906
16	SEAN PAUL - GIMMIE THE LIGHT	11440
17	OASIS - SONGBIRD	11878
18	THE MUSIC - THE TRUTH IS NO WORDS	11527
19	GIRLS ALOUD - SOUND OF THE UNDERGROUND	11306
20	DAVID SNEDDON - STOP LIVING THE LIE	11340

TONE OF THE WEEK
TURIN BRAKES - PAIN KILLER
CODE 11950

CLASSIC TONES

Knightrider	0204	The Simpsons	9130	Dambusters	5061
Indiana Jones	0199	Get Carter	5425	Halloween	0065
Pulp Fiction	4860	Italian Job	4856	The Muppets	0099
Only Fools & Horses	6152	The A-Team	4847	Great Escape	3548
BBC Cricket	4850	Magnificent 7	4826	Eye of the Tiger	4852
Joe 90	5317	Magic R'about	4690	Beverely Hills Cop	0013
Benny Hill	0166	Winnie The Pooh	6179	Banana Splits	5316
		James Bond	0025	Rainbow	4861
		Hawaii 5-0	4855	Mission Impossible	0094

CHART TOPPERS

It Wasn't Me - Shaggy	3705	Lady Marmalade - C.Aguillera	4766
Uptown Girl - Westlife	3719	The Way To Your Love - Hear Say	4650
Pure & Simple - Hear Say	3729	Another Chance - Roger Sanchez	5213
What Took So Long - Emma Bunton	3751	Eternal Flame - Atomic Kitten	5322
Survivor - Destiny's Child	4280	21 Seconds - So Solid Crew	5390
It's Rainin Men - Geri Haliwell	4455	Lets Dance - Five	5399
Don't Stop Movin - S Club 7	3764	Too Close - Blue	5502
Do You Really Like It - DJ Pied Piper	4640	Mambo No.5 - Bob The Builder	5571
Angel - Shaggy Feat. Rayvon	4633	Hey Baby - DJ Otzi	5767

THIS WEEKS SUPATONES

	CODE
Year 3000 - Busted	11362
Teenspirit - Nirvana	7608
Sweet Child O' Mine - Guns 'n' Roses	5793
Phoenix Nights - Tv Theme	10754
The Godfather - Theme	5413
Sticking With You - Hyundai Advert	10592

OLD TUNES/NEW TONES

No Particular Place To Go	10679
River Deep/Mountain High	10738
Three Times A lady	10741
Letter from America	10667
5 Hundred Miles	10674
Jealous Guy - John Lennon	10730
Let The Music Play - Shannon	10731
Manic Monday - The Bangles	10733
Nineteen Ninety Nine	10735
All That Mattered - De Nuit	10668
Perfect Ten - Beautiful South	10681
Ruby Tuesday - Rolling Stones	10739

FILM/TV

Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon	11412
Dirty Dancing	11414
Gladiator	11417
Philadelphia	11424
Captain Scarlett	10747
Enterprise	10750
Formula 1	10751
Futurama	10752
Phoenix Nights	10754
The Girl of My Best Friend	10756
Dawsons Creek - Theme	10638
Hitchhikers Guide 2 Galaxy	10640
Jackass TV - Theme	10641
Monkey - Theme	10643
Smallville - Theme	10644
The Osbournes - Theme	10645
Chefs Song - The Muppets	10590
Dukes Of Hazard - Theme	10591
Sticking With You - Hyundai	10592
The Fall Guy - Theme	10593
Trigger Happy TV - Theme	10595
Airwolf - Theme	4680
Benny Hill	0166
Beverly Hills Cop	0013
Buffy/ Vamp/Slayer	4846
Chariots Of Fire	4687
Charlies Angels	1516
Coronation Street	4849
Dads Army	4851
Dallas	0035
Dambusters March	5061
Eastenders	0043
Eye Of The Tiger - Rocky	4852
Hawaii 5 O	4855
Indiana Jones	0199
Doctor No - James Bond	0187
Jaws	5266
Live And Let Die - J Bond	4857
Magic Roundabout	4690
Pulp Fiction	4860
Return Of The Jedi	4828
Robin Hood	5298
Star Trek	4844
Star Wars (phantom menace)	4827
Starsky & Hutch	4863
Starwars	0151
Superman	0152
The Entertainer (The Sting)	0044
The Italian Job	4856
The Professionals	4859
The Rockford Files	4862
The Saint	4829
The Sweeney	0153
Titanic	0157
Top Gun	4864
Walace & Gromit	4865
Avengers - Theme	4681
Battle Of The Planets	5360
Cagney & Lacey - Theme	5361
Itchy And Scratchy - Simpsons	0075
Monty Python	0085
Star Trek - Theme	0148
Aladdin	5424
Baby Elephant Walk	5401
Blue Peter	6147
Bob The Builder	5333
Braveheart	6076
Casualty - Theme	6201
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang	5319
Dangermouse	5334
Deep Space 9	6239
Dr Who	4688
Enter The Dragon	6172
Flintstones	0052
Fraggle Rock	5375
Grangehill	6093
Hi Ho Hi Ho/Snow White	6072
If I Were A Rich Man	5397
Jamie & The Magic Torch	5363
Jesus Christ Superstar	5418
Jim'll Fix It	6151
Joe 90	5317
Knightrider	0204
Laurel & Hardy	6067
Loony Tunes	0088
Miami Vice	6243
Munsters	0098
Pink Panther	4691
Postman Pat	0229
Raggy Dolls	6153
Rupert The Bear	6165
Scooby Doo	0128
Sesame Street	0130
Teletubbies	0156
The Can Can	6200
The Godfather	5413
The Good The Bad/Ugly	4854
The Hulk - TV Theme	6077
The Muppets - THEME	0099
The Smurfs	6154
The Snowman - Theme	6167
Thunderbirds	0155
Tom & Jerry	6095
Wallace & Gromit	4865
Where Eagles Dare	5422
Winnie The Pooh	6179

NEW RELEASES

Incredible - Darius	11443
Dance With Somebody - Flip & Fill	11446
Solsbury Hill - Erasure	11444
Times Like These - Foo Fighters	11445
Miss You Nights - Westlife	11217
Other Side - David Gray	11222
Rock Your Body - Justin Timberlake	11226
Stay Another Day - Popstars Rivals	11223
Supastar - Blazin Squad	11234
World Filled With Love - C. David	11240
You'll Never Be Alone - Anastacia	11241
Strength Of A Woman - Shaggy	11170
Baby Dont Dance - Steps	11129
Be With You - Atomic Kitten	11130
Cant Stop Loving You - Phil Collins	11132
In This World - Moby	11136
Maybe - Enrique Inglesias	11139
Naughty Girl - Holly Valance	11140
Puppy Love - S Club Juniors	11142
We've Got Tonight - Ronan & Lulu	11149
Thug Lovin - Ja Rule	11147
Girlfriend - Alicia Keys	11056
Put Him Out - Ms Dynamite	11070
Don't Mug Yourself - The Streets	11051
Family Portrait - Pink	11052
Sk8er Boi - Avril Lavigne	11074
In My Mind - Milky	11135
Alive - S Club	11048
Scorpio Rising - Death In Vegas	11143
Ordinary Day - Vanessa Carlton	11068
Tom Jones International - T. Jones	11079

ELVIS

Suspicious Minds	3755
Devil In Disguise	10742
A Little Less Conversation	8688
Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear	6951
All Shook Up	6940
Wooden Heart	6356
Wonder Of You	5568
Blue Suede Shoes	5396
Love Me Tender	5264
Jailhouse Rock	5263
I Can't Help Falling In Love	5262

BEATLES

Day Tripper	3460
Eleanor Rigby	3461
Hey Jude - (chorus)	3463
Hey Jude	1502
I Feel Fine	3464
Let It Be	0211
Love Me Do	3466

CLASSICAL

1812 Overture - Tchaikovsky	5267
Beethovens 5th Symphony	5341
Bolero - Ravel	0024
Fiddler On The Roof	0050
Fur Elise - Beethoven	5342
Greensleeves	0064
Jerusalem - Classical	4141
Land Of Hope And Glory	5251

IRISH SONGS

All I Want Is You - Bellefire	7805
The Mountains Of Mourne	6619
Patsy Fagan - The Decent Irish Boy	6615
If Your Irish Come Into The Parlour	6610
Galway Bay	6603
Back In Old Ireland	6595
An Old Irish Lady	6590
Irish National Anthem	6524
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling	6517
The Gypsy Rover	6483
Its A Long Way To Tipperary	6481
Dirty Old Town	6478
Whiskey In The Jar	6453
The Wild Rover	6452
Molly Malone	6451

ALL TIME FAVOURITES

Ressurection - PPK	6449
Hey Baby - DJ Otzi	5767
Turn Off The Light - Nelly Furtado	5441
21 Seconds - So Solid Crew	5390
Castles In The Sky - Ian Van Dahl	5273
Eternity - Robbie Williams	5270
Heaven Is A Halfpipe - OPM	5215
Eternal Flame - Atomic Kitten	5322
Purple Hills - D12	5271
Perfect Gentleman - Wyclef Jean	5272
Smoke On The Water - Deep Purple	0134
Clint EastWood - Gorillaz	3721
Changes - 2PAC	0294

FOOTY TONES

Never Walk Alone - Liverpool	3545
Marching On Together - Leeds Utd	3541
Fields Of Athenray - Celtic	3547
Simply The Best - Rangers	5309
Z Cars - Everton/Watford	3546
Glory, Glory - Man Utd/Spurs	4134
Mull Of Kintyre - Charlton	0224
Wild Rover- Blackburn	5310
Blue Is The Colour - Chelsea	4140
Who Let The Dogs Out - Liverpool	1576
Sailing - Millwall	5294
City Till I Die - City	3540
Vindaloo - England	1514
I'm Forever Blowing... - West Ham	3543
The Great Escape - Shef Wednesday	3548
Daydream Believer - Sunderland	4132
Keep Right On - Birmingham City	4137
Land Of Hope & Glory - England	5251
When The Saints ... - Southampton	3544
Match Of The Day - Theme	0221
Blue Moon - Man City	4130
Nay Nay Never - Burnley	4138
Rule Brittania - British Teams	0126

60'S 70'S 80'S 90'S

Good Vibrations - Beach Boys	9686
A Whiter Shade of Pale - Procul Harum	5301
Dock of a Bay - Otis Reading	5351
I've Got You Under my Skin - F.Sinatra	4775
Jumping Jack Flash - Rolling Stones	5354
Love Me Tender - Elvis Presley	5264
Music/Watch/Girls Go By - A.Williams	5408
Pretty Woman - Roy Orbison	5295
Raindops Keep Falling On My Head	5410
Sunny Afternoon - The Kinks	6259
Get Up Stand Up - Bob Marley	0060
Hotel California - The Eagles	5318
I Will Survive - Gloria Gaynor	0201
Money Money Money - Abba	5358
Nights in White Satin - Moody Blues	5300
No Woman Now Cry - Bob Marley	5789
Sailing - Rod Stewart	5294
Holiday - Madonna	5255
They Call it the Blues - E. John	5398
Imagine - John Lennon	5299
I Want To Break Free - Queen	5302
Kingston Town - UB40	5469
Going Underground - The Jam	8888
A Groovy Kind Of Love - Phil Collins	9153
Tubular Bells - Mike Oldfield	0159
Kinky Afro - Happy Mondays	7270
High - Lighthouse Family	6948
4 Seasons In One Day - Crowded Hse	6565

ROCK GREATS

Black Dog - Led Zepplin	9440
Love A Bad Name - Bon Jovi	7611
Teenspirit - Nirvana	7608
Paradise City - Guns & Roses	7606
Anything For Love - Meatloaf	7602
Good Enough - Doggy	6946
Design For Life - M/S Preachers	6939
Girls And Boys blur	6750
Whippin Picadilly - Gomez	6683
Alwas - Bon Jovi	6401
Walk On - U2	6241
Sweet Child - Guns N Roses	5793
With Or Without You - U2	5338
Under The Bridge - Chilli Peppers	5336
Bat Out Of Hell - Meatloaf	1583
Scar Tissue - Chilli Peppers	0372
American Woman - L. Kravitz	0258
Walk This Way - Aerosmith	0005

OLD SKOOL

Gypsy Woman - Crystal Waters	10567
Gonna Get You - Angie Brown	10571
Memories - Rockik	10573
Push The Feeling - Nightcrawlers	10575
U Girls Look So Sexy - Nush	10578
Sandstorm - Darude	10596
Mr Wendal - Arstd Development	6679
There's Nothing Like This - Omar	6620
Out Of Space - Prodigy	6425
Fools Gold - Stone Roses	6420
Insanity - Oceanic	6523
Funky Bass	6440
Show Me Love - Robin S	6439
Naked In The Rain - Blue Pearl	6436
Finally - Ce Ce Peniston	6433
Good Life - Inner City	6423

RAP

Bad Intentions - Dr Dre	6550
Bouncing Back - Mystikal	6642
Break Ya Neck - Busta Rhymes	7209
Crazy Rap - Afroman	6772
Diddy - P. Diddy	6646
Missing You - Puff Daddy	1584
Slim Shady - Eminem	1515
Ugly - Bubba Sparxx	6168
Woo Haa - Busta Rhymes	8195
Next Episode - Snoop/Dre	3676
The Way I Am - Eminem	1579
Stan - Eminem	1513
Ms Jackson - Outkast	3706
Haters - So Solid Crew	6520
Lovely - Bubba Sparxx	6756
You Gets No Love - Faith Evans	6637

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OK - Big Brovaz	601344
Stole - Kelly Rowland	601335
Stop Living The Lie - David Sneddon	601315
Just The Way I'm Feeling - Feeder	601316
Year 3000 - Busted	601320
Mundian to Bach Ke - Panjabi MC	601323
Sacred Trust - One True Voice	600866
Sk8er Boi - Avril Lavigne	600867
Scorpio Rising - Death In Vegas	600868
Sound Of The Underground - Girls Aloud	600869
You're A Superstar - Love Inc	600870
Sorry - Blue feat. Elton John	600859
What My Heart Wants To Say - G.Gates	600860
Naughty Girl - Holly Valance	600861
If Your Not The One - D. Bedingfield	600846
The Last Goodbye - Atomic Kitten	600847
Rushes - Darius	600848
You Sexy Thing - Hot Chocolate	600520
Baha Men - Who Let The Dogs Out	600065
Deep Purple - Smoke on the water	600060
Ricky Martin - Livin la vina Loca	600005
DJ Sammy & Yanou - Heaven	600825
Craig David - Whats Your Flava	600792
Shaggy - Hey Sexy Lady	600794
Nelly - Dilemma	600311
Blue - One Love	600305
Las Ketchup - The Ketchup Song	600308
Big Brovaz - Nu Flow	600304
Oasis - Little By Little	600247
Eminem - Cleanin' Out My Closet	600259

Poly TV/Film	Code
The A-Team	600266
Titanic - Celine Dion	600217
Lord of the Rings	600191
Ghostbusters - R. Parker Jnr.	600189
The Simpsons	600241
Baby Elephant Walk - Mancini	600009
Jaws	600112
Deer Hunter	600038
Pulp Fiction	600562
Benny Hill Theme	600387
Halloween	600473
The Muppets	600249
Mission Impossible - Theme	600230
Axel F - Harold Faltmeyer	600226
James Bond - Theme	600222
Under the Sea - Little Mermaid	600041
Speak Softly Love - The Godfather	600042
Inspector Gadget	600030
Hawaii 5 O	600085
The Good the Bad & the Ugly	600086
The Entertainer - Scott Joplin	600033
StarWars	600240

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Scooter - The Logical Song	9422
DJ Sammy & Yanou - Heaven	10049
Eminem - Without Me	9015
Ja Rule - Livin' It Up	6270
Blazin' Squad - Crossroads	10397
Nelly - Hot In Here	8972
Ashanti - Foolish	9302
P Diddy - I Need A Girl	9746
D12 - Purple Hills	5271
UB40 - Kingston Town	5469
Prodigy - Out Of Space	6425

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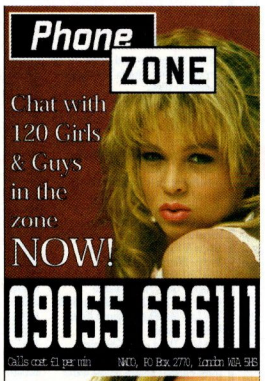

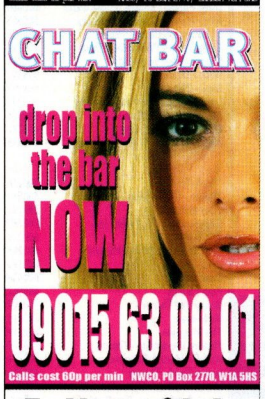

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True Stories

The brilliant endy bit of *FHM* where we celebrate your hapless moments of mirth-inducing non-fiction. This month: car trouble, smelly removals, a smug doctor and wardrobe mishaps

Funeral shunt

DAVE WILSON, CHESTERFIELD

After somehow managing to scrape through my driving test a few years back, I immediately "invested" in an F-reg Ford Escort. Not long after passing the test my grandmother died, and I was volunteered to chauffeur various family members as part of the funeral cortege. Come the sad day, I was alarmed to see the funeral director plonk one of those black magnetic cones on the nose of my knackered motor. He then gestured for me to head the parade of private cars and follow his limo, itself directly behind the hearse with the old girl's coffin in it…

For several nervous miles we proceeded along country roads to the crematorium.
Seeing an empty roundabout approaching I drove straight on. The two cars ahead, however, had stopped…
CRUNCH
MAN
The impact had buckled the rear door, and bungee ropes were needed to preserve what was left of my poor old gran's dignity.
Crematorium
STORY OF THE MONTH
The family laugh about it now. Several years later.

Illustration: Beefy

Removal man rushes in

I used to work for a removals company, and the first – come to think of it, the only – rule we had was never to use the customer's toilet. After a particularly heavy night on the lash, however, the tortoise was showing his head just an hour into my starting a job. The car belonging to the family we were moving had disappeared from the drive, so I took a chance and dashed up the stairs four at a time, flung open the door to the loo, spun round and dropped my trousers. There immediately erupted from my arse a thunderous fart, closely pursued by the smelliest cow-pat I had ever laid. As I sat, head in hands, groaning softly to myself, I looked up to see the lady of the house standing in the shower cubicle with a bottle of bathroom cleaner, studiously staring at the tiling. Similarly avoiding eye contact I said that I'd better go, and she could only give a little nod and whimper, "Yes." I didn't venture from the back of the van for the rest of the day.

PAUL SMITH, COLCHESTER

Girl regrets club encounter

For a time I worked in a genitourinary clinic in Glasgow where the patients were mostly young people, so it was no surprise to recognise them in pubs or on the street. Typically they would cross the road or hide in embarrassment – an understandable reaction given that I knew the most intimate details of their sexual escapades, and most likely had probed, prodded and swabbed their genitalia. One night, I was with some friends in a nightclub when the girl next to me at the bar started chatting away like we were long-lost friends. It was clear that she recognised me, but had no idea from where. I couldn't resist stringing her along for the best part of ten minutes before the inevitable look of horror spread over her face – as she realised I'd frozen her labial warts just two months previously.

"DR G", EDINBURGH

Posh night out goes pear-shaped

When a classy girl at work agreed to go out with me, I knew she had expensive tastes, so I decided to go all out to impress her with a meal in a swanky Italian restaurant and by dressing in my best gear. I had a suit, but the problem was that I didn't have a decent tie. However, after phoning a few friends I got a loan of one of those clip-on Homer Simpson jobs. The big night arrived and the meal went amazingly well; she drank loads of champagne and started to get frisky, before suggesting that I walk her home – she had her own place on the lower floor of a larger house. The journey back was fast and flirty, and when we got back to her flat she started down the steps, then turned and gave me a passionate kiss. Just like the movies, she next grabbed me by my tie and said in a sexy voice, "Are you coming in?" Needless to say the clip-on immediately came away in her hands, and she sailed backwards down the steps. A long night in A&E waiting to be seen for a badly bruised ankle killed any remaining passion left in the poor girl.

ALAN GODFREY, GODSTONE, SURREY

Send your ludicrous but definitely genuine tales of woe to *FHM* and get prizes for your efforts! True Story Of The Month wins five amazing games and a PlayStation2, while other yarn-spinners grab a Game Box Advance from Acclaim. Write to: True Stories, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1W 8HF.

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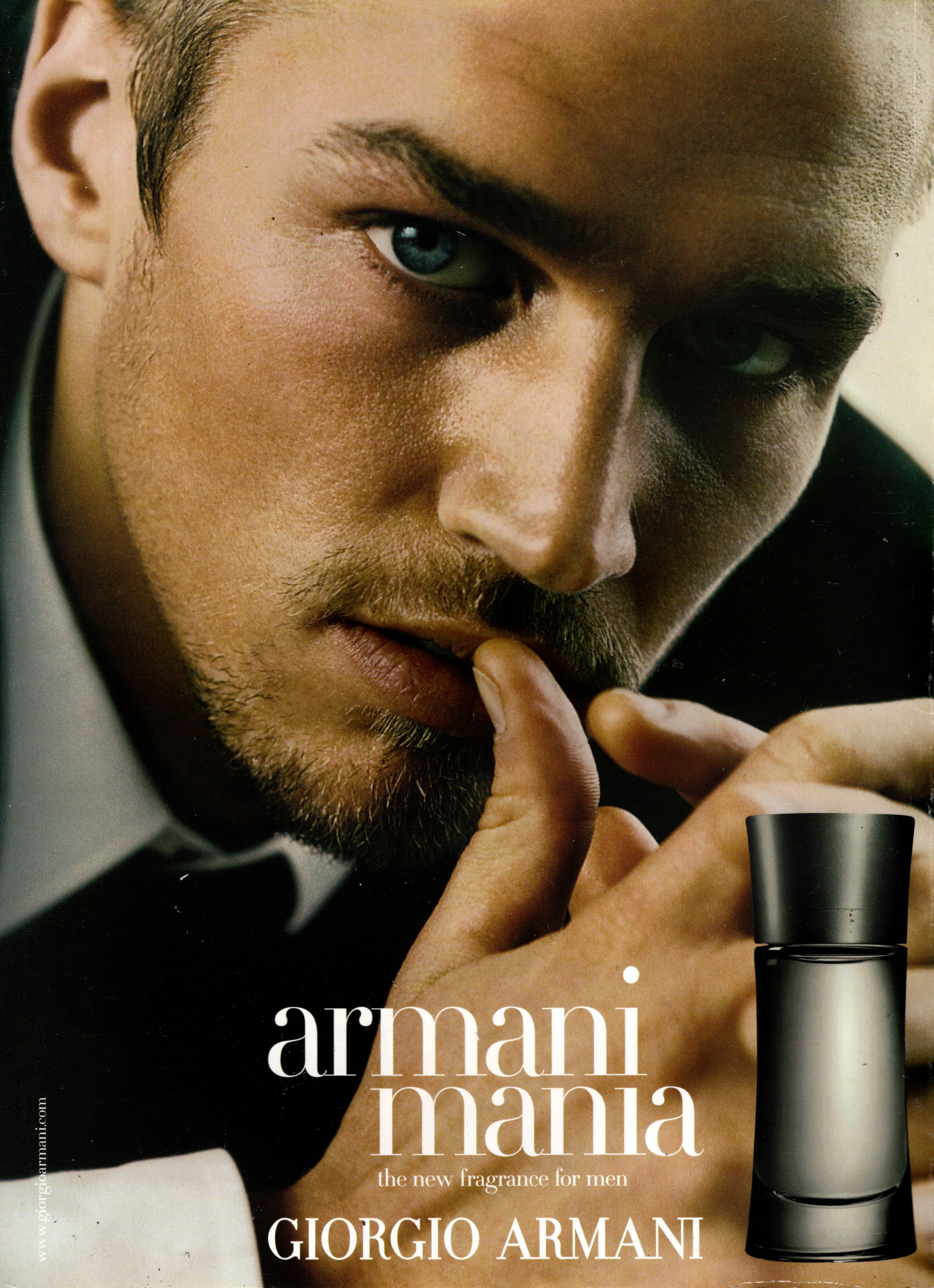
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